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HOMER'S BATRACHOMYOMACHIA,

HYMNS AND EPIGRAMS.



HESIOD'S WORKS AND DAYS.

MUSÆUS' HERO AND LEANDER.

JUVENAL'S FIFTH SATIRE.

TRANSLATED

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY RICHARD HOOPER, M.A., F.S.A.



LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

SOHO SQUARE.

1858.

Y. 42.1  
Chapman

Ref. in 1956.

TO  
SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, ESQ. F.S.A.  
THROUGH WHOSE LABOURS  
THE EDITOR WAS INTRODUCED  
TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF  
GEORGE CHAPMAN AND HIS WORKS,  
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED.





## INTRODUCTION.



T length, reader, you have the fifth, and concluding, volume of George Chapman's *Translations*. Besides its literary value, it is a bibliographical curiosity; and I cannot permit it to appear without expressing my admiration of the spirit and enterprise of the Publisher. He has spared no expense in endeavouring to give to the world, *for the first time*, a complete collection of the labours of one of the greatest Translators of the Elizabethan period. Hitherto Chapman's *Translations*, from their rarity, were known to a few only, and were supposed by the multitude to be so antiquated—nay, obsolete—and obscure, as to be hardly worth the labour of search. I trust, now that they are within the reach of all, that it will be found that they are of genuine value; and amongst the noblest monuments of a pre-eminently great age. I am quite sensible of their many defects—nay, I am free to confess that they are frequently harsh and rugged; but at the same time, as I have carefully read through the originals with them, I am wonderfully struck with their many exquisite beauties. When I *first* saw the sentence of William Godwin, that “the



Translation of Homer, published by George Chapman in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth and K. James, is *one of the greatest treasures the English language has to boast*,"

I confess I was inclined to demur; but when I attentively read it, and marked the spirit, the roughness and simplicity, the singular sweetness of the epithets, the richness of the language in many of the lines, the grandeur of many of the scenes, and when I compared these with Pope, Cowper, and Sotheby, and with the new translation by Professor F. W. Newman (whose metre, by the bye, however adapted for short passages, sadly wearies in a long perusal\*), I could not but be impressed with the superiority of Chapman, and not only with his work as a representation of the Homeric mind, but as a most valuable contribution to our English poetry.

I am sometimes inclined to think that his readers are not apt to realize (to use a modern term) the metre of his Iliads, that it is in truth simply our common ballad-metre. I am quite conscious that he has not a complete mastery over it—such, for instance, as Arthur Golding has in his "Ovid's Metamorphoses"—but still if we would read his long lines throughout as two—thus :

John Gilpin was a citizen, of credit and renown ;

A trained-band Captain eke was he, of famous London town ;

the measure would soon accustom itself to our ear, and we should see, with Lamb, that it is "capable of all sweetness and grandeur," and that "Chapman gallops off with you his own free pace, &c." That Chapman requires study, I consider one of his merits. So do all our best old writers. It is this study that makes them

\* Mr. Newman's version may be accurate and valuable, but we can hardly call it poetical.

valuable, that instils into us their nerve and vigour, that enables us to draw from them freshness and health in ideas and language. But it must not be supposed that I wish to offer an apology or defence for good old George. He is perfectly able to defend himself; and the reader must beware lest (as hearty Christopher North warns him) he rouse the ghost of Master Chapman, who will assuredly call him “a certain envious windsucker, that hovers up and down, laboriously engrossing all the air with his luxurious ambition, and buzzing into every ear my detraction”—and again, “a castrill with too hot a liver, and lust after his own glory, and, to devour all himself, discouraging all appetites to the fame of another.”\* But as I have spoken so much on this subject in the “Introductions” to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, it is time to return to the present volume.

It is a bibliographical curiosity, inasmuch as all the pieces in it are of more or less rarity. Chapman seems to have been determined to translate every possible, or probable, portion of Homer. Hence, having finished the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, he published “*The Crowne of all Homer’s Workes, Batrachomyomachia; or the Battaille of Frogs and Mice. His Hymnes and Epigrams. Translated according to the originall, by George Chapman. London. Printed by John Bill, his Maiestie’s Printer.*”† This very rare volume is a thin folio, the contents of which are here presented to the reader. It has an exquisitely engraved title, by William Pass; of which we have endeavoured to give a

\* See Preface to *Iliads*, pp. LXVII-VIII.

† He considers it his destiny,—

“The work that I was born to do is done!”

facsimile. It is not necessary to inquire into the authenticity of the (so-styled) Homeric Hymns. It will be sufficient to inform the reader that Chapman is the *only* writer who has translated the *whole* of the works ascribed to Homer.

The original folio has been entirely followed in the present edition. Copies are now only to be purchased by those who can indulge in the luxuries of literature, if books of extreme rarity may be so called. Of this folio, a LARGE PAPER copy is in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth; the only one I have seen. Messrs. Boone of Bond Street, whose collection of fine books is as well known as the liberality with which they communicate information on them, have permitted me to transcribe a dedication, in Chapman's autograph, from a beautiful copy in their possession (since sold). It is as follows:—" *In love & honor of y<sup>e</sup> Righte virtuouse and worthie Gent: M<sup>r</sup> Henry Reynolds, and to crowne all his deservings with eternall memorie, Geo. Chapman formes this Crowne & conclusion of all the Homericall meritts w<sup>th</sup> his accomplisht Improvements; advising that if at first sighte he seeme darcke or too fierie, He will yet holde him fast (like Proteus) till he appere in his propper similitude, and he will then shewe himselfe*

— vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,  
Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere; nec qui  
Communi feriat carmen triviale monet.\*

This book has been wrongly described in a former "Introduction," as having a presentation *Sonnet*. Chapman has with his pen made an alteration in his portrait, as possessing too much beard; and in the Preface, in

\* Juvenal. Sat. vii. 53.

the passage "all for *devouring* a mouse," he writes *drowning*; and in the final Poem (line 17) for

All is extuberance and *excretion* all,

he reads "and *tumor* all."

The date of the folio is probably about 1624. In the year 1818, my friend Mr. Singer\* (to whom I dedicate this volume with the sincerest gratification) published an elegant edition of these Hymns, &c. at Chiswick. It contained two fine original poems by Chapman (first printed 1594) entitled "*The Shadowe of Night: containing two poetical hymnes, devised by G. C. Gent.*" It formed one of Mr. Singer's series of "Select Early English Poets," and has long since been numbered amongst scarce books, as but a limited impression was given. The original edition of "*The Shadowe of Night*" is very rare.

The version of the "*Georgics of Hesiod*" was so difficult to find in Warton's time, that he doubted its existence, (see Hist. of English Poetry, III. 360. ed. 1840,) although he discovered its entry in the Stationers' Registers. It is a small 4to. of 40 pp. As may be presumed from its extreme rarity, its price is usually very

\* I avail myself of this opportunity of congratulating this veteran in Elizabethan Literature on his having lived to see the day when *all* Chapman's Translations have been republished. His many reprints of early books (all testifying, by the eagerness with which they are sought, to his ability and accuracy) led the public to look back to our sterling old writers. Nor should we forget that Mr. Singer was the associate of Sir Egerton Brydges, Haslewood, and others, who loved these writers when they were comparatively unknown. Mr. Singer expressed a wish in the preface to the above-cited work, "that sufficient encouragement might be given to print Chapman's entire translation of Homer in a compressed and unostentatious portable form."

great. A good copy may be worth ten guineas; it has reached *eighteen*. The largest I have seen is that in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian. There is a fair one in the General Library of the British Museum; that in the Grenville (as has my own) has been much injured by the binder cutting into the notes, which are in the margin. Of this work, which is sadly misprinted in the original 4to., the present edition is the first reprint; and I have spared no pains to make it as *accurate as possible*. Its value as a Translation has been acknowledged by our best Translator of Hesiod, Elton. I trust, both from its rarity, and its intrinsic merits, it will be found an acceptable addition to the present volume. The title is a facsimile of the original edition.

The "*Hero and Leander*" of Musæus is perhaps *one of the rarest books in the whole range of English Literature*. I have never heard of any copy but that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and I presume it to be *unique*. Dr. Bliss has given a full account of this very diminutive volume in vol. II. col. 9. of his edition of Wood's "*Athenæ Oxonienses*." It is about two inches long, and one broad. I *most carefully* transcribed it, and *twice* visited Oxford to ensure the accuracy of this reprint. Chapman, it will be remembered, had continued Marlow's poem on the same subject; but this is a translation from the Greek of (the so-called) Musæus. The original edition being so extremely small, the lines are printed thus:—

" Goddess, relate  
The witness-bearing light  
Of loves, that would not beare  
A human sight.

The sea-man  
That transported marriages,  
Shipt in the night,  
His bosom ploughing the seas."

The title prefixed to this present edition is a facsimile (in a larger size) of the original.

The translation of the *Fifth Satire of Juvenal* is appended to "*A Justification of a Strange action of Nero in burying with a solemn Funerall one of the cast hayres of his Mistress Poppæa; also a just Reprooffe of a Romane Smellfeast, being the fifth Satyre of Juvenall.*" 4to. 1629. The Tract was not worth reprinting. The Juvenal has been given to complete Chapman's Classical Translations. It is very scarce, and fetches a high price.

Thus, reader, are you presented with this Chapmannick garland of rarities. In your hands I leave them.



An error or two in the "Introductions" to the former volumes may be corrected.

Introduct. to Iliad, p. x. line 2, read "finical and exact spruceness." P. **xxi.** line 21, for *elased* read *elapsd.* Iliad **ii.** line 5, note, read "a sleeping giant."

Introduct. to Odyssey, p. **xii.** line 6, read:—

———"What may I reckon thee,  
Whose heavenly look shewes not, nor voice sounds, man?"

P. **xxx.** line 9 from the bottom, for *Grecians* read *Graians.*

By the usual kindness of J. Payne Collier, Esq. I am

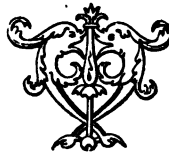
enabled to give a copy of the Sonnet to Sir Thomas Walsingham, prefixed to one or two copies of Chapman's "All Fools." (See *Odyssey*, p. xxxii.) It is printed verbatim.

TO MY LONG LOU'D AND HONOURABLE FRIEND,  
SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT.

Should I expose to euery common eye,  
The least allow'd birth of my shaken braine;  
And not entitle it perticulerly  
To your acceptance, I were wurse then vaine.  
And though I am most loth to passe your sight  
with any such light marke of vanitie,  
Being markt with Age for Aimes of greater weight,  
and drownd in darke Death-vshering melancholy,  
Yet least by others stealth it be imprest,  
without my pasport, patcht with others wit,  
Of two enforst ills I elect the least;  
and so desire your loue will censure it;  
Though my old fortune keepe me still obscure,  
The light shall still bewray my ould loue sure.

The reader is requested to correct the following  
"Faults escaped," before perusing the volume.

White Waltham, Berks,  
January, 1858.



### FAULTS ESCAPED.

HYMN TO VENUS, l. 121, place comma after *past*, and destroy it after *beast* in next line. P. 136, l. 10, destroy comma after *nostrorum*.

HESIOD, p. 172, notes, l. 2, read *partum*; p. 178, l. 1, after *hir'd* place semicolon; p. 184, notes, l. 5, for *bother* r. *brother*; p. 186, l. 5, after *Hellenians* place semicolon; p. 188, l. 6, put comma after *observing*, and destroy it after *remain*; p. 189, l. 4, destroy comma after *beds*; p. 191, l. 4, r. *seasons*'.

MUSÆUS, in title put full-stop after *original*!; l. 29, then *Love*, is the true reading in the original, therefore destroy note; 198, r. *earthly*; 234, for *should* speed, r. *shall*; 244, r. "At last this sweet voice past, and out did break;" 259, for *loose* to scandal, r. *friend*; annotations, p. 235, last line but two, r. *tam* for *jam*.

### ADDITIONAL NOTES.

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA, line 100, for *thither* the true reading is doubtless *th' other*, notwithstanding the authority of the folio.

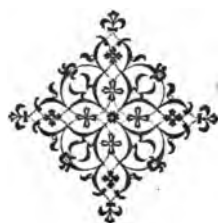
HYMN TO HERMES, 442, *shrouds*, i. e. recesses, see line 695.

HESIOD. In consequence of Chapman's own notes being so numerous, I was unwilling to interpolate explanations of words (save here and there), but the following may be noted.

Drayton's Introd. Poem, line 1, *fraught*, i. e. freight. 5, I print *travell*, as it is in the original, as it may bear either meaning of *travail* or *travel*. Bk. i. 570, *rode*, I do not remember the word, but, if genuine, it would appear to mean *supply*. Bk. ii. 111, *clanges*; the original 4to. has *changes*, but Chapman twice uses the word *clanges* for the cry of the crane, see Iliad, III. 5, x. 244. 310, *horn'd house-bearer*—snail. 382, *imp*—add to, assist. A term in falconry, when a new feather is inserted in place of a broken one.

In Chapman's Iliad, v. 498-9, occur the words *dites* and *diters* in reference to winnowing. Nares gives them in his Glossary citing Chapman as the only authority. It will be found, however, that the word is nothing more than *dights*. See Hesiod, Georgics, Bk. ii. 343, and Days, 67.







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THE  
CROWNE of all HOMER'S WORKES,  
*Batrachomyomachia ;*

OR,  
The Battaile of Frogs and Mife.  
HIS HYMNES AND EPIGRAMS.

*Translated according to y<sup>e</sup> Originall*

By George Chapman.

---

London :

*Printed by Iohn Bill, his MAIESTIE'S Printer.*





TO MY EVER MOST-WORTHY-TO-BE-MOST  
HONOURED LORD,  
THE EARL OF SOMERSET, &c.



*OT forc'd by fortune, but since your free  
mind  
(Made by affliction) rests in choice re-  
sign'd*

*To calm retreat, laid quite beneath the wind  
Of grace and glory, I well know, my Lord,  
You would not be entitled to a word* 5  
*That might a thought remove from your repose,  
To thunder and spit flames, as greatness does,  
For all the trumps that still tell where he goes.  
Of which trumps Dedication being one,  
Methinks I see you start to hear it blown.* 10

*But this is no such trump as summons lords  
'Gainst Envy's steel to draw their leaden swords,  
Or 'gainst hare-lipp'd Detraction, Contempt,  
All which from all resistance stand exempt,* 15  
*It being as hard to sever wrong from merit,  
As meat-indu'd from blood, or blood from spirit.  
Nor in the spirit's chariot rides the soul  
In bodies chaste, with more divine control,*

xxii    *THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.*

*Nor virtue shines more in a lovely face,*  
*Than true desert is stuck off with disgrace.* 20  
*And therefore Truth itself, that had to bless*  
*The merit of it all, Almightyness,*  
*Would not protect it from the bane and ban*  
*Of all moods most distraught and Stygian ;*  
*As counting it the crown of all desert,* 25  
*Borne to heaven, to take of earth, no part*  
*Of false joy here, for joys-there-endless troth,*  
*Nor sell his birthright for a mess of broth.*  
*But stay and still sustain, and his bliss bring,*  
*Like to the hatching of the blackthorn's spring,* 30  
*With bitter frosts, and smarting hailstorms, forth.*  
*Fates love bees' labours ; only Pain crown's Worth.*  
*This Dedication calls no greatness, then,*  
*To patron this greatness-creating pen,*  
*Nor you to add to your dead culm a breath,* 35  
*For those arm'd angels, that in spite of death*  
*Inspir'd those flow'rs that wrought this Poet's wreath,*  
*Shall keep it ever, Poesy's steepest star,*  
*As in Earth's flaming walls, Heaven's sevenfold Car,*  
*From all the wilds of Neptune's wat'ry sphere,* 40  
*For ever guards the Erymanthian bear.*  
*Since then your Lordship settles in your shade*  
*A life retir'd, and no retreat is made*  
*But to some strength, (for else 'tis no retreat,*  
*But rudely running from your battlè's heat)* 45  
*I give this as your strength ; your strength, my Lord,*  
*In counsels and examples, that afford*  
*More guard than whole hosts of corporeal pow'r,*  
*And more deliverance teach the fatal hour.*  
*Turn not your med'cine then to your disease,* 50

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY. xxiii

*By your too set and slight repulse of these,  
The adjuncts of your matchless Odysseys ;  
Since on that wisest mind of man relies  
Refuge from all life's infelicities.*

*Nor sing these such division from them, 55  
But that these spin the thread of the same stream  
From one self distaff's stuff ; for Poesy's pen,  
Through all themes, is t' inform the lives of men ;  
All whose retreats need strengths of all degrees ;  
Without which, had you even Herculean knees, 60  
Your foes' fresh charges would at length prevail,  
To leave your noblest suff'rance no least sail.  
Strength then the object is of all retreats ;  
Strength needs no friends' trust ; strength your foes  
defeats.*

*Retire to strength, then, of eternal things, 65  
And y'are eternal ; for our knowing springs  
Flow into those things that we truly know,  
Which being eternal, we are render'd so.  
And though your high-fix'd light pass infinite far  
Th' adviceful guide of my still-trembling star, 70  
Yet hear what my discharg'd piece must foretel,  
Standing your poor and perdue sentinel.  
Kings may perhaps wish even your beggar's-voice  
To their eternities, how scorn'd a choice  
Soever now it lies ; and (dead) I may 75  
Extend your life to light's extremest ray.  
If not, your Homer yet past doubt shall make  
Immortal, like himself, your bounty's stake  
Put in my hands, to propagate your fame ;  
Such virtue reigns in such united name. 80  
Retire to him then for advice, and skill,*



xxiv *THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.*

*To know things call'd worst, best ; and best, most ill.*  
*Which known, truths best choose, and retire to still.*  
*And as our English general, (whose name*  
*Shall equal interest find in th' house of fame* 85  
*With all Earth's great'st commanders,) in retreat*  
*To Belgian Gant, stood all Spain's armies' heat*  
*By Parma led, though but one thousand strong ;*  
*Three miles together thrusting through the throng*  
*Of th' enemy's horse, still pouring on their fall* 90  
*'Twixt him and home, and thunder'd through them all ;*  
*The Gallic Monsieur standing on the wall,*  
*And wond'ring at his dreadful discipline,*  
*Fir'd with a valour that spit spirit divine ;*  
*In five battallions ranging all his men,* 95  
*Bristl'd with pikes, and flank'd with flankers ten ;*  
*Gave fire still in his rear ; retir'd, and wrought*  
*Down to his fix'd strength still ; retir'd and fought ;*  
*All the battallions of the enemy's horse*  
*Storming upon him still their fieriest force ;* 100  
*Charge upon charge laid fresh ; he, fresh as day,*  
*Repulsing all, and forcing glorious way*  
*Into the gates, that gasp'd, (as swoons for air,)*  
*And took their life in, with untouch'd repair :—*  
*So fight out, sweet Earl, your retreat in peace ;* 105  
*No ope-war equals that where privy prease*  
*Of never-number'd odds of enemy,*  
*Arm'd all by envy, in blind ambush lie,*  
*To rush out like an opening threatening sky,*  
*Broke all in meteors round about your ears.* 110

<sup>84</sup> A simile illustrating the most renowned service of General Norris in his retreat before Gant, never before made sacred to memory.—CHAPMAN.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY. xxv

'Gainst which, though far from hence, through all your  
rears,

Have fires prepar'd ; wisdom with wisdom flank,  
And all your forces range in present rank ;  
Retiring as you now fought in your strength,  
From all the force laid, in time's utmost length, 115  
To charge, and basely come on you behind.  
The doctrine of all which you here shall find,  
And in the true glass of a human mind.

Your Odysses, the body letting see  
All his life past, through infelicity, 120  
And manage of it all. In which to friend,

The full Muse brings you both the prime and end  
Of all arts ambient in the orb of man ;  
Which never darkness most Cimmerian  
Can give eclipse, since, blind, he all things saw, 125  
And to all ever since liv'd lord and law.

And though our mere-learn'd men, and modern wise,  
Taste not poor Poesy's ingenuities,  
Being crusted with their covetous leprosies,  
But hold her pains worse than the spiders' work, 130  
And lighter than the shadow of a cork,  
Yet th' ancient learn'd, heat with celestial fire,  
Affirms her flames so sacred and entire,  
That not without God's greatest grace she can  
Fall in the wid'st capacity of man. 135

If yet the vile soul of this verminous time  
Love more the sale-muse, and the squirrel's chime,  
Than this full sphere of poesy's sweetest prime,  
Give them unenvied their vain vein and vent,

<sup>135</sup> Ut non sine maximo favore Dei comparari queat.

P'LATONIS IN IONE.

xxvi *THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.*

*And rest your wings in his approv'd ascent* 140  
*That yet was never reach'd, nor ever fell*  
*Into affections bought with things that sell,*  
*Being the sun's flow'r, and wrapt so in his sky*  
*He cannot yield to every candle's eye.*

*Whose most worthy discoveries, to your Lordship's  
judicial perspective, in most subdued humility  
submitteth,*

*GEORGE CHAPMAN.*

NOTE.

On this Epistle Dedicatory, Coleridge remarks: "Chapman's identification of his fate with Homer's, and his complete forgetfulness of the distinction between Christianity and idolatry, under the general feeling of some religion, is very interesting. It is amusing to observe, how familiar Chapman's fancy has become with Homer, his life and circumstances, though the very existence of any such individual, at least with regard to the *Iliad* and Hymns, is more than problematic."



THE OCCASION OF THIS IMPOSED  
CROWNE.



AFTER this not only Prime of Poets, but Philosophers, had written his two great poems of Iliads and Odysseæ; which (for their first lights born before all learning) were worthily called the Sun and Moon of the Earth; finding no compensation, he writ in contempt of men this ridiculous poem of Vermin, giving them nobility of birth, valorous elocution not inferior to his heroes. At which the Gods themselves, put in amaze, called councils about their assistance of either army, and the justice of their quarrels, even to the mounting of Jove's artillery against them, and discharge of his three-forked flashes; and all for the drowning\* of a mouse. After which slight and only recreative touch, he betook him seriously to the honour of the Gods, in Hymns resounding all their peculiar titles, jurisdictions, and dignities; which he illustrates at all parts, as he had been continually conversant amongst them; and whatsoever authentic Poesy he omitted in the episodes contained in his Iliads and Odyssees, he comprehends and concludes in his

\* This is Chapman's MS. correction for *devouring* in the folio.

Hymns and Epigrams. All his observance and honour of the Gods, rather moved their envies against him, than their rewards, or respects of his endeavours. And so like a man *verecundi ingenii* (which he witnesseth of himself) he lived unhonoured and needy till his death ; and yet notwithstanding all men's servile and manacled miseries, to his most absolute and never-equalled merit, yea even bursten profusion to imposture and impiety, hear our ever-the-same intranced, and never-sleeping, Master of the Muses, to his last accents, incomparably singing.





## BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.



NT'RING the fields, first let my vows  
 call on  
 The Muses' whole quire out of Helicon  
 Into my heart, for such a poem's sake,  
 As lately I did in my tables take,  
 And put into report upon my knees. 5  
 A fight so fierce, as might in all degrees  
 Fit Mars himself, and his tumultuous hand,  
 Glorifying to dart to th' ears of every land  
 Of all the voice-divided; and to show  
 How bravely did both Frogs and Mice bestow 10  
 In glorious fight their forces, even the deeds  
 Daring to imitate of Earth's Giant Seeds.  
 Thus then men talk'd; this seed the strife begat:  
 The Mouse once dry, and 'scaped the dangerous cat,  
 Drench'd in the neighbour lake her tender beard, 15  
 To taste the sweetness of the wave it rear'd.

\* Intending *men*: being divided from all other creatures by the voice; *μειροψ*, being a periphrasis, signifying *voce divisus*, of *μειρω* (*μειρομας*) *divido*, and *ὄψ*, *ὄπρος*, *vox*.—CHAPMAN.

The notes marked C. are Chapman's.

The far-famed Fen-affecter, seeing him, said :  
 “ Ho, stranger ! What are you, and whence, that tread  
 This shore of ours ? Who brought you forth ? Reply  
 What truth may witness, lest I find you lie. 20  
 If worth fruition of my love and me,  
 I’ll have thee home, and hospitality  
 Of feast and gift, good and magnificent,  
 Bestow on thee ; for all this confluent  
 Resounds my royalty ; my name, the great 25  
 In blown-up-count’nances and looks of threat,  
<sup>a</sup>Physignathus, adored of all Frogs here  
 All their days’ durance, and the empire bear  
 Of all their beings ; mine own being begot  
 By royal <sup>b</sup>Peleus, mix’d in nuptial knot 30  
 With fair <sup>c</sup>Hydromedusa, on the bounds  
 Near which Eridanus his race resounds.  
 And thee mine eye makes my conceit inclined  
 To reckon powerful both in form and mind,  
 A sceptre-bearer, and past others far 35  
 Advanc’d in all the fiery fights of war.  
 Come then, thy race to my renown commend.”

The Mouse made answer : “ Why inquires my friend ?  
 For what so well know men and Deities,  
 And all the wing’d affecters of the skies ? 40  
<sup>d</sup>Psicharpax I am call’d ; <sup>e</sup>Troxartes’ seed,  
 Surnamed the Mighty-minded. She that freed  
 Mine eyes from darkness was <sup>f</sup>Lichomyle,

<sup>27</sup> <sup>a</sup> Φυσίγναθος, *Genas et buccas inflans.* C.

<sup>30</sup> <sup>b</sup> Πηλεύς, *qui ex luto nascitur.* C.

<sup>31</sup> <sup>c</sup> Ὑδρομέδουσα. *Aquarum regina.* C.

<sup>32</sup> The river Po, in Italy. C

<sup>41</sup> <sup>d</sup> Ψυχάρπαξ. *Gather-crum, or ravish-crum.* C.

<sup>41</sup> <sup>e</sup> Shear-crust. C.

<sup>43</sup> <sup>f</sup> Lick-mill. C.

King "Pternotroctes" daughter, showing me,  
 Within an aged hovel, the young light, 45  
 Fed me with figs and nuts, and all the height  
 Of varied viands. But unfold the cause,  
 Why, 'gainst similitude's most equal laws  
 Observed in friendship, thou mak'st me thy friend?  
 Thy life the waters only help t' extend; 50  
 Mine, whatsoever men are used to eat,  
 Takes part with them at shore; their purest cheat,  
 Thrice bouted, kneaded, and subdued in paste,  
 In clean round kymnells, cannot be so fast  
 From my approaches kept but in I eat; 55  
 Nor cheesecakes full of finest Indian wheat,  
 That crusty-weeds wear, large as ladies' trains;  
 Liverings, white-skin'd as ladies; nor the strains  
 Of press'd milk, renneted; nor collops cut  
 Fresh from the flitch; nor junkets, such as put 60  
 Palates divine in appetite; nor any  
 Of all men's delicates, though ne'er so many  
 Their cooks devise them, who each dish see deckt  
 With all the dainties all strange soils affect.  
 Yet am I not so sensual to fly 65  
 Of fields embattled the most fiery cry,

<sup>44</sup> "Bacon-flitch-devourer, or gnawer. C.

<sup>52</sup> *Cheat*—the second sort of wheaten bread, according to Halliwell, who has well illustrated the word. See also NARES.

<sup>54</sup> *Kymnells*—household tubs. Chaucer has *kemelin*.

<sup>57</sup> *Τανύπεπλος*. *Extenso et promisso peploamictus*. A metaphor taken from ladies' veils, or trains, and therefore their names are here added. C.

<sup>60</sup> "Ἡπατα λευκοχίτωνα. Livering puddings white-skin'd. C. *Livering*, i. e. made of liver.

<sup>60</sup> *Junkets*—cheese pressed on rushes. Ital. *giuncata*. See Odyssey, Bk. vi. 107.

<sup>64</sup> *Παντοδαποῖσιν*. Whose common exposition is only *varius*, when it properly signifies *ex omni solo*. C.



But rush out straight, and with the first in fight  
 Mix in adventure. No man with affright  
 Can daunt my forces, though his body be  
 Of never so immense a quantity, 70  
 But making up, even to his bed, access,  
 His fingers' ends dare with my teeth compress,  
 His feet taint likewise, and so soft seize both  
 They shall not taste th' impression of a tooth.  
 Sweet sleep shall hold his own in every eye 75  
 Where my tooth takes his tartest liberty.  
 But two there are, that always, far and near,  
 Extremely still control my force with fear,  
 The Cat, and Night-hawk, who much scathe confer  
 On all the outrays where for food I err. 80  
 Together with the straits-still-keeping trap,  
 Where lurks deceitful and set-spleen'd mishap.  
 But most of all the Cat constrains my fear,  
 Being ever apt t' assault me everywhere ;  
 For by that hole that hope says I shall 'scape, 85  
 At that hole ever she commits my rape.  
 The best is yet, I eat no pot-herb grass,  
 Nor radishes, nor coloquintidas,  
 Nor still-green beets, nor parsley ; which you make  
 Your dainties still, that live upon the lake." 90  
 The Frog replied : " Stranger, your boasts creep all  
 Upon their bellies ; though to our lives fall  
 Much more miraculous meats by lake and land,  
 Jove tend'ring our lives with a twofold hand,  
 Enabling us to leap ashore for food, 95

<sup>73</sup> *Taint*—i. e. touch, assault. See *Iliad*, Bk. III. 374.

<sup>80</sup> *Outrays*—see *Iliad*, Bk. V. 793.

<sup>81</sup> *Σρονόεσσαν*, of *σρονός*, *angustus*. C.

<sup>86</sup> *Coloquintidas*—pumpkins.

And hide us straight in our retreatful flood.  
 Which, if your will serve, you may prove with ease.  
 I'll take you on my shoulders ; which fast seize,  
 If safe arrival at my house y' intend."  
 He stoop'd, and thither spritely did ascend, 100  
 Clasp'ing his golden neck, that easy seat  
 Gave to his sally ; who was jocund yet,  
 Seeing the safe harbours of the king so near,  
 And he a swimmer so exempt from peer.  
 But when he sunk into the purple wave, 105  
 He mourn'd extremely, and did much deprave  
 Unprofitable penitence ; his hair  
 Tore by the roots up, labour'd for the air  
 With his feet fetch'd up to his belly close ;  
 His heart within him panted out repose, 110  
 For th' insolent plight in which his state did stand ;  
 Sigh'd bitterly, and long'd to greet the land,  
 Forced by the dire need of his freezing fear.  
 First, on the waters he his tail did sterc,  
 Like to a stern ; then drew it like an oar, 115  
 Still praying the Gods to set him safe ashore ;  
 Yet sunk he midst the red waves more and more,  
 And laid a throat out to his utmost height ;  
 Yet in forced speech he made his peril slight,  
 And thus his glory with his grievance strove : 120  
 " Not in such choice state was the charge of love  
 Borne by the bull, when to the Cretan shore  
 He swum Europa through the wavy roar,  
 As this Frog ferries me, his pallid breast

<sup>108</sup> *Deprave*—vilify, abuse. See Iliad, Bk. vi. 564.

<sup>114</sup> *Stere*—this is the old orthography for *stir* in Chapman, but it may probably mean *steer*.

<sup>115</sup> *Stern*—rudder.

Bravely advancing, and his verdant crest 125  
 (Submitted to my seat) made my support,  
 Through his white waters, to his royal court."  
 But on the sudden did apparance make  
 An horrid spectacle,—a Water-snake  
 Thrusting his freckled neck above the lake. 130  
 Which seen to both, away Physignathus  
 Dived to his deeps, as no way conscious  
 Of whom he left to perish in his lake,  
 But shunn'd black fate himself, and let him take  
 The blackest of it ; who amidst the fen 135  
 Swum with his breast up, hands held up in vain,  
 Cried *Peepe*, and perish'd ; sunk the waters oft,  
 And often with his sprawlings came aloft,  
 Yet no way kept down death's relentless force,  
 But, full of water, made an heavy corse. 140  
 Before he perish'd yet, he threaten'd thus :  
 " Thou lurk'st not yet from heaven, Physignathus,  
 Though yet thou hid'st here, that hast cast from thee,  
 As from a rock, the shipwrack'd life of me,  
 Though thou thyself no better was than I, 145  
 O worst of things, at any faculty,  
 Wrastling or race. But, for thy perfidy  
 In this my wrack, Jove bears a wreakful eye ;  
 And to the host of Mice thou pains shalt pay,  
 Past all evasion." This his life let say, 150  
 And left him to the waters. Him beheld  
 \*Lichopinax, placed in the pleasing field,  
 Who shriek'd extremely, ran and told the Mice ;  
 Who having heard his wat'ry destinies,

<sup>126</sup> *Submitted*—see *Iliad*, Bk. *xi*. 258.

<sup>150</sup> \*Lickdish. C.

Pernicious anger pierced the hearts of all, 155  
 And then their heralds forth they sent to call  
 A council early, at Troxartes' house,  
 Sad father of this fatal shipwrack'd Mouse ;  
 Whose dead corse upwards swum along the lake,  
 Nor yet, poor wretch, could be enforced to make 160  
 The shore his harbour, but the mid-main swum.  
 When now, all haste made, with first morn did come  
 All to set council ; in which first rais'd head  
 Troxartes, angry for his son, and said :  
 " O friends, though I alone may seem to bear 165  
 All the infortune, yet may all met here  
 Account it their case. But 'tis true, I am  
 In chief unhappy, that a triple flame  
 Of life feel put forth, in three famous sons :  
 The first, the chief in our confusions, 170  
 The Cat, made rape of, caught without his hole :  
 The second, Man, made with a cruel soul,  
 Brought to his ruin with a new-found sleight,  
 And a most wooden engine of deceit,  
 They term a Trap, mere murth'ress of our Mice. 175  
 The last, that in my love held special price,  
 And his rare mother's, this Physignathus  
 (With false pretext of wafting to his house)  
 Strangled in chief deeps of his bloody stream.  
 Come then, haste all, and issue out on them, 180  
 Our bodies deck'd in our Dædalean arms."  
 This said, his words thrust all up in alarms,

<sup>166</sup> *Infortune*—Odyssey, Bk. xx. 119.

<sup>175</sup> Ὀλέτρεπα. *Interfectorix, perditrix*. C. *Mere*—see Odyssey, Bk. viii. 115.

<sup>181</sup> *Dædalean*—simply *variegated*, (δαδάλιοισι.)

And Mars himself, that serves the cure of war,  
 Made all in their appropriates circular.  
 First on each leg the green shales of a bean 185  
 They closed for boots, that sat exceeding clean ;  
 The shales they broke ope, boothaling by night,  
 And ate the beans ; their jacks art exquisite  
 Had shown in them, being cats' skins, everywhere  
 Quilted with quills ; their fenceful bucklers were 190  
 The middle rounds of can'sticks ; but their spear  
 A huge long needle was, that could not bear  
 The brain of any but be Mars his own  
 Mortal invention ; their heads' arming crown  
 Was vessel to the kernel of a nut. 195  
 And thus the Mice their powers in armour put.

This the Frogs hearing, from the water all  
 Issue to one place, and a council call  
 Of wicked war ; consulting what should be  
 Cause to this murmur and strange mutiny. 200  
 While this was question'd, near them made his stand  
 An herald with a sceptre in his hand,  
 \*Embasi chytrus call'd, that fetch'd his kind  
 From <sup>b</sup>Tyroglyphus with the mighty mind,  
 Denouncing ill-named war in these high terms : 205  
 " O Frogs ! the Mice send threats to you of arms,

<sup>184</sup> *Appropriates*—proper arms.

<sup>185</sup> Εἰς τ' ἀσκήσαντες, *ab ἀσκήω, elaboratè concinno.* C.

<sup>187</sup> *Boothaling*—foraging for booty, plundering. Halliwell has well explained it; but this is a good example. Probably Chapman meant a pun on *boots* and *boot-haling*: they foraged for *booty* to make *boots*.

<sup>188</sup> *Jacks*—buff jerkins. See Chapman's Commentary on *Iliad*, XIII. 637.

<sup>191</sup> *Can'sticks*—candlesticks. See HALLIWELL.

<sup>203</sup> \* Enter-pot, or search-pot. C.

<sup>204</sup> <sup>b</sup> Cheese-miner. *Qui caseum rodendo cavat.* C. (Tyroglyphus.)

And bid me bid ye battle and fix'd fight ;  
 Their eyes all wounded with Psicharpax' sight  
 Floating your waters, whom your king hath kill'd.  
 And therefore all prepare for force of field, 210  
 You that are best born whosoever held."  
 This said, he sever'd ; his speech firing th' ears  
 Of all the Mice, but freez'd the Frogs with fears,  
 Themselves conceiting guilty ; whom the king  
 Thus answer'd, rising, " Friends ! I did not bring 215  
 Psicharpax to his end ; he, wantoning  
 Upon our waters, practising to swim,  
 Ape'd us, and drown'd without my sight of him.  
 And yet these worst of vermin accuse me,  
 Though no way guilty. Come, consider we 220  
 How we may ruin these deceitful Mice.  
 For my part, I give voice to this advice,  
 As seeming fittest to direct our deeds :  
 Our bodies decking with our arming weeds,  
 Let all our pow'rs stand rais'd in steep'st repose . 225  
 Of all our shore ; that, when they charge us close,  
 We may the helms snatch off from all so deckt,  
 Daring our onset, and them all deject  
 Down to our waters ; who, not knowing the sleight  
 To dive our soft deeps, may be strangled straight, 230  
 And we triumphing may a trophy rear,  
 Of all the Mice that we have slaughter'd here."

These words put all in arms ; and mallow leaves  
 They drew upon their legs, for arming greaves.  
 Their curets, broad green beets ; their bucklers were  
 Good thick-leaved cabbage, proof 'gainst any spear ; 236

<sup>218</sup> Μιμούμενος. Aping, or imitating us. C.

<sup>224</sup> Weeds—i. e. garments ; a very common word.

<sup>234</sup> Boots of war. C.

Their spears sharp bulrushes, of which were all  
 Fitted with long ones ; their parts capital  
 They hid in subtle cockleshells from blows.  
 And thus all arm'd, the steepest shores they chose 240  
 T' encamp themselves; where lance with lance they lined,  
 And brandish'd bravely, each Frog full of mind.

Then Jove call'd all Gods in his flaming throne,  
 And show'd all all this preparation  
 For resolute war ; these able soldiers, 250  
 Many, and great, all shaking lengthful spears,  
 In show like Centaurs, or the Giants' host.  
 When, sweetly smiling, he inquired who, most  
 Of all th' Immortals, pleased to add their aid  
 To Frogs or Mice ; and thus to Pallas said : 250

" O Daughter ! Must not you needs aid these Mice,  
 That, with the odours and meat sacrifice  
 Used in your temple, endless triumphs make,  
 And serve you for your sacred victuals' sake ?"

Pallas replied : " O Father, never I 255  
 Will aid the Mice in any misery.  
 So many mischiefs by them I have found,  
 Eating the cotton that my distaffs crown'd,  
 My lamps still haunting to devour the oil.  
 But that which most my mind eats, is their spoil 260  
 Made of a veil, that me in much did stand,  
 On which bestowing an elaborate hand,  
 A fine woof working of as pure a thread,  
 Such holes therein their petulancies fed  
 That, putting it to darning, when 'twas done, 265  
 The darner a most dear pay stood upon

<sup>256</sup> *Parts capital*—heads.

<sup>258</sup> *Ἐτρώματα, Lanas, eo quod colus cingant seu coronent.* Which  
 our learned sect translate eating the crowns that Pallas wore. C.

For his so dear pains, laid down instantly ;  
 Or, to forbear, exacted usury.  
 So, borrowing from my fane the weed I wove,  
 I can by no means th' usurous darter move 270  
 To let me have the mantle to restore.  
 And this is it that rubs the angry sore  
 Of my offence took at these petulant Mice.  
 Nor will I yield the Frogs' wants my supplies,  
 For their infirm minds that no confines keep ; 275  
 For I from war retired, and wanting sleep,  
 All leap'd ashore in tumult, nor would stay  
 Till one wink seized mine eyes, and so I lay  
 Sleepless, and pain'd with headache, till first light  
 The cock had crow'd up. Therefore, to the fight 280  
 Let no God go assistant, lest a lance  
 Wound whosoever offers to advance,  
 Or wishes but their aid, that scorn all foes,  
 Should any God's access their spirits oppose.  
 Sit we then pleased to see from heaven their fight." 285  
 She said, and all Gods join'd in her delight.  
 And now both hosts to one field drew the jar,  
 Both heralds bearing the ostents of war.  
 And then the wine-gnats, that shrill trumpets sound,  
 Terribly rung out the encounter round ; 290  
 Jove thund' red ; all heaven sad war's sign resounded.  
 And first <sup>a</sup>Hypsiboas <sup>b</sup>Lichenor wounded,  
 Standing th' impression of the first in fight.  
 His lance did in his liver's midst alight,  
 Along his belly. Down he fell ; his face 295

<sup>268</sup> Τόκος, Partus, et id quod partu edidit mater. Metap. hic appellatur fœnus quod ex usurâ ad nos redit. C.

<sup>280</sup> Κώνωψ. Culex vinarius. C. <sup>292</sup> <sup>a</sup>Loud-mouth. C.

<sup>292</sup> <sup>b</sup>Kitchen-vessel licker. C.



His fall on that part sway'd, and all the grace  
Of his soft hair fil'd with disgraceful dust.

Then <sup>a</sup>Troglodytes his thick javelin thrust  
In <sup>b</sup>Pelion's bosom, bearing him to ground,  
Whom sad death seized; his soul flew through his wound.

<sup>c</sup>Seutlæus next Embasichytros slew, 301  
His heart through-thrusting. Then <sup>d</sup>Artophagus threw  
His lance at <sup>e</sup>Polyphon, and struck him quite  
Through his mid-belly; down he fell upright,  
And from his fair limbs took his soul her flight. 305

<sup>f</sup>Limnocharis, beholding Polyphon  
Thus done to death, did, with as round a stone  
As that the mill turns, Troglodytes wound,  
Near his mid-neck, ere he his onset found;  
Whose eyes sad darkness seized. <sup>g</sup>Lichenor cast 310  
A flying dart off, and his aim so placed  
Upon Limnocharis, that sure he thought  
The wound he wish'd him; nor untruly wrought  
The dire success, for through his liver flew  
The fatal lance; which when <sup>h</sup>Crambophagus knew, 315  
Down the deep waves near shore he, diving, fled;  
But fled not fate so; the stern enemy fed  
Death with his life in diving; never more  
The air he drew in; his vermilion gore  
Stain'd all the waters, and along the shore 320

<sup>298</sup> <sup>a</sup>Hole-dweller. *Qui foramina subit.* C. Chapman, as is constantly the case, has altered the quantity of the word.

<sup>299</sup> <sup>b</sup>Mud-born. C.

<sup>301</sup> <sup>c</sup>Beet-devourer. C.

<sup>302</sup> <sup>d</sup>The great bread eater. C.

<sup>303</sup> <sup>e</sup>Πολύφωνον. The great-noise-maker, shrill or big-voiced. C.

<sup>305</sup> <sup>f</sup>The lake-lover. C.

<sup>310</sup> <sup>g</sup>*Qui lambit culinaria vasa.* C.

<sup>312</sup> *Τιρώσκειναι intentissime dirigo ut certum ictum inferam.* C.

<sup>315</sup> <sup>h</sup>The cabbage-eater. C.

He laid extended ; his fat entrails lay  
 (By his small guts' impulsion) breaking way  
 Out at his wound. <sup>a</sup>Limnisius near the shore  
 Destroy'd Tyroglyphus. Which frightened sore  
 The soul of <sup>b</sup>Calaminth, seeing coming on, 325  
 For wreak, <sup>c</sup>Pternoglyphus ; who got him gone  
 With large leaps to the lake, his target thrown  
 Into the waters. <sup>d</sup>Hydrocharis slew  
 King <sup>e</sup>Pternophagus, at whose throat he threw  
 A huge stone, strook it high, and beat his brain 330  
 Out at his nostrils. Earth blush'd with the stain  
 His blood made on her bosom. For next prise,  
 Lichopinax to death did sacrifice  
<sup>f</sup>Borborocœtes' faultless faculties ;  
 His lance enforced it ; darkness closed his eyes. 335  
 On which when <sup>g</sup>Prassophagus cast his look,  
<sup>h</sup>Cnissodiocetes by the heels he took,  
 Dragg'd him to fen from off his native ground,  
 Then seized his throat, and soused him till he drown'd.  
 But now Psicharpax wreaks his fellows' deaths, 340  
 And in the bosom of <sup>i</sup>Pelusius sheaths,  
 In centre of his liver, his bright lance.  
 He fell before the author of the chance ;  
 His soul to hell fled. Which <sup>k</sup>Pelobates  
 Taking sad note of, wreakfully did seize 345  
 His hand's gripe full of mud, and all besmear'd

<sup>323</sup> <sup>a</sup> *Paludis incola*. Lake-liver. C.

<sup>325</sup> <sup>b</sup> *Qui in calaminthâ, herbâ palustri, habitat*. C.

<sup>326</sup> <sup>c</sup> Bacon-eater. C.

<sup>328</sup> <sup>d</sup> *Qui aquis delectatur*. C.

<sup>329</sup> <sup>e</sup> Collup-devourer. C. Another of Chapman's false quantities.

<sup>334</sup> <sup>f</sup> Mud-sleeper. C.

<sup>336</sup> <sup>g</sup> Leek or scallion lover. C. A similar error.

<sup>337</sup> <sup>h</sup> Kitchin-smell haunter, or hunter. C.

<sup>341</sup> <sup>i</sup> Fenstalk. C.

<sup>344</sup> <sup>k</sup> *Qui per lutum it*. C.

His forehead with it so, that scarce appear'd  
 The light to him. Which certainly incensed  
 His fiery spleen; who with his wreak dispensed  
 No point of time, but rear'd with his strong hand 350  
 A stone so massy it oppress'd the land,  
 And hurl'd it at him; when below the knee  
 It strook his right leg so impetuously  
 It piecemeal brake it; he the dust did seize,  
 Upwards everted. But <sup>a</sup>Craugasides 355  
 Revenged his death, and at his enemy  
 Discharged a dart that did his point imply  
 In his mid-belly. All the sharp-pil'd spear  
 Got after in, and did before it bear  
 His universal entrails to the earth, 360  
 Soon as his swoln hand gave his jav'lin birth.

<sup>b</sup>Sitophagus, beholding the sad sight,  
 Set on the shore, went halting from the fight,  
 Vex'd with his wounds extremely; and, to make  
 Way from extreme fate, leap'd into the lake. 365

Troxartes strook, in th' instep's upper part,  
 Physignathus; who (privy to the smart  
 His wound imparted) with his utmost haste  
 Leap'd to the lake, and fled. Troxartes cast  
 His eye upon the foe that fell before, 370  
 And, seeing him half-lived, long'd again to gore  
 His gutless bosom; and, to kill him quite,  
 Ran fiercely at him. Which <sup>c</sup>Prassæus' sight  
 Took instant note of, and the first in fight  
 Thrust desp'rate way through, casting his keen lance  
 Off at Troxartes; whose shield turn'd th' advance 376

<sup>355</sup> <sup>a</sup>Vociferator. C.<sup>362</sup> <sup>b</sup>Eat-corn. C.<sup>373</sup> <sup>c</sup>Scallion-devourer. C.

The sharp head made, and check'd the mortal chance.

Amongst the Mice fought an egregious  
Young springall, and a close-encount'ring Mouse,  
Pure <sup>a</sup>Artepibulus's dear descent; 380

A prince that Mars himself show'd where he went.

(Call'd <sup>b</sup>Meridarpax,) of so huge a might,  
That only he still domineer'd in fight  
Of all the Mouse-host. He advancing close  
Up to the lake, past all the rest arose 385

In glorious object, and made vaunt that he  
Came to depopulate all the progeny  
Of Frogs, affected with the lance of war.

And certainly he had put on as far  
As he advanced his vaunt, he was endu'd 390

With so unmatch'd a force and fortitude,  
Had not the Father both of Gods and men  
Instantly known it, and the Frogs, even then  
Given up to ruin, rescued with remorse.

Who, his head moving, thus began discourse: 395

“ No mean amaze affects me, to behold  
Prince Meridarpax rage so uncontroll'd,  
In thirst of Frog-blood, all along the lake.  
Come therefore still, and all addression make,  
Despatching Pallas, with tumultuous Mars, 400  
Down to the field, to make him leave the wars,  
How potently soever he be said  
Where he attempts once to uphold his head.”

Mars answer'd: “ O Jove, neither She nor I,  
With both our aids, can keep depopulacy 405

<sup>380</sup> <sup>a</sup> Bread-betrayer. C. (Artepibulus.)

<sup>382</sup> <sup>b</sup> Scrap, or broken-meat-eater. C.

<sup>402</sup> *Κρατερός*, *validus seu potens in retinendo*. C.

From off the Frogs ! And therefore arm we all,  
 Even thy lance letting brandish to his call  
 From off the field, that from the field withdrew  
 The Titanois, the Titanois that slew,  
 Though most exempt from match of all earth's Seeds,  
 So great and so inaccessible deeds 411  
 It hath proclaim'd to men ; bound hand and foot  
 The vast Enceladus ; and rac'd by th' root  
 The race of upland Giants." This speech past,  
 Saturnius a smoking lightning cast 415  
 Amongst the armies, thund'ring then so sore,  
 That with a rapting circumflex he bore  
 All huge heaven over. But the terrible ire  
 Of his dart, sent abroad, all wrapt in fire,  
 (Which certainly his very finger was) 420  
 Amazed both Mice and Frogs. Yet soon let pass  
 Was all this by the Mice, who much the more  
 Burn'd in desire t' exterminate the store  
 Of all those lance-loved soldiers. Which had been,  
 If from Olympus Jove's eye had not seen 425  
 The Frogs with pity, and with instant speed  
 Sent them assistants. Who, ere any heed  
 Was given to their approach, came crawling on  
 With anvils on their backs, that, beat upon  
 Never so much, are never wearied yet ; 430  
 Crook-paw'd, and wrested on with foul cloven feet,  
 Tongues in their mouths, brick-back'd, all over bone,

14

<sup>414</sup> *Upland* is constantly used in Chapman for rough, rude ; up-land i. e. from the country, as distinguished from the civilization of the town.

<sup>420</sup> *Νωράκρονες*. *Incudes ferentes*, or anvil-backed. "*Ακρον*. *Incus*, dicta per syncopen quasi nullis ictibus fatigetur. C.

<sup>423</sup> *Ψαλιδόοστρος*. *Forcipem in ore habens*. C.

Broad shoulder'd, whence a ruddy yellow shone,  
Distorted, and small-thigh'd; had eyes that saw  
Out at their bosoms; twice four feet did draw 435  
About their bodies; strong-neck'd, whence did rise  
Two heads; nor could to any hand be prise;  
They call them lobsters; that ate from the Mice  
Their tails, their feet, and hands, and wrested all  
Their lances from them, so that cold appall 440  
The wretches put in rout, past all return.  
And now the Fount of Light forbore to burn  
Above the earth; when, which men's laws commend,  
Our battle in one day took absolute end.

THE END OF HOMER'S BATTLE OF FROGS AND MICE.





## ALL THE HYMNS OF HOMER.

### A HYMN TO APOLLO.



WILL remember and express the praise  
Of heaven's Far-darter, the fair King of  
days,

Whom even the Gods themselves fear  
when he goes

Through Jove's high house ; and when his goodly bows  
He goes to bend, all from their thrones arise,                   5  
And cluster near, t' admire his faculties.  
Only Latona stirs not from her seat  
Close by the Thund'rer, till her Son's retreat  
From his dread archery ; but then she goes,  
Slackens his string, and shuts his quiver close,                   10  
And (having taken to her hand his bow,  
From off his able shoulders) doth bestow  
Upon a pin of gold the glorious tiller,  
The pin of gold fix'd in his father's pillar.

Then doth She to his throne his state uphold,                   15  
Where his great Father, in a cup of gold,

<sup>13</sup> *Tiller*—bow.

Serves him with nectar, and shows all the grace  
Of his great son. Then th' other Gods take place ;  
His gracious mother glorying to bear  
So great an archer, and a son so clear. 20

All hail, O blest Latona ! to bring forth  
An issue of such all-out-shining worth,  
Royal Apollo, and the Queen that loves  
The hurls of darts. She in th' Ortygian groves,  
And he in cliffy Delos, leaning on 25  
The lofty Oros, and being built upon  
By Cynthus' prominent, that his head rears  
Close to the palm that Inops' fluent cheers.

How shall I praise thee, far being worthiest praise,  
O Phœbus ? To whose worth the law of lays 30  
In all kinds is ascrib'd, if feeding flocks  
By continent or isle. All eminent'st rocks  
Did sing for joy, hill-tops, and floods in song  
Did break their billows, as they flow'd along  
To serve the sea ; the shores, the seas, and all 35  
Did sing as soon as from the lap did fall  
Of blest Latona thee the joy of man.  
Her child-bed made the mountain Cynthian  
In rocky Delos, the sea-circled isle,  
On whose all sides the black seas brake their pile, 40  
And overflow'd for joy, so frank a gale  
The singing winds did on their waves exhale.

Here born, all mortals live in thy commands,  
Whoever Crete holds, Athens, or the strands  
Of th' isle Ægina, or the famous land 45  
For ships (Eubœa), or Eresia,  
Or Peparethus bord'ring on the sea,



Ægas, or Athos that doth Thrace divide  
 And Macedon ; or Pelion, with the pride  
 Of his high forehead ; or the Samian isle, 50  
 That likewise lies near Thrace ; or Seyrus' soil ;  
 Ida's steep tops ; or all that Phocis fill ;  
 Or Autocanes, with the heaven-high hill ;  
 Or populous Imber ; Lemnos without ports ;  
 Or Lesbos, fit for the divine resorts ; 55  
 And sacred soil of blest Æolion ;  
 Or Chios that exceeds comparison  
 For fruitfulness ; with all the isles that lie  
 Embrac'd with seas ; Minas, with rocks so high ;  
 Or lofty-crown'd Corycius ; or the bright 60  
 Charos ; or Æsagæus' dazzling height ;  
 Or watery Samos ; Mycale, that bears  
 Her brows even with the circles of the spheres ;  
 Miletus ; Cous, that the city is  
 Of voice-divided-choice humanities ; 65  
 High Cnidus ; Carpathus, still strook with wind ;  
 Naxos, and Paros ; and the rocky-min'd  
 Rugged Rhenæa. Yet through all these parts  
 Latona, great-grown with the King of darts,  
 Travell'd ; and tried if any would become 70  
 To her dear birth an hospitable home.  
 All which extremely trembled, shook with fear,  
 Nor durst endure so high a birth to bear  
 In their free states, though, for it, they became  
 Never so fruitful ; till the reverend Dame 75  
 Ascended Delos, and her soil did seize  
 With these wing'd words : " O Delos ! Wouldst thou  
 please  
 To be my son Apollo's native seat,

<sup>53</sup> Autocænea.

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*A HYMN TO APOLLO.* 21

And build a wealthy fane to one so great,  
No one shall blame or question thy kind deed. 20  
Nor think I, thou dost sheep or oxen feed  
In any such store, or in vines exceed,  
Nor bring'st forth such innumerable plants,  
Which often make the rich inhabitants  
Careless of Deity. If thou then shouldst rear 25  
A fane to Phœbus, all men would confer  
Whole hecatombs of beeves for sacrifice,  
Still thronging hither; and to thee would rise  
Ever unmeasur'd odours, shouldst thou long  
Nourish thy King thus; and from foreign wrong 30  
The Gods would guard thee; which thine own address  
Can never compass for thy barrenness."

She said, and Delos joy'd, replying thus:  
" Most happy sister of Saturnius!  
I gladly would with all means entertain 35  
The King your son, being now despised of men,  
But should be honour'd with the greatest then.  
Yet this I fear, nor will conceal from thee:  
Your son, some say, will author misery  
In many kinds, as being to sustain 100  
A mighty empire over Gods and men,  
Upon the holy-gift-giver the Earth.  
And bitterly I fear that, when his birth  
Gives him the sight of my so barren soil,  
He will contemn, and give me up to spoil, 105  
Enforce the sea to me, that ever will  
Oppress my heart with many a wat'ry hill.  
And therefore let him choose some other land,  
Where he shall please, to build at his command  
Temple and grove, set thick with many a tree. 110

For wretched polypuses breed in me  
 Retiring chambers, and black sea-calves den  
 In my poor soil, for penury of men.  
 And yet, O Goddess, wouldst thou please to swear  
 The Gods' great oath to me, before thou bear 115  
 Thy blessed son here, that thou wilt erect  
 A fane to him, to render the effect  
 Of men's demands to them before they fall,  
 Then will thy son's renown be general,  
 Men will his name in such variety call, 120  
 And I shall then be glad his birth to bear."  
 This said, the Gods' great oath she thus did swear :  
 " Know this, O Earth ! broad heaven's inferior sphere,  
 And of black Styx the most infernal lake,  
 (Which is the gravest oath the Gods can take) 125  
 That here shall ever rise to Phœbus' name  
 An odorous fane and altar ; and thy fame  
 Honour, past all isles else, shall see him employ'd."  
 Her oath thus took and ended, Delos joy'd  
 In mighty measure that she should become 130  
 To far-shot Phœbus' birth the famous home.

Latona then nine days and nights did fall  
 In hopeless labour ; at whose birth were all  
 Heaven's most supreme and worthy Goddesses,  
 Dione, Rhæa, and th' Exploratress 135  
 Themis, and Amphitrite that will be  
 Pursu'd with sighs still ; every Deity,  
 Except the snowy-wristed wife of Jove,  
 Who held her moods aloft, and would not move ;  
 Only Lucina (to whose virtue vows 140  
 Each childbirth patient) heard not of her throes,

<sup>113</sup> *Den*—i. e. make dens.

But sat, by Juno's counsel, on the brows  
 Of broad Olympus, wrapp'd in clouds of gold.  
 Whom Jove's proud wife in envy did withhold,  
 Because bright-lock'd Latona was to bear 145  
 A son so faultless and in force so clear.  
 The rest Thaumantia sent before, to bring  
 Lucina to release the envied king,  
 Assuring her, that they would straight confer  
 A carcanet, nine cubits long, on her, 150  
 All woven with wires of gold. But charg'd her, then,  
 To call apart from th' ivory-wristed Queen  
 The childbirth-guiding Goddess, for just fear  
 Lest, her charge utter'd in Saturnia's ear,  
 She, after, might dissuade her from descent. 155  
 When wind-swift-footed Iris knew th' intent  
 Of th' other Goddesses, away she went,  
 And instantly she pass'd the infinite space  
 'Twixt earth and heaven; when, coming to the place  
 Where dwelt th' Immortals, straight without the gate  
 She gat Lucina, and did all relate 161  
 The Goddesses commanded, and inclin'd  
 To all that they demanded her dear mind.  
 And on their way they went, like those two doves  
 That, walking highways, every shadow moves 165  
 Up from the earth, forc'd with their natural fear.  
 When ent'ring Delos, She, that is so dear  
 To dames in labour, made Latona straight  
 Prone to delivery, and to wield the weight  
 Of her dear burthen with a world of ease. 170  
 When, with her fair hand, she a palm did seize,  
 And, staying her by it, stuck her tender knees

147 *Thaumantia*—*Iris*.

Amidst the soft mead, that did smile beneath  
 Her sacred labour ; and the child did breathe  
 The air in th' instant. All the Goddesses 175  
 Brake in kind tears and shrieks for her quick ease,  
 And thee, O archer Phœbus, with waves clear  
 Wash'd sweetly over, swaddled with sincere  
 And spotless swathbands ; and made then to flow  
 About thy breast a mantle, white as snow, 180  
 Fine, and new made ; and cast a veil of gold  
 Over thy forehead. Nor yet forth did hold  
 Thy mother for thy food her golden breast,  
 But Themis, in supply of it, address'd  
 Lovely Ambrosia, and drunk off to thee 185  
 A bowl of nectar, interchangeably  
 With her immortal fingers serving thine.  
 And when, O Phœbus, that eternal wine  
 Thy taste had relish'd, and that food divine,  
 No golden swathband longer could contain 190  
 Thy panting bosom ; all that would constrain  
 Thy soon-eas'd Godhead, every feeble chain  
 Of earthy child-rites, flew in sunder all.  
 And then didst thou thus to the Deities call :  
 " Let there be given me my lov'd lute and bow, 195  
 I'll prophesy to men, and make them know  
 Jove's perfect counsels." This said, up did fly  
 From broad-way'd Earth the unshorn Deity,  
 Far-shot Apollo. All th' Immortals stood  
 In steep amaze to see Latona's brood. 200  
 All Delos, looking on him, all with gold  
 Was loaden straight, and joy'd to be extoll'd  
 By great Latona so, that she decreed

<sup>178</sup> *Sincere*—pure, unmixed ; the true Latin sense.

A HYMN TO APOLLO. 25

Her barrenness should bear the fruitful'st seed  
 Of all the isles and continents of earth, 205  
 And lov'd her from her heart so for her birth.  
 For so she flourish'd, as a hill that stood  
 Crown'd with the flow'r of an abundant wood.  
 And thou, O Phœbus, bearing in thy hand  
 Thy silver bow, walk'st over every land, 210  
 Sometimes ascend'st the rough-hewn rocky hill  
 Of desolate Cynthus, and sometimes tak'st will  
 To visit islands, and the plumps of men.  
 And many a temple, all ways, men ordain  
 To thy bright Godhead ; groves, made dark with trees,  
 And never shorn, to hide the Deities, 216  
 All high-lov'd prospects, all the steepest brows  
 Of far-seen hills, and every flood that flows  
 Forth to the sea, are dedicate to thee.  
 But most of all thy mind's alacrity 220  
 Is rais'd with Delos ; since, to fill thy fane,  
 There flocks so many an Ionian,  
 With ample gowns that flow down to their feet,  
 With all their children, and the reverend sweet  
 Of all their pious wives. And these are they 225  
 That (mindful of thee) even thy Deity  
 Render more spritely with their champion fight,  
 Dances, and songs, perform'd to glorious sight,  
 Once having publish'd, and proclaim'd their strife.  
 And these are acted with such exquisite life 230  
 That one would say, " Now, the Ionian strains

<sup>213</sup> *Plumps*—crowds, collection. A common old word.

<sup>224</sup> *Sweet*—so spelt in the folio ; but the word is doubtless *suite*, attendance, retinue. Todd gives an example of *suite* from Sir Philip Sydney.

<sup>227</sup> *Champion fight*—*πρυμαχίη*, boxing.

<sup>231</sup> *Strains*—families, descent. See *Odyssey*, Bk. i. 344.

Are turn'd Immortals, nor know what age means."  
His mind would take such pleasure from his eye,  
To see them serv'd by all mortality,  
Their men so human, women so well grac'd, 235  
Their ships so swift, their riches so increas'd,  
Since thy observance, who, being all before  
Thy opposites, were all despis'd and poor.  
And to all these this absolute wonder add,  
Whose praise shall render all posterities glad : 240  
The Delian virgins are thy handmaids all,  
And, since they serv'd Apollo, jointly fall  
Before Latona, and Diana too,  
In sacred service, and do therefore know  
How to make mention of the ancient trims 245  
Of men and women, in their well-made hymns,  
And soften barbarous nations with their songs,  
Being able all to speak the several tongues  
Of foreign nations, and to imitate  
Their musics there, with art so fortunate 250  
That one would say, there every one did speak,  
And all their tunes in natural accents break,  
Their songs so well compos'd are, and their art  
To answer all sounds is of such desert.  
But come, Latona, and thou King of flames, 255  
With Phœbe, rect'ress of chaste thoughts in dames,  
Let me salute ye, and your graces call  
Hereafter to my just memorial.  
And you, O Delian virgins, do me grace,  
When any stranger of our earthy race, 260  
Whose restless life affliction hath in chace,  
Shall hither come and question you, who is,  
To your chaste ears, of choicest faculties

A HYMN TO APOLLO. 27

In sacred poesy, and with most right  
 Is author of your absolut'st delight, 265  
 Ye shall yourselves do all the right ye can  
 To answer for our name :—" The sightless man  
 Of stony Chios. All whose poems shall  
 In all last ages stand for capital."  
 This for your own sakes I desire, for I 270  
 Will propagate mine own precedency  
 As far as earth shall well-built cities bear,  
 Or human conversation is held dear,  
 Not with my praise direct, but praises due,  
 And men shall credit it, because 'tis true. 275

However, I'll not cease the praise I vow  
 To far-shot Phœbus with the silver bow,  
 Whom lovely-hair'd Latona gave the light.  
 O King ! both Lycia is in rule thy right,  
 Fair Mœony, and the maritimal 280  
 Miletus, wish'd to be the seat of all.

But chiefly Delos, girt with billows round,  
 Thy most respected empire doth resound.  
 Where thou to Pythus went'st, to answer there,  
 As soon as thou wert born, the burning ear 285  
 Of many a far-come, to hear future deeds,  
 Clad in divine and odoriferous weeds,  
 And with thy golden fescue play'dst upon  
 Thy hollow harp, that sounds to heaven set gone.

Then to Olympus swift as thought he flew, 290

<sup>288</sup> *Fescue*—the lexicographers give the derivation from the Latin *festuca*, a young shoot or stalk. It was generally used for a stick for pointing to the letters in teaching children to read. The word in this sense occurs in Dryden and Swift. Here it seems to be an instrument (the *plectrum*) with which Apollo touched the strings of his harp ; a sense which does not seem to have been noted as occurring elsewhere.



To Jove's high house, and had a retinue  
 Of Gods t' attend him ; and then straight did fall  
 To study of the harp, and harpsical,  
 All th' Immortals. To whom every Muse  
 With ravishing voices did their answers use, 295  
 Singing th' eternal deeds of Deity,  
 And from their hands what hells of misery  
 Poor humans suffer, living desperate quite,  
 And not an art they have, wit, or deceit,  
 Can make them manage any act aright, 300  
 Nor find, with all the soul they can engage,  
 A salve for death, or remedy for age.

But here the fair-hair'd Graces, the wise Hours,  
 Harmonia, Hebe, and sweet Venus' pow'rs,  
 Danc'd, and each other's palm to palm did cling. 305  
 And with these danc'd not a deformed thing,  
 No forespoke dwarf, nor downward witherling,  
 But all with wond'rous goodly forms were deckt,  
 And mov'd with beauties of unpriz'd aspect.

Dart-dear Diana, even with Phœbus bred, 310  
 Danc'd likewise there ; and Mars a march did tread  
 With that brave bevy. In whose consort fell  
 Argicides, th' ingenious sentinel.  
 Phœbus-Apollo touch'd his lute to them  
 Sweetly and softly, a most glorious beam 315  
 Casting about him, as he danc'd and play'd,  
 And even his feet were all with rays array'd ;  
 His weed and all of a most curious trim  
 With no less lustre grac'd and circled him.

By these Latona, with a hair that shin'd 320

<sup>296</sup> *Humans*—mortals.

<sup>307</sup> *Forespoke*—see *Iliad*, Bk. xvi. 792 ; xvii. 32.

Like burnish'd gold, and, with the mighty mind,  
 Heaven's counsellor, Jove, sat with delightful eyes,  
 To see their son new rank'd with Deities.

How shall I praise thee, then, that art all praise?  
 Amongst the brides shall I thy Deity raise? 325  
 Or being in love, when sad thou went'st to woo  
 The virgin Aza, and didst overthrow  
 The even-with-Gods, Elation's mighty seed,  
 That had of goodly horse so brave a breed,  
 And Phorbas, son of sovereign Triopus, 330  
 Valiant Leucippus, and Ereutheus,  
 And Triopus himself with equal fall,  
 Thou but on foot, and they on horseback all?

Or shall I sing thee, as thou first didst grace  
 Earth with thy foot, to find thee forth a place 335  
 Fit to pronounce thy oracles to men?  
 First from Olympus thou alightedst then  
 Into Pieria, passing all the land  
 Of fruitless Lesbos, chok'd with drifts of sand,  
 The Magnets likewise, and the Perrhæbes; 340  
 And to Iolcus variedst thy access,  
 Cenæus' tops ascending, that their base  
 Make bright Eubœa, being of ships the grace,  
 And fix'd thy fair stand in Lelantus' field,  
 That did not yet thy mind's contentment yield 345  
 To raise a fane on, and a sacred grove.  
 Passing Euripus then, thou mad'st remove  
 Up to earth's ever-green and holiest hill.  
 Yet swiftly thence, too, thou transcendedst still  
 To Mycalessus, and didst touch upon 350  
 Teumessus, apt to make green couches on,  
 And flowery field-beds. Then thy progress found

Thebes out, whose soil with only woods was crown'd.  
 For yet was sacred Thebes no human seat,  
 And therefore were no paths nor highways beat 355  
 On her free bosom, that flows now with wheat,  
 But then she only wore on it a wood.  
 From hence (even loth to part, because it stood  
 Fit for thy service) thou putt'st on remove  
 To green Onchestus, Neptune's glorious grove, 360  
 Where new-tam'd horse, bred, nourish nerves so rare  
 That still they frolic, though they travell'd are  
 Never so sore, and hurry after them  
 Most heavy coaches, but are so extreme  
 (In usual travel) fiery and free, 365  
 That though their coachman ne'er so masterly  
 Governs their courages, he sometimes must  
 Forsake his seat, and give their spirits their lust,  
 When after them their empty coach they draw,  
 Foaming, and neighing, quite exempt from awe. 370  
 And if their coachman guide through any grove  
 Unshorn, and vow'd to any Deity's love,  
 The lords encoach'd leap out, and all their care  
 Use to allay their fires, with speaking fair  
 Stroking and trimming them, and in some queach, 375  
 Or strength of shade, within their nearest reach,  
 Reining them up, invoke the deified King  
 Of that unshorn and everlasting spring,  
 And leave them then to her preserving hands,  
 Who is the Fate that there the God commands. 380  
 And this was first the sacred fashion there.  
 From hence thou went'st, O thou in shafts past peer,

<sup>375</sup> *Queach*—bushy place. See note on *Odyssey*, Bk. xix.  
 610. Hymn to Pan, 12.

And found'st Cephissus with thy all-seeing beams,  
 Whose flood affects so many silver streams,  
 And from Lileus pours so bright a wave. 385  
 Yet forth thy foot flew, and thy fair eyes gave  
 The view of Ocale the rich in tow'rs;  
 Then to Amartus that abounds in flow'rs,  
 Then to Delphusa putt'st thy progress on,  
 Whose blessed soil nought harmful breeds upon; 390  
 And there thy pleasure would a fane adorn,  
 And nourish woods whose shades should ne'er be shorn.  
 Where this thou told'st her, standing to her close:  
 " Delphusa, here I entertain suppose  
 To build a far-fam'd temple, and ordain 395  
 An oracle t' inform the minds of men,  
 Who shall for ever offer to my love  
 Whole hecatombs; even all the men that move  
 In rich Peloponnesus, and all those  
 Of Europe, and the isles the seas enclose, 400  
 Whom future search of acts and beings brings.  
 To whom I'll prophesy the truths of things  
 In that rich temple where my oracle sings."

This said, the All-bounds-reacher, with his bow,  
 The fane's divine foundations did foreshow; 405  
 Ample they were, and did huge length impart,  
 With a continue tenour, full of art.  
 But when Delphusa look'd into his end,  
 Her heart grew angry, and did thus extend  
 Itself to Phœbus: " Phœbus, since thy mind 410  
 A far-fam'd fane hath in itself design'd  
 To bear an oracle to men in me,  
 That hecatombs may put in fire to thee,  
 This let me tell thee, and impose for stay

Upon thy purpose: Th' inarticulate neigh 415  
 Of fire-hov'd horse will ever disobey  
 Thy numerous ear, and mules will for their drink  
 Trouble my sacred springs, and I should think  
 That any of the human race had rather  
 See here the hurries of rich coaches gather, 420  
 And hear the haughty neighs of swift-hov'd horse,  
 Than in his pleasure's place convert recourse  
 T'a mighty temple; and his wealth bestow  
 On pieties, where his sports may freely flow,  
 Or see huge wealth that he shall never owe. 425  
 And, therefore, wouldst thou hear my free advice,—  
 Though mightier far thou art, and much more wise,  
 O king, than I, thy pow'r being great'st of all  
 In Crissa, underneath the bosom's fall  
 Of steep Parnassus,—let thy mind be given 430  
 To set thee up a fane, where never dryen  
 Shall glorious coaches be, nor horses' neighs  
 Storm near thy well-built altars, but thy praise  
 Let the fair race of pious humans bring  
 Into thy fane, that Io-pæans sing. 435  
 And those gifts only let thy deified mind  
 Be circularly pleas'd with, being the kind  
 And fair burnt-offerings that true Deities bind."  
 With this his mind she altered, though she spake  
 Not for his good, but her own glory's sake. 440

From hence, O Phœbus, first thou mad'st retreat,  
 And of the Phlegians reached the walled seat,  
 Inhabited with contumelious men,  
 Who, slighting Jove, took up their dwellings then  
 Within a large cave, near Cephissus' lake. 445

Hence, swiftly moving, thou all speed didst make  
 Up to the tops intended, and the ground  
 Of Crissa, under the-with-snow-still-crown'd  
 Parnassus, reach'd, whose face affects the West ;  
 Above which hangs a rock, that still seems prest 450  
 To fall upon it, through whose breast doth run  
 A rocky cave, near which the King the Sun  
 Cast to contrive a temple to his mind,  
 And said, " Now here stands my conceit inclin'd  
 To build a famous fane, where still shall be 455  
 An oracle to men, that still to me  
 Shall offer absolute hecatombs, as well  
 Those that in rich Peloponnesus dwell  
 As those of Europe, and the isles that lie  
 Wall'd with the sea, that all their pains apply 460  
 T' employ my counsels. To all which will I  
 True secrets tell, by way of prophecy,  
 In my rich temple, that shall ever be  
 An oracle to all posterity."  
 This said, the fane's form he did straight present, 465  
 Ample, and of a length of great extent ;  
 In which Trophonius and Agamede,  
 Who of Erginus were the famous seed,  
 Impos'd the stony entry, and the heart  
 Of every God had for their excellent art. 470

About the temple dwelt of human name  
 Unnumber'd nations, it acquired such fame,  
 Being all of stone, built for eternal date.  
 And near it did a fountain propagate  
 A fair stream far away ; when Jove's bright seed, 475  
 The King Apollo, with an arrow, freed

<sup>450</sup> *Prest*—ready. Frequently used in the *Odyssey*.

From his strong string, destroy'd the Dragoness  
 That wonder nourish'd, being of such excess  
 In size, and horridness of monstrous shape,  
 That on the forc'd earth she wrought many a rape, 490  
 Many a spoil made on it, many an ill  
 On crook-haunch'd herds brought, being impurpled still  
 With blood of all sorts ; having undergone  
 The charge of Juno, with the golden throne,  
 To nourish Typhon, the abhorr'd affright 495  
 And bane of mortals, whom into the light  
 Saturnia brought forth, being incensed with Jove,  
 Because the most renown'd fruit of his love  
 (Pallas) he got, and shook out of his brain.  
 For which majestic Juno did complain 490  
 In this kind to the Bless'd Court of the skies :  
 " Know all ye sex-distinguish'd Deities,  
 That Jove, assembler of the cloudy throng,  
 Begins with me first, and affects with wrong  
 My right in him, made by himself his wife, 495  
 That knows and does the honour'd marriage life  
 All honest offices ; and yet hath he  
 Unduly got, without my company,  
 Blue-eyed Minerva, who of all the sky  
 Of blest Immortals is the absolute grace ; 500  
 Where I have brought into the Heavenly Race  
 A son, both taken in his feet and head,  
 So ugly, and so far from worth my bed,  
 That, ravish'd into hand, I took and threw  
 Down to the vast sea his detested view ; 505  
 Where Nereus' daughter, Thetis, who her way  
 With silver feet makes, and the fair array  
 Of her bright sisters, saved, and took to guard.

*A HYMN TO APOLLO.* 35

But, would to heaven, another yet were spared  
The like grace of his godhead ! Crafty mate, 510  
What other scape canst thou excogitate ?  
How could thy heart sustain to get alone  
The grey-eyed Goddess ? Her conception  
Nor bringing forth had any hand of mine,  
And yet, know all the Gods, I go for thine 515  
To such kind uses. But I'll now employ  
My brain to procreate a masculine joy,  
That 'mongst th' Immortals may as eminent shine,  
With shame affecting ner my bed nor thine.  
Nor will I ever touch at thine again, 520  
But far fly it and thee ; and yet will reign  
Amongst th' Immortals ever." This spleen spent  
(Still yet left angry) far away she went  
From all the Deathless, and yet pray'd to all,  
Advanced her hand, and, ere she let it fall, 525  
Used these excitements : " Hear me now, O Earth !  
Broad Heaven above it, and beneath, your birth,  
The deified Titanois, that dwell about  
Vast Tartarus, from whence sprung all the rout  
Of Men and Deities ! Hear me all, I say, ' 530  
With all your forces, and give instant way  
T' a son of mine without Jove, who yet may  
Nothing inferior prove in force to him,  
But past him spring as far in able limb  
As he past Saturn." This pronounced, she strook 535  
Life-bearing Earth so strongly, that she shook  
Beneath her numb'd hand. Which when she beheld,  
Her bosom with abundant comforts swell'd,  
In hope all should to her desire extend.  
From hence the year, that all such proofs gives end,



Grew round ; yet all that time the bed of Jove 541  
 She never touch'd at, never was her love  
 Enflam'd to sit near his Dædalian throne,  
 As she accustomed, to consult upon  
 Counsels kept dark with many a secret skill, 545  
 But kept her vow-frequented temple still,  
 Pleas'd with her sacrifice ; till now, the nights  
 And days accomplish'd, and the year's whole rights  
 In all her revolutions being expired,  
 The hours and all run out that were required 550  
 To vent a birth-right, she brought forth a son,  
 Like Gods or men in no condition,  
 But a most dreadful and pernicious thing,  
 Call'd Typhon, who on all the human spring  
 Conferr'd confusion. Which received to hand 555  
 By Juno, instantly she gave command  
 (Ill to ill adding) that the Dragoness  
 Should bring it up ; who took, and did oppress  
 With many a misery (to maintain th' excess  
 Of that inhuman monster) all the race 560  
 Of men that were of all the world the grace,  
 Till the far-working Phœbus at her sent  
 A fiery arrow, that invoked event  
 Of death gave to her execrable life.  
 Before which yet she lay in bitter strife, 565  
 With dying pains, grovelling on earth, and drew  
 Extreme short respirations ; for which flew  
 A shout about the air, whence no man knew,  
 But came by power divine. And then she lay  
 Tumbling her trunk, and winding every way 570

<sup>543</sup> *Dædalian*—variegated, πολυδαίδαλον.

<sup>554</sup> *Spring*—race.

About her nasty nest, quite leaving then  
Her murderous life, embrued with deaths of men.

Then Phœbus gloried, saying: "Thyself now lie  
On men-sustaining earth, and putrefy,  
Who first of putrefaction was inform'd. 575

Now on thy life have death's cold vapours storm'd,  
That storm'dst on men the earth-fed so much death,  
In envy of the offspring they made breathe  
Their lives out on my altars. Now from thee  
Not Typhon shall enforce the misery 580  
Of merited death, nor She, whose name implies  
Such scathe (Chimæra), but black Earth make prise  
To putrefaction thy immanities,  
And bright Hyperion, that light all eyes shows,  
Thine with a night of rottenness shall close." 585

Thus spake he glorying. And then seiz'd upon  
Her horrid heap, with putrefaction,  
Hyperion's lovely pow'rs; from whence her name  
Took sound of Python, and heaven's Sovereign Flame  
Was surnam'd Pythius, since the sharp-eyed Sun 590  
Affected so with putrefaction

The hellish monster. And now Phœbus' mind  
Gave him to know that falsehood had strook blind  
Even his bright eye, because it could not find  
The subtle Fountain's fraud; to whom he flew, 595  
Enflamed with anger, and in th' instant drew  
Close to Delphusa, using this short vow:

"Delphusa! You must look no longer now  
To vent your frauds on me; for well I know  
Your situation to be lovely, worth 600  
A temple's imposition, it pours forth

<sup>575</sup> *Informed*—made, formed out of. A common word.

So delicate a stream. But your renown  
 Shall now no longer shine here, but mine own."  
 This said, he thrust her promontory down,  
 And damm'd her fountain up with mighty stones, 605  
 A temple giving consecrations  
 In woods adjoining. And in this fane all  
 On him, by surname of Delphusius, call,  
 Because Delphusa's sacred flood and fame  
 His wrath affected so, and hid in shame. 610  
 And then thought Phœbus what descent of men  
 To be his ministers he should retain,  
 To do in stony Pythos sacrifice.  
 To which his mind contending, his quick eyes  
 He cast upon the blue sea, and beheld 615  
 A ship, on whose masts sails that wing'd it swell'd,  
 In which were men transferr'd, many and good,  
 That in Minoian Cnossus ate their food,  
 And were Cretensians; who now are those  
 That all the sacrificing dues dispose, 620  
 And all the laws deliver to a word  
 Of Day's great King, that wears the golden sword,  
 And oracles (out of his Delphian tree  
 That shrouds her fair arms in the cavity  
 Beneath Parnassus' mount) pronounce to men. 625  
 These now his priests, that lived as merchants then,  
 In traffics and pecuniary rates,  
 For sandy Pylos and the Pylian states  
 Were under sail. But now encounter'd them  
 Phœbus-Apollo, who into the stream 630  
 Cast himself headlong, and the strange disguise  
 Took of a dolphin of a goodly size.  
 Like which he leap'd into their ship, and lay

As an ostent of infinite dismay.  
 For none with any strife of mind could look 635  
 Into the omen, all the ship-masts shook,  
 And silent all sat with the fear they took,  
 Arm'd not, nor strook they sail, but as before  
 Went on with full trim, and a foreright blore,  
 Stiff, and from forth the south, the ship made fly. 640  
 When first they stripp'd the Malean promont'ry,  
 Touch'd at Laconia's soil, in which a town  
 Their ship arrived at, that the sea doth crown,  
 Called Tenarus, a place of much delight  
 To men that serve Heaven's Comforter of sight. 645  
 In which are fed the famous flocks that bear  
 The wealthy fleeces, on a delicate lair  
 Being fed and seated. Where the merchants fain  
 Would have put in, that they might out again  
 To tell the miracle that chanced to them, 650  
 And try if it would take the sacred stream,  
 Rushing far forth, that he again might bear  
 Those other fishes that abounded there  
 Delightful company, or still would stay  
 Aboard their dry ship. But it fail'd t' obey, 655  
 And for the rich Peloponnesian shore  
 Steer'd her free sail; Apollo made the blore  
 Directly guide it. That obeying still  
 Reach'd dry Arena, and (what wish doth fill)  
 Fair Argyphæa, and the populous height 660  
 Of Thryus, whose stream, siding her, doth wait

<sup>639</sup> *Blore*—gale.

<sup>641</sup> *Stripp'd*—passed rapidly.

<sup>645</sup> *Heaven's Comforter of sight*—the Sun; *τερψίμβροτον ἡελίοιο*.

<sup>655</sup> *It fail'd t' obey*—i. e. the ship would not obey the rudder.

With safe pass on Alphæus, Pylos' sands,  
 And Pylian dwellers ; keeping by the strands  
 On which th' inhabitants of Crunius dwell,  
 And Helida set opposite to hell ; 665  
 Chalcis and Dymes reach'd, and happily  
 Made sail by Pheras ; all being overjoy'd  
 With that frank gale that Jove himself employ'd.  
 And then amongst the clouds they might descry  
 The hill, that far-seen Ithaca calls her Eye, 670  
 Dulichius, Samos, and, with timber graced,  
 Shady Zacynthus. But when now they past  
 Peloponnesus all, and then when show'd  
 The infinite vale of Crissa, that doth shroud  
 All rich Morea with her liberal breast, 675  
 So frank a gale there flew out of the West  
 As all the sky discover'd ; 'twas so great,  
 And blew so from the very council seat  
 Of Jove himself, that quickly it might send  
 The ship through full seas to her journey's end. 680  
 From thence they sail'd, quite opposite, to the East,  
 And to the region where Light leaves his rest,  
 The Light himself being sacred pilot there,  
 And made the sea-trod ship arrive them near  
 The grateful Crissa, where he rest doth take 685  
 Close to her port and sands. And then forth brake  
 The far-shot King, like to a star that strows  
 His glorious forehead where the mid-day glows,  
 That all in sparkles did his state attire,  
 Whose lustre leap'd up to the sphere of fire. 690  
 He trod where no way oped, and pierced the place  
 That of his sacred tripods held the grace,

684 Arrive—i. e. cause to arrive.

In which he lighted such a fluent flame  
As gilt all Crissa ; in which every dame,  
And dame's fair daughter, cast out vehement cries 695  
At those fell fires of Phœbus' prodigies,  
That shaking fears through all their fancies threw.  
Then, like the mind's swift light, again he flew  
Back to the ship, shaped like a youth in height  
Of all his graces, shoulders broad and straight, 700  
And all his hair in golden curls enwrapp'd ;  
And to the merchants thus his speech he shapd :

“Ho! Strangers! What are you? And from what seat  
Sail ye these ways that salt and water sweat?  
To traffic justly? Or use vagrant scapes 705  
Void of all rule, conferring wrongs and rapes,  
Like pirates, on the men ye never saw,  
With minds project exempt from list or law?  
Why sit ye here so stupefied, nor take  
Land while ye may, nor deposition make 710  
Of naval arms, when this the fashion is  
Of men industrious, who (their faculties  
Wearied at sea) leave ship, and use the land  
For food, that with their healths and stomachs stand?”

This said, with bold minds he their breast supplied,  
And thus made answer the Cretensian guide: 716

“Stranger! Because you seem to us no seed  
Of any mortal, but celestial breed  
For parts and person, joy your steps ensue,  
And Gods make good the bliss we think your due. 720  
Vouchsafe us true relation, on what land  
We here arrive, and what men here command.  
We were for well-known parts bound, and from Crete  
(Our vaunted country) to the Pylian seat

Vow'd our whole voyage ; yet arrive we here, 725  
 Quite cross to those wills that our motions steer,  
 Wishing to make return some other way,  
 Some other course desirous to assay,  
 To pay our lost pains. But some God hath fill'd  
 Our frustrate sails, defeating what we will'd." 730

Apollo answer'd : " Strangers ! Though before  
 Ye dwelt in woody Cnossus, yet no more  
 Ye must be made your own reciprocals  
 To your loved city and fair severals  
 Of wives and houses, but ye shall have here 735  
 My wealthy temple, honour'd far and near  
 Of many a nation ; for myself am son  
 To Jove himself, and of Apollo won  
 The glorious title, who thus safely through  
 The sea's vast billows still have held your plough, 740  
 No ill intending, that will let ye make  
 My temple here your own, and honours take  
 Upon yourselves, all that to me are given.  
 And more, the counsels of the King of Heaven  
 Yourselves shall know, and with his will receive 745  
 Ever the honours that all men shall give.  
 Do as I say then instantly, strike sail,  
 Take down your tackling, and your vessel hale  
 Up into land ; your goods bring forth, and all  
 The instruments that into sailing fall ; 750  
 Make on this shore an altar, fire enflame,  
 And barley white cakes offer to my name ;  
 And then, environing the altar, pray,  
 And call me (as ye saw me in the day  
 When from the windy seas I brake swift way 755  
 Into your ship) Delphinus, since I took

A dolphin's form then. And to every look  
 That there shall seek it, that my altar shall  
 Be made a Delphian memorial  
 From thence for ever. After this, ascend 760  
 Your swift black ship and sup, and then intend  
 Ingenuous offerings to the equal Gods  
 That in celestial seats make blest abodes.  
 When, having stay'd your healthful hunger's sting,  
 Come all with me, and Io-pæans sing 765  
 All the way's length, till you attain the state  
 Where I your opulent fane have consecrate."  
 To this they gave him passing diligent ear,  
 And vow'd to his obedience all they were.

First, striking sail, their tacklings then they loosed, 770  
 And (with their gables stoop'd) their mast imposed  
 Into the mast-room. Forth themselves then went,  
 And from the sea into the continent  
 Drew up their ship ; which far up from the sand  
 They rais'd with ample rafters. Then in hand 775  
 They took the altar, and inform'd it on  
 The sea's near shore, imposing thereupon  
 White cakes of barley, fire made, and did stand  
 About it round, as Phœbus gave command,  
 Submitting invocations to his will. 780  
 Then sacrific'd to all the heavenly hill  
 Of pow'rful Godheads. After which they eat  
 Aboard their ship, till with fit food replete  
 They rose, nor to their temple used delay.  
 Whom Phœbus usher'd, and touch'd all the way 785

761 *Intend*—See *Odyssey*, Bk. III. 648.

770 *Informed*—*suprà*, 575.

783 *Food*—the folio and Mr. Singer, *foot*.



His heavenly lute with art above admired,  
 Gracefully leading them. When all were fired  
 With zeal to him, and follow'd wond'ring all  
 To Pythos; and upon his name did call  
 With Io-pæans, such as Cretans use. 790  
 And in their bosoms did the deified Muse  
 Voices of honey-harmony infuse.

With never-weary feet their way they went,  
 And made with all alacrity ascent  
 Up to Parnassus, and that long'd-for place 795  
 Where they should live, and be of men the grace.  
 When, all the way, Apollo show'd them still  
 Their far-stretch'd valleys, and their two-topp'd hill,  
 Their famous fane, and all that all could raise  
 To a supreme height of their joy and praise. 800

And then the Cretan captain thus inquired  
 Of King Apollo: "Since you have retired,  
 O sovereign, our sad lives so far from friends  
 And native soil (because so far extends  
 Your dear mind's pleasure) tell us how we shall 805  
 Live in your service? To which question call  
 Our provident minds, because we see not crown'd  
 This soil with store of vines, nor doth abound  
 In wealthy meadows, on which we may live,  
 As well as on men our attendance give." 810

He smiled, and said: "O men that nothing know,  
 And so are follow'd with a world of woe,  
 That needs will succour care and curious moan,  
 And pour out sighs without cessation,  
 Were all the riches of the earth your own! 815  
 Without much business, I will render known

<sup>805</sup> *Retired*—i. e. caused to retire.

To your simplicities an easy way  
 To wealth enough : Let every man purvey  
 A skeane, or slaught'ring steel, and his right hand,  
 Bravely bestowing, evermore see mann'd 820  
 With killing sheep, that to my fane will flow  
 From all far nations. On all which bestow  
 Good observation, and all else they give  
 To me make you your own all, and so live.  
 For all which watch before my temple well, 825  
 And all my counsels, above all, conceal.  
 If any give vain language, or to deeds,  
 Yea or as far as injury, proceeds,  
 Know that, at losers' hands, for those that gain,  
 It is the law of mortals to sustain. 830  
 Besides, ye shall have princes to obey,  
 Which still ye must, and (so ye gain) ye may.  
 All now is said ; give all thy memory's stay."  
 And thus to thee, Jove and Latona's son,  
 Be given all grace of salutation ! 835  
 Both thee and others of th' Immortal State  
 My song shall memorize to endless date.

<sup>819</sup> *Skeane*—generally used as a sword. A Celtic word. See NARES.



## A HYMN TO HERMES.



ERMES, the son of Jove and Maia, sing,  
O Muse, th' Arcadian and Cyllenian king,  
They rich in flocks, he heaven enriching  
still

In messages return'd with all his will.

Whom glorious Maia, the nymph rich in hair, 5

Mixing with Jove in amorous affair,

Brought forth to him, sustaining a retreat

From all th' Immortals of the blessed seat,

And living in the same dark cave, where Jove

Inform'd at midnight the effect of love, 10

Unknown to either man or Deity,

Sweet sleep once having seized the jealous eye

Of Juno deck'd with wrists of ivory.

But when great Jove's high mind was consummate,

The tenth month had in heaven confined the date 15

Of Maia's labour, and into the sight

She brought in one birth labours infinite ;

For then she bore a son, that all tried ways

Could turn and wind to wish'd events assays,

A fair tongu'd, but false-hearted, counsellor, 20

Rector of ox-stealers, and for all stealths bore

<sup>10</sup> *Inform'd*—Hymn to Apollo, 575.

A varied finger ; speeder of night's spies,  
And guide of all her dreams' obscurities ;  
Guard of door-guardians ; and was born to be,  
Amongst th' Immortals, that wing'd Deity 25  
That in an instant should do acts would ask  
The powers of others an eternal task.  
Born in the morn, he form'd his lute at noon,  
At night stole all the oxen of the Sun ;  
And all this in his birth's first day was done, 30  
Which was the fourth of the increasing moon.  
Because celestial limbs sustain'd his strains,  
His sacred swath-bands must not be his chains,  
So, starting up, to Phœbus' herd he stept,  
Found straight the high-roof'd cave where they were kept,  
And th' entry passing, he th' invention found 36  
Of making lutes ; and did in wealth abound  
By that invention, since he first of all  
Was author of that engine musical,  
By this means moved to the ingenious work : 40  
Near the cave's inmost overture did lurk  
A tortoise, tasting th' odoriferous grass,  
Leisurely moving ; and this object was  
The motive to Jove's son (who could convert  
To profitablest uses all desert 46  
That nature had in any work convey'd)  
To form the lute ; when, smiling, thus he said :  
" Thou mov'st in me a note of excellent use,  
Which thy ill form shall never so seduce  
T' avert the good to be inform'd by it, 50  
In pliant force, of my form-forging wit."

Then the slow tortoise, wrought on by his mind,

<sup>41</sup> *Overture*—hidden recess.

He thus saluted : " All joy to the kind  
 Instinct of nature in thee, born to be  
 The spiriter of dances, company 55  
 For feasts, and following banquets, graced and blest  
 For bearing light to all the interest  
 Claim'd in this instrument! From whence shall spring  
 Play fair and sweet, to which may Graces sing.  
 A pretty painted coat thou putt'st on here, 60  
 O Tortoise, while thy ill-bred vital sphere  
 Confines thy fashion ; but, surprised by me,  
 I'll bear thee home, where thou shalt ever be  
 A profit to me ; and yet nothing more  
 Will I condemn thee in my merited store. 65  
 Goods with good parts got worth and honour gave,  
 Left goods and honours every fool may have,  
 And since thou first shalt give me means to live,  
 I'll love thee ever. Virtuous qualities give  
 To live at home with them enough content, 70  
 Where those that want such inward ornament  
 Fly out for outward, their life made their load.  
*'Tis best to be at home, harm lurks abroad.*  
 And certainly thy virtue shall be known,  
 'Gainst great-ill-causing incantation 75  
 To serve as for a lance or amulet.  
 And where, in comfort of thy vital heat,  
 Thou now breath'st but a sound confus'd for song,  
 Expos'd by nature, after death, more strong  
 Thou shalt in sounds of art be, and command 80  
 Song infinite sweeter." Thus with either hand  
 He took it up, and instantly took flight  
 Back to his cave with that his home delight.  
 Where (giving to the mountain tortoise vents

<sup>64</sup> A Chapmannic periphrasis for killing the tortoise.

*A HYMN TO HERMES.* 49

Of life and motion) with fit instruments 85  
Forged of bright steel he straight inform'd a lute,  
Put neck and frets to it, of which a suit  
He made of splitted quills, in equal space  
Impos'd upon the neck, and did embrace  
Both back and bosom. At whose height (as gins 90  
T' extend and ease the strings) he put in pins.  
Seven strings of several tunes he then applied,  
Made of the entrails of a sheep well-dried,  
And throughly twisted. Next he did provide  
A case for all, made of an ox's hide, 95  
Out of his counsels to preserve as well  
As to create. And all this action fell  
Into an instant consequence. His word  
And work had individual accord,  
All being as swiftly to perfection brought 100  
As any worldly man's most ravish'd thought,  
Whose mind care cuts in an infinity  
Of varied parts or passions instantly,  
Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye.  
And thus his house-delight given absolute end, 105  
He touch'd it, and did every string extend  
(With an exploratory spirit assay'd)  
To all the parts that could on it be play'd.  
It sounded dreadfully ; to which he sung,  
As if from thence the first and true force sprung 110  
That fashions virtue. God in him did sing.  
His play was likewise an unspeakable thing,  
Yet, but as an extemporal assay,  
Of what show it would make being the first way,  
It tried his hand ; or a tumultuous noise, 115  
Such as at feasts the first-flower'd spirits of boys

Pour out in mutual contumelies still,  
As little squaring with his curious will,  
Or was as wanton and untaught a store.  
Of Jove, and Maia that rich shoes still wore, 120  
He sung ; who suffer'd ill reports before,  
And foul stains under her fair titles bore.  
But Hermes sung her nation, and her name  
Did iterate ever ; all her high-flown fame  
Of being Jove's mistress ; celebrating all 125  
Her train of servants, and collateral  
Sumpture of houses ; all her tripods there,  
And caldrons huge, increasing every year.  
All which she knew, yet felt her knowledge stung  
With her fame's loss, which (found) she more wish'd sung.  
But now he in his sacred cradle laid 131  
His lute so absolute, and straight convey'd  
Himself up to a watch-tow'r forth his house,  
Rich, and divinely odoriferous,  
A lofty wile at work in his conceit, 135  
Thirsting the practice of his empire's height.  
And where impostors rule (since sable night  
Must serve their deeds) he did his deeds their right.  
For now the never-resting Sun was turn'd  
For th' under earth, and in the ocean burn'd 140  
His coach and coursers ; when th' ingenious spy  
Pieria's shady hill had in his eye,  
Where the immortal oxen of the Gods  
In air's flood solaced their select abodes,  
And earth's sweet green flow'r, that was never shorn,  
Fed ever down. And these the witty-born, 146  
Argicides, set serious spy upon,  
Severing from all the rest, and setting gone

Full fifty of the violent bellowers.  
Which driving through the sands, he did reverse 150  
(His birth's-craft straight rememb'ring) all their hoves,  
And them transpos'd in opposite removes,  
The fore behind set, the behind before,  
T' employ the eyes of such as should explore.  
And he himself, as sly-pac'd, cast away 155  
His sandals on the sea sands ; past display  
And unexcogitable thoughts in act  
Putting, to shun of his stol'n steps the tract,  
Mixing both tamrisk and like-tamrisk sprays  
In a most rare confusion, to raise 160  
His footsteps up from earth. Of which sprays he  
(His armful gathering fresh from off the tree)  
Made for his sandals ties, both leaves and ties  
Holding together ; and then fear'd no eyes  
That could affect his feet's discoveries. 165  
The tamrisk boughs he gather'd, making way  
Back from Pieria, but as to convey  
Provision in them for his journey fit,  
It being long and, therefore, needing it.  
An old man, now at labour near the field 170  
Of green Onchestus, knew the verdant yield  
Of his fair armful ; whom th' ingenious son  
Of Maia, therefore, salutation  
Did thus begin to : " Ho, old man ! that now  
Art crooked grown with making plants to grow, 175  
Thy nerves will far be spent, when these boughs shall  
To these their leaves confer me fruit and all.  
But see not thou whatever thou dost see,  
Nor hear though hear, but all as touching me  
Conceal, since nought it can endamage thee." 180



This, and no more, he said, and on drave still  
 His broad-brow'd oxen. Many a shady hill,  
 And many an echoing valley, many a field  
 Pleasant and wishful, did his passage yield  
 Their safe transcension. But now the divine 185  
 And black-brow'd Night, his mistress, did decline  
 Exceeding swiftly; Day's most early light  
 Fast hasting to her first point, to excite  
 Worldlings to work; and in her watch-tow'r shone  
 King Pallas-Megamedes' seed (the Moon); 190  
 When through th' Alphæan flood Jove's powerful son  
 Phœbus-Apollo's ample-foreheaded herd  
 (Whose necks the lab'ring yoke had never spher'd)  
 Drave swiftly on; and then into a stall  
 (Hilly, yet pass'd to through an humble vale 195  
 And hollow dells, in a most lovely mead)  
 He gather'd all, and them divinely fed  
 With odorous cypress, and the ravishing tree  
 That makes his eaters lose the memory  
 Of name and country. Then he brought withal 200  
 Much wood, whose sight into his search let fall  
 The art of making fire; which thus he tried:  
 He took a branch of laurel, amplified  
 Past others both in beauty and in size,  
 Yet lay next hand, rubb'd it, and straight did rise 205  
 A warm fume from it; steel being that did raise  
 (As agent) the attenuated bays  
 To that hot vapour. So that Hermes found  
 Both fire first, and of it the seed close bound  
 In other substances; and then the seed 210  
 He multiplied, of sere-wood making feed

The apt heat of it, in a pile combined  
 Laid in a low pit, that in flames straight shined,  
 And cast a sparkling crack up to the sky,  
 All the dry parts so fervent were, and high 215  
 In their combustion. And how long the force  
 Of glorious Vulcan kept the fire in course,  
 So long was he in dragging from their stall  
 Two of the crook-haunch'd herd, that roar'd withal,  
 And raged for fear, t' approach the sacred fire, 220  
 To which did all his dreadful pow'rs aspire.  
 When, blust'ring forth their breath, he on the soil  
 Cast both at length, though with a world of toil,  
 For long he was in getting them to ground  
 After their through-thrust and most mortal wound. 225  
 But work to work he join'd, the flesh and cut,  
 Cover'd with fat, and, on treen broches put,  
 In pieces roasted ; but in th' intestines  
 The black blood, and the honorary chines,  
 Together with the carcasses, lay there, 230  
 Cast on the cold earth, as no Deities' cheer ;  
 The hides upon a rugged rock he spread.  
 And thus were these now all in pieces shred,  
 And undistinguish'd from earth's common herd,  
 Though born for long date, and to heaven endear'd, 235  
 And now must ever live in dead event.  
 But Hermes, here hence having his content,  
 Cared for no more, but drew to places even  
 The fat-works, that, of force, must have for heaven  
 Their capital ends, though stol'n, and therefore were 240  
 In twelve parts cut, for twelve choice Deities' cheer,  
 By this devotion. To all which he gave

<sup>227</sup> *Treen broches*—branches of trees.

Their several honours, and did wish to have  
His equal part thereof, as free and well  
As th' other Deities ; but the fatty smell 245  
Afflicted him, though he Immortal were,  
Playing mortal parts, and being like mortals here.  
Yet his proud mind nothing the more obey'd  
For being a God himself, and his own aid  
Having to cause his due, and though in heart 250  
He highly wish'd it ; but the weaker part  
Subdued the stronger, and went on in ill.  
Even heavenly pow'r had rather have his will  
Than have his right ; and will's the worst of all,  
When but in least sort it is criminal, 255  
One taint being author of a number still.  
And thus, resolved to leave his hallow'd hill,  
First both the fat parts and the fleshy all  
Taking away, at the steep-entried stall  
He laid all, all the feet and heads entire, 260  
And all the sere-wood, making clear with fire.  
And now, he leaving there then all things done,  
And finish'd in their fit perfection,  
The coals put out, and their black ashes thrown  
From all discovery by the lovely light 265  
The cheerful moon cast, shining all the night,  
He straight assumed a novel voice's note,  
And in the whirl-pit-eating flood afloat  
He set his sandals. When now, once again  
The that-morn-born Cyllenius did attain 270  
His home's divine height ; all the far-stretch'd way  
No one bless'd God encount'ring his assay,  
Nor mortal man ; nor any dog durst spend  
His born-to-bark mouth at him ; till in th' end

*A HYMN TO HERMES.* 55

He reach'd his cave, and at the gate went in 275  
 Crooked, and wrapt into a fold so thin  
 That no eye could discover his repair,  
 But as a darkness of th' autumnal air.  
 When, going on fore-right, he straight arrived  
 At his rich fane ; his soft feet quite deprived 280  
 Of all least noise of one that trod the earth,  
 They trod so swift to reach his room of birth.  
 Where, in his swath-bands he his shoulders wrapt,  
 And (like an infant, newly having scap't  
 The teeming straits) as in the palms he lay 285  
 Of his loved nurse. Yet instantly would play  
 (Freeing his right hand) with his bearing cloth  
 About his knees wrapt, and straight (loosing both  
 His right and left hand) with his left he caught  
 His most-loved lute. His mother yet was taught 290  
 His wanton wiles, nor could a God's wit lie  
 Hid from a Goddess, who did therefore try  
 His answer thus : " Why, thou made-all-of-sleight,  
 And whence arriv'st thou in this rest of night ?  
 Improvident impudent ! In my conceit 295  
 Thou rather shouldst be getting forth thy gate,  
 With all flight fit for thy endanger'd state,  
 (In merit of th' inevitable bands  
 To be impos'd by vex'd Latona's hands,  
 Justly incens'd for her Apollo's harms) 300  
 Than lie thus wrapt, as ready for her arms,  
 To take thee up and kiss thee. Would to heaven,  
 In cross of that high grace, thou hadst been given  
 Up to perdition, ere poor mortals bear  
 Those black banes, that thy Father Thunderer 305  
 Hath planted thee of purpose to confer

On them and Deities !” He returned reply :

“ As master of the feats of policy,

Mother, why aim you thus amiss at me,

As if I were a son that infancy

310

Could keep from all the skill that age can teach,

Or had in cheating but a childish reach,

And of a mother’s mandates fear’d the breach ?

I mount that art at first, that will be best

When all times consummate their cunningest,

315

Able to counsel now myself and thee,

In all things best, to all eternity.

We cannot live like Gods here without gifts,

No, nor without corruption and shifts,

And, much less, without eating ; as we must

320

In keeping thy rules, and in being just,

Of which we cannot undergo the loads.

’Tis better here to imitate the Gods,

And wine or wench out all time’s periods,

To that end growing rich in ready heaps,

325

Stored with revenues, being in corn-field reaps

Of infinite acres, than to live enclosed

In caves, to all earth’s sweetest air exposed.

I as much honour hold as Phœbus does ;

And if my Father please not to dispose

330

Possessions to me, I myself will see

If I can force them in ; for I can be

Prince of all thieves. And, if Latona’s son

Make after my stealth indignation,

I’ll have a scape as well as he a search,

335

And overtake him with a greater lurch ;

For I can post to Pythos, and break through

<sup>336</sup> *Lurch*—deceit, falsehood.

His huge house there, where harbours wealth enough,  
 Most precious tripods, caldrons, steel, and gold,  
 Garments rich wrought, and full of liberal fold. 340  
 All which will I at pleasure own, and thou  
 Shalt see all, wilt thou but thy sight bestow."

Thus changed great words the Goat-hide-wearer's son,  
 And Maia of majestic fashion.

And now the air-begot Aurora rose 345  
 From out the Ocean great-in-ebbs-and-flows,  
 When, at the never-shorn pure-and-fair grove  
 (Onchestus) consecrated to the love  
 Of round-and-long-neck'd Neptune, Phœbus found  
 A man whom heavy years had press'd half round, 350  
 And yet at work in plashing of a fence  
 About a vineyard, that had residence  
 Hard by the highway; whom Latona's son  
 Made it not strange, but first did question,  
 And first saluted: "Ho you! aged sire, 355  
 That here are hewing from the vine the briar,  
 For certain oxen I come here t' inquire  
 Out of Pieria; females all, and rear'd  
 All with horns wreath'd, unlike the common herd;  
 A coal-black bull fed by them all alone; 360  
 And all observ'd, for preservation,  
 Through all their foody and delicious fen  
 With four fierce mastiffs, like one-minded men.  
 These left their dogs and bull (which I admire)  
 And, when was near set day's eternal fire, 365

<sup>343</sup> Goat-hide-wearer—Jupiter.

<sup>361</sup> *Plashing*—to *plash* a fence is still used for half-cutting down the saplings and loftier branches of a hedge, and entwining them horizontally.

<sup>364</sup> *Which I admire*—which I am astonished at.

From their fierce guardians, from their delicate fare,  
 Made clear departure. To me then declare,  
 O old man, long since born, if thy grave ray  
 Hath any man seen making stealthful way  
 With all those oxen." Th' old man made reply : 370  
 "'Tis hard, O friend, to render readily  
 Account of all that may invade mine eye,  
 For many a traveller this highway treads,  
 Some in much ill search, some in noble threads,  
 Leading their lives out ; but I this young day, 375  
 Even from her first point, have made good display  
 Of all men passing this abundant hill  
 Planted with vines, and no such stealthful ill  
 Her light hath shown me ; but last evening, late,  
 I saw a thing that show'd of childish state 380  
 To my old lights, and seem'd as he pursued  
 A herd of oxen with brave heads endued,  
 Yet but an infant, and retain'd a rod ;  
 Who wearily both this and that way trod,  
 His head still backwards turn'd." This th' old manspake ;  
 Which he well thought upon, and swiftly brake 385  
 Into his pursuit with abundant wing,  
 That strook but one plain, ere he knew the thing  
 That was the thief to be th' impostor born ;  
 Whom Jove yet with his son's name did adorn. 390  
 In study and with ardour then the King  
 (Jove's dazzling son) placed his exploring wing  
 On sacred Pylos, for his forced herd,  
 His ample shoulders in a cloud enspher'd  
 Of fiery crimson. Straight the steps he found 395  
 Of his stol'n herd, and said : " Strange sights confound

My apprehensive powers, for here I see  
 The tracks of oxen, but aversively  
 Converted towards the Pierian hills,  
 As treading to their mead of daffodils; 400  
 But nor mine eye men's feet nor women's draws,  
 Nor hoary wolves', nor bears', nor lions', paws,  
 Nor thick-neck'd bulls, they show. But he that does  
 These monstrous deeds, with never so swift shoes  
 Hath pass'd from that hour hither, but from hence 405  
 His foul course may meet fouler consequence."  
 With this took Phœbus wing; and Hermes still,  
 For all his threats, secure lay in his hill  
 Wall'd with a wood; and more, a rock, beside,  
 Where a retreat ran, deeply multiplied 410  
 In blinding shadows, and where th' endless Bride  
 Bore to Saturnius his ingenious son;  
 An odour, worth a heart's desire, being thrown  
 Along the heaven-sweet hill, on whose herb fed  
 Rich flocks of sheep, that bow not where they tread 415  
 Their horny pasterns. There the Light of men  
 (Jove's son, Apollo) straight descended then  
 The marble pavement, in that gloomy den.  
 On whom when Jove and Maia's son set eye,  
 Wroth for his oxen, on then, instantly, 420  
 His odorous swath-bands flew; in which as close  
 Th' impostor lay, as in the cool repose  
 Of cast-on ashes hearths of burning coals  
 Lie in the woods hid, under the controls  
 Of skilful colliers; even so close did lie 425  
 Inscrutable Hermes in Apollo's eye,  
 Contracting his great Godhead to a small

<sup>411</sup> *Endless*—immortal, *νύμφη ἀμβροσίη*.



And infant likeness, feet, hands, head, and all.  
 And as a hunter hath been often view'd,  
 From chase retired, with both his hands embrued 430  
 In his game's blood, that doth for water call  
 To cleanse his hands, and to provoke withal  
 Delightful sleep, new-wash'd and laid to rest;  
 So now lay Hermes in the close-compress'd  
 Chace of his oxen, his new-found-out lute 435  
 Beneath his arm held, as if no pursuit  
 But that prize, and the virtue of his play,  
 His heart affected. But to Phœbus lay  
 His close heart open; and he likewise knew  
 The brave hill-nymph there, and her dear son, new-  
 Born, and as well wrapt in his wiles as weeds. 441  
 All the close shrouds too, for his rapinous deeds,  
 In all the cave he knew; and with his key  
 He open'd three of them, in which there lay  
 Silver and gold-heaps, nectar infinite store, 445  
 And dear ambrosia; and of weeds she wore,  
 Pure white and purple, a rich wardrobe shined,  
 Fit for the bless'd states of Pow'rs so divin'd.  
 All which discover'd, thus to Mercury  
 He offer'd conference: " Infant! You that lie 450  
 Wrapt so in swath-bands, instantly unfold  
 In what conceal'd retreats of yours you hold  
 My oxen stol'n by you; or straight we shall  
 Jar, as becoms not Pow'rs Celestial.  
 For I will take and hurl thee to the deeps 455  
 Of dismal Tartarus, where ill Death keeps  
 His gloomy and inextricable fates,  
 And to no eye that light illuminates

<sup>435</sup> *Chace*—enclosure for cattle, like the Latin *saltus*.

Mother nor Father shall return thee free,  
But under earth shall sorrow fetter thee, 460  
And few repute thee their superior."

On him replied craft's subtlest Counsellor :  
" What cruel speech hath past Latona's care !  
Seeks he his stol'n wild-cows where Deities are ?  
I have nor seen nor heard, nor can report 465  
From others' mouths one word of their resort  
To any stranger. Nor will I, to gain  
A base reward, a false relation feign.  
Nor would I, could I tell. Resemble I  
An ox-thief, or a man ? Especially 470  
A man of such a courage, such a force  
As to that labour goes, that violent course ?  
No infant's work is that. My pow'rs aspire  
To sleep, and quenching of my hunger's fire  
With mother's milk, and, 'gainst cold shades, to arm  
With cradle-cloths my shoulders, and baths warm, 476  
That no man may conceive the war you threat  
Can spring in cause from my so peaceful heat.  
And, even amongst th' Immortals it would bear  
Event of absolute miracle, to hear 480  
A new-born infant's forces should transcend  
The limits of his doors ; much less contend  
With untam'd oxen. This speech nothing seems  
To savour the decorum of the beams  
Cast round about the air Apollo breaks, 485  
Where his divine mind her intention speaks.  
I brake but yesterday the blessed womb,  
My feet are tender, and the common tomb  
Of men (the Earth) lies sharp beneath their tread.  
But, if you please, even by my Father's head 490

I'll take the great oath, that nor I protest  
 Myself to author on your interest  
 Any such usurpation, nor have I  
 Seen any other that feloniously  
 Hath forced your oxen. Strange thing! What are those  
 Oxen of yours? Or what are oxen? Knows 496  
 My rude mind, think you? My ears only touch  
 At their renown, and hear that there are such."

This speech he pass'd; and, ever as he spake,  
 Beams from the hair about his eyelids brake, 500  
 His eyebrows up and down cast, and his eye  
 Every way look'd askance and carelessly,  
 And he into a lofty whistling fell,  
 As if he idle thought Apollo's spell.

Apollo, gently smiling, made reply: 505  
 "O thou impostor, whose thoughts ever lie  
 In labour with deceit! For certain, I  
 Retain opinion, that thou (even thus soon)  
 Hast ransack'd many a house, and not in one  
 Night's-work alone, nor in one country neither, 510  
 Hast been besieging house and man together,  
 Rigging and rifling all ways, and no noise  
 Made with thy soft feet, where it all destroys.  
 Soft, therefore, well, and tender, thou may'st call  
 The feet that thy stealths go and fly withal, 515  
 For many a field-bred herdsman (unheard still)  
 Hast thou made drown the caverns of the hill,  
 Where his retreats lie, with his helpless tears,  
 When any flesh-stealth thy desire endears,  
 And thou encount'rest either flocks of sheep, 520  
 Or herds of oxen! Up then! Do not sleep

<sup>512</sup> *Rigging*—tricking.

Thy last nap in thy cradle, but come down,  
 Companion of black night, and, for this crown  
 Of thy young rapines, bear from all the state  
 And style of Prince Thief, into endless date." 525

This said, he took the infant in his arms,  
 And with him the remembrance of his harms,  
 This presage utt'ring, lifting him aloft :  
 " Be evermore the miserably-soft  
 Slave of the belly, pursuivant of all, 530  
 And author of all mischiefs capital."

He scorn'd his prophecy so he sneezed in's face  
 Most forcibly ; which hearing, his embrace  
 He loathed and hurl'd him 'gainst the ground ; yet still  
 Took seat before him, though, with all the ill 535  
 He bore by him, he would have left full fain  
 That hewer of his heart so into twain.

Yet salv'd all thus : " Come, you so-swaddled thing !  
 Issue of Maia, and the Thunder's King !  
 Be confident, I shall hereafter find 540

My broad-brow'd oxen, my prophetic mind  
 So far from blaming this thy course, that I  
 Foresee thee in it to posterity  
 The guide of all men, always, to their ends."

This spoken, Hermes from the earth ascends, 545  
 Starting aloft, and as in study went,  
 Wrapping himself in his integument,

And thus ask'd Phœbus : " Whither force you me,  
 Far-shot, and far most powerful Deity ?  
 I know, for all your feigning, you're still wroth 550  
 About your oxen, and suspect my troth.  
 O Jupiter ! I wish the general race  
 Of all earth's oxen rooted from her face.

I steal your oxen ! I again profess  
 That neither I have stol'n them, nor can guess      560  
 Who else should steal them. What strange beasts are  
 these

Your so-loved oxen ? I must say, to please  
 Your humour thus far, that even my few hours  
 Have heard their fame. But be the sentence yours  
 Of the debate betwixt us, or to Jove      565  
 (For more indifferency) the cause remove."

Thus when the solitude-affecting God,  
 And the Latonian seed, had laid abroad  
 All things betwixt them ; though not yet agreed,  
 Yet, might I speak, Apollo did proceed      565  
 Nothing unjustly, to charge Mercury  
 With stealing of the cows he does deny.  
 But his profession was, with filed speech,  
 And craft's fair compliments, to overreach  
 All, and even Phœbus. Who because he knew      570  
 His trade of subtlety, he still at view  
 Hunted his foe through all the sandy way  
 Up to Olympus. Nor would let him stray  
 From out his sight, but kept behind him still.

And now they reach'd the odorif'rous hill      575  
 Of high Olympus, to their Father Jove,  
 To arbitrate the cause in which they strove.  
 Where, before both, talents of justice were  
 Propos'd for him whom Jove should sentence clear,  
 In cause of their contention. And now      580  
 About Olympus, ever crown'd with snow,  
 The rumour of their controversy flew.  
 All the Incorruptible, to their view,

<sup>568</sup> Filed speech—see *Odyssey*, Bk. vi. 219.

On Heaven's steep mountain made return'd repair.  
Hermes, and He that light hurls through the air, 585  
Before the Thund'rer's knees stood ; who begun  
To question thus far his illustrious Son :  
" Phœbus ! To what end bring'st thou captive here  
Him in whom my mind puts delights so dear ?  
This new-born infant, that the place supplies 590  
Of Herald yet to all the Deities ?  
This serious business, you may witness, draws  
The Deities' whole Court to discuss the cause."  
Phœbus replied : " And not unworthy is  
The cause of all the Court of Deities, 595  
For, you shall hear, it comprehends the weight  
Of devastation, and the very height  
Of spoil and rapine, even of Deities' rights.  
Yet you, as if myself loved such delights,  
Use words that wound my heart. I bring you here 600  
An infant, that, even now, admits no peer  
In rapes and robb'ries. Finding out his place,  
After my measure of an infinite space,  
In the Cyllenian mountain, such a one  
In all the art of opprobation, 605  
As not in all the Deities I have seen,  
Nor in th'oblivion-mark'd whole race of men.  
In night he drave my oxen from their leas,  
Along the lofty roar-resounding seas,  
From out the road-way quite ; the steps of them 610  
So quite transpos'd, as would amaze the beam  
Of any mind's eye, being so infinite much  
Involv'd in doubt, as show'd a deified touch  
Went to the work's performance ; all the way,  
Through which my cross-hoved cows he did convey, 615

Had dust so darkly-hard to search, and he  
 So past all measure wrapt in subtilty.  
 For, nor with feet, nor hands, he form'd his steps,  
 In passing through the dry way's sandy heaps,  
 But used another counsel to keep hid 620  
 His monstrous tracts, that show'd as one had slid  
 On oak or other boughs, that swept out still  
 The footsteps of his oxen, and did fill  
 Their prints up ever, to the daffodill  
 (Or dainty-feeding meadow) as they trod, 625  
 Driven by this cautelous and infant God.

A mortal man, yet, saw him driving on  
 His prey to Pylos. Which when he had done,  
 And got his pass sign'd, with a sacred fire,  
 In peace, and freely (though to his desire, 630  
 Not to the Gods, he offer'd part of these  
 My ravish'd oxen) he retires, and lies,  
 Like to the gloomy night, in his dim den,  
 All hid in darkness ; and in clouts again  
 Wrapp'd him so closely, that the sharp-seen eye 635  
 Of your own eagle could not see him lie.  
 For with his hands the air he rarified  
 (This way, and that moved) till bright gleams did glide  
 About his being, that, if any eye  
 Should dare the darkness, light appos'd so nigh 640  
 Might blind it quite with her antipathy.  
 Which wile he wove, in curious care t' illude  
 Th' extreme of any eye that could intrude.  
 On which relying, he outrageously  
 (When I accus'd him) trebled his reply : 645  
 ' I did not see, I did not hear, nor I

<sup>620</sup> *Cauteulous*—artful. A common word.

<sup>645</sup> *Trebled*—whined, spoke in a whining tone.

Will tell at all, that any other stole  
Your broad-brow'd beeves. Which an impostor's soul  
Would soon have done, and any author fain  
Of purpose only a reward to gain.' 660  
And thus he colour'd truth in every lie."

This said, Apollo sat ; and Mercury  
The Gods' Commander pleased with this reply :  
" Father ! I'll tell thee truth (for I am true,  
And far from art to lie) : He did pursue 665  
Even to my cave his oxen this self day,  
The sun new-raising his illustrious ray ;  
But brought with him none of the Bliss-endued,  
Nor any ocular witness, to conclude  
His bare assertion ; but his own command 660  
Laid on with strong and necessary hand,  
To show his oxen ; using threats to cast  
My poor and infant powers into the vast  
Of ghastly Tartarus ; because he bears  
Of strength-sustaining youth the flaming years, 665  
And I but yesterday produced to light.  
By which it fell into his own free sight,  
That I in no similitude appear'd  
Of power to be the forcer of a herd.  
And credit me, O Father, since the grace 670  
Of that name, in your style, you please to place,  
I drave not home his oxen, no, nor prest  
Past mine own threshold ; for 'tis manifest,  
I reverence with my soul the Sun, and all  
The knowing dwellers in this heavenly Hall, 675  
Love you, observe the least ; and 'tis most clear  
In your own knowledge, that my merits bear  
No least guilt of his blame. To all which I



Dare add heaven's great oath, boldly swearing by  
 All these so well-built entries of the Blest. 680  
 And therefore when I saw myself so prest  
 With his reproaches, I confess I burn'd  
 In my pure gall, and harsh reply return'd.  
 Add your aid to your younger then, and free  
 The scruple fixt in Phœbus' jealousy." 685

This said he wink'd upon his Sire ; and still  
 His swathbands held beneath his arm ; no will  
 Discern'd in him to hide, but have them shown.

Jove laugh'd aloud at his ingenious Son,  
 Quitting himself with art, so likely wrought, 690  
 As show'd in his heart not a rapinous thought ;  
 Commanding both to bear atoned minds  
 And seek out th' oxen ; in which search he binds  
 Hermes to play the guide, and show the Sun  
 (All grudge exil'd) the shroud to which he won 695  
 His fair-eyed oxen ; then his forehead bow'd  
 For sign it must be so ; and Hermes show'd  
 His free obedience ; so soon he inclined  
 To his persuasion and command his mind.

Now, then, Jove's jarring Sons no longer stood, 700  
 But sandy Pylos and th' Alphæan flood  
 Reach'd instantly, and made as quick a fall  
 On those rich-feeding fields and lofty stall  
 Where Phœbus' oxen Hermes safely kept,  
 Driven in by night. When suddenly he stept 705  
 Up to the stony cave, and into light  
 Drave forth the oxen. Phœbus at first sight  
 Knew them the same, and saw apart dispread

<sup>695</sup> *Shroud*—den, caves underground. The crypt of a church sometimes so called.

*A HYMN TO HERMES.* 69

Upon a high-rai'd rock the hides new flead  
 Of th' oxen sacrific'd. Then Phœbus said : 710  
 " O thou in crafty counsels undisplaid !  
 How couldst thou cut the throats, and cast to earth  
 Two such huge oxen, being so young a birth,  
 And a mere infant ? I admire thy force,  
 And will, behind thy back. But this swift course 715  
 Of growing into strength thou hadst not need  
 Continue any long date, O thou Seed  
 Of honour'd Maia !" Hermes (to show how  
 He did those deeds) did forthwith cut and bow  
 Strong osiers in soft folds, and strappled straight 720  
 One of his hugest oxen, all his weight  
 Lay'ng prostrate on the earth at Phœbus' feet,  
 All his four cloven hoves eas'ly made to greet  
 Each other upwards, all together brought.  
 In all which bands yet all the beast's powers wrought  
 To rise, and stand ; when all the herd about 726  
 The mighty Hermes rush'd in, to help out  
 Their fellow from his fetters. Phœbus' view  
 Of all this up to admiration drew  
 Even his high forces ; and stern looks he threw 730  
 At Hermes for his herd's wrong, and the place  
 To which he had retir'd them, being in grace  
 And fruitful riches of it so entire ;  
 All which set all his force on envious fire.  
 All whose heat flew out of his eyes in flames, 735  
 Which fain he would have hid, to hide the shames  
 Of his ill-govern'd passions. But with ease  
 Hermes could calm them, and his humours please  
 Still at his pleasure, were he ne'er so great  
 In force and fortitude, and high in heat. 740

In all which he his lute took, and assay'd  
A song upon him, and so strangely play'd,  
That from his hand a ravishing horror flew.  
Which Phœbus into laughter turn'd, and grew  
Pleasant past measure ; tunes so artful clear 745  
Strook even his heart-strings, and his mind made hear.  
His lute so powerful was in forcing love,  
As his hand rul'd it, that from him it drove  
All fear of Phœbus ; yet he gave him still  
The upper hand ; and, to advance his skill 750  
To utmost miracle, he play'd sometimes  
Single awhile ; in which, when all the climes  
Of rapture he had reach'd, to make the Sun  
Admire enough, O then his voice would run  
Such points upon his play, and did so move, 755  
They took Apollo prisoner to his love.  
And now the deathless Gods and deathful Earth  
He sung, beginning at their either's birth  
To full extent of all their empery.  
And, first, the honour to Mnemosyne, 760  
The Muses' mother, of all Goddess states  
He gave ; even forced to't by the equal fates.  
And then (as it did in priority fall  
Of age and birth) he celebrated all.  
And with such elegance and order sung 765  
(His lute still touch'd, to stick more off his tongue)  
That Phœbus' heart with infinite love he eat.  
Who, therefore, thus did his deserts entreat :  
    " Master of sacrifice ! Chief soul of feast !  
Patient of all pains ! Artizan so blest, 770  
That all things thou canst do in any one !  
Worth fifty oxen is th' invention

*A HYMN TO HERMES.* 71

Of this one lute. We both shall now, I hope,  
In firm peace work to all our wishes' scope.  
Inform me (thou that every way canst wind, 775  
And turn to act, all wishes of thy mind)  
Together with thy birth came all thy skill ?  
Or did some God, or God-like man, instill  
This heavenly song to thee ? Methinks I hear  
A new voice, such as never yet came near 780  
The breast of any, either man or God,  
Till in thee it had prime and period.  
What art, what Muse that med'cine can produce  
For cares most cureless, what inveterate use  
Or practice of a virtue so profuse 785  
(Which three do all the contribution keep  
That Joy or Love confers, or pleasing Sleep,)  
Taught thee the sovereign facture of them all ?  
I of the Muses am the capital  
Consort, or follower ; and to these belong 790  
The grace of dance, all worthy ways of song,  
And ever-flourishing verse, the delicate set  
And sound of instruments. But never yet  
Did anything so much affect my mind  
With joy and care to compass, as this kind 795  
Of song and play, that for the spritely feast  
Of flourishing assemblies are the best  
And aptest works that ever worth gave act.  
My powers with admiration stand distract,  
To hear with what a hand to make in love 800  
Thou rul'st thylute. And (though thy yong'st hours move  
At full art in old councils) here I vow  
(Even by this cornel dart I use to throw)  
To thee, and to thy mother, I'll make thee

Amongst the Gods of glorious degree, 805  
 Guide of men's ways and theirs ; and will impart  
 To thee the mighty imperatory art,  
 Bestow rich gifts on thee, and in the end  
 Never deceive thee." Hermes (as a friend  
 That wrought on all advantage, and made gain 810  
 His capital object) thus did entertain  
 Phœbus Apollo: " Do thy dignities,  
 Far-working God and circularly wise,  
 Demand my virtues? Without envy I  
 Will teach thee to ascend my faculty. 815  
 And this day thou shalt reach it ; finding me,  
 In acts and counsels, all ways kind to thee,  
 As one that all things knows, and first tak'st seat  
 Amongst th' Immortals, being good and great,  
 And therefore to Jove's love mak'st free access, 820  
 Even out of his accomlisht holiness.  
 Great gifts he likewise gives thee ; who, fame says,  
 Hast won thy greatness by his will, his ways,  
 By him know'st all the powers propheticall,  
 O thou far-worker, and the fates of all ! 825  
 Yea, and I know thee rich, yet apt to learn,  
 And even thy wish dost but discern and earn.  
 And since thy soul so burns to know the way  
 To play and sing as I do, sing, and play ;  
 Play, and perfection in thy play employ ; 830  
 And be thy care, to learn things good, thy joy.  
 Take thou my lute (my love) and give thou me  
 The glory of so great a faculty.  
 This sweet-tuned consort, held but in thy hand,  
 Sing, and perfection in thy song command. 835  
 For thou already hast the way to speak

Fairly and elegantly, and to break  
All eloquence into thy utter'd mind.  
One gift from heaven found may another find.  
Use then securely this thy gift, and go 840  
To feasts and dances that enamour so,  
And to that covetous sport of getting glory,  
That day nor night will suffer to be sory.  
Whoever does but say in verse, sings still ;  
Which he that can of any other skill 845  
Is capable, so he be taught by art  
And wisdom, and can speak at every part  
Things pleasing to an understanding mind ;  
And such a one that seeks this lute shall find.  
Him still it teaches eas'ly, though he plays 850  
Soft voluntaries only, and assays  
As wanton as the sports of children are,  
And (even when he aspires to singular  
In all the mast'ries he shall play or sing)  
Finds the whole work but an unhappy thing, 855  
He, I say, sure shall of this lute be king.  
But he, whoever rudely sets upon  
Of this lute's skill th' inquest or question  
Never so ardently and angrily,  
Without the aptness and ability 860  
Of art, and nature fitting, never shall  
Aspire to this, but utter trivial  
And idle accents, though sung ne'er so loud,  
And never so commended of the crowd.  
But thee I know, O eminent Son of Jove, 865  
The fiery learner of whatever Love  
Hath sharpen'd thy affections to achieve,  
And thee I give this lute. Let us now live

Feeding upon the hill and horse-fed earth  
 Our never-handled oxen ; whose dear birth 870  
 Their females, fellow'd with their males, let flow  
 In store enough hereafter ; nor must you  
 (However cunning-hearted your wits are)  
 Boil in your gall a grudge too circular."

Thus gave he him his lute, which he embrac'd, 875  
 And gave again a goad, whose bright head cast  
 Beams like the light forth ; leaving to his care  
 His oxen's keeping. Which, with joyful fare,  
 He took on him. The lute Apollo took  
 Into his left hand, and aloft he shook 880  
 Delightful sounds up, to which God did sing.

Then were the oxen to their endless spring  
 Turn'd ; and Jove's two illustrious Offsprings flew  
 Up to Olympus where it ever snow,  
 Delighted with their lute's sound all the way. 885  
 Whom Jove much joy'd to see, and endless stay  
 Gave to their knot of friendship. From which date  
 Hermes gave Phœbus an eternal state  
 In his affection, whose sure pledge and sign  
 His lute was, and the doctrine so divine 890  
 Jointly conferr'd on him ; which well might be  
 True symbol of his love's simplicity.  
 On th' other part, Apollo in his friend  
 Form'd th' art of wisdom, to the binding end  
 Of his vow'd friendship ; and (for further need) 895  
 Gave him the far-heard fistulary reed.

For all these forms of friendship, Phœbus yet  
 Fear'd that both form and substance were not met  
 In Mercury's intentions ; and, in plain,

<sup>884</sup> *Snew*—past tense of snow ; still a provincialism.

*A HYMN TO HERMES.* 75

Said (since he saw him born to craft and gain, 900

And that Jove's will had him the honour done

To change at his will the possession

Of others' goods) he fear'd his breach of vows

In stealing both his lute and cunning bows,

And therefore wish'd that what the Gods affect 905

Himself would witness, and to his request

His head bow, swearing by th' impetuous flood

Of Styx that of his whole possessions not a good

He would diminish, but therein maintain

The full content in which his mind did reign. 910

And then did Maia's son his forehead bow,

Making, by all that he desired, his vow

Never to prey more upon anything

In just possession of the far-shot King,

Nor ever to come near a house of his. 915

Latonian Phœbus bow'd his brow to this,

With his like promise, saying: "Not any one

Of all the Gods, nor any man, that son

Is to Saturnius, is more dear to me,

More trusted, nor more honour'd is than thee. 920

Which yet with greater gifts of Deity

- In future I'll confirm, and give thy state

A rod that riches shall accumulate,

Nor leave the bearer thrall to death, or fate,

Or any sickness. All of gold it is, 925

Three-leaved, and full of all felicities.

And this shall be thy guardian, this shall give

The Gods to thee in all the truth they live,

And, finally, shall this the tut'ress be

<sup>903</sup> *Goods*—the folio, followed by Mr. Singer, has *Gods*, but it is obviously a misprint; unless we read *other Gods*. It is an interpolation of Chapman's.



Of all the words and works informing me 930  
 From Jove's high counsels, making known to thee  
 All my instructions. But to prophesy,  
 O best of Jove's beloved, and that high skill  
 Which to obtain lies burning in thy will,  
 Nor thee, nor any God, will Fate let learn. 935  
 Only Jove's mind hath insight to discern  
 What that importeth; yet am I allow'd  
 (My known faith trusted, and my forehead bow'd,  
 Our great oath taken, to resolve to none  
 Of all th' Immortals the restriction 940  
 Of that deep knowledge) of it all the mind.  
 Since then it sits in such fast bounds confin'd,  
 O brother, when the golden rod is held  
 In thy strong hand, seek not to have reveal'd  
 Any sure fate that Jove will have conceal'd. 945  
 For no man shall, by know'ng, prevent his fate;  
 And therefore will I hold in my free state  
 The pow'r to hurt and help what man I will,  
 Of all the greatest, or least touch'd with ill,  
 That walk within the circle of mine eye, 950  
 In all the tribes and sexes it shall try.  
 Yet, truly, any man shall have his will  
 To reap the fruits of my prophetic skill,  
 Whoever seeks it by the voice or wing  
 Of birds, born truly such events to sing. 955  
 Nor will I falsely, nor with fallacies,  
 Infringe the truth on which his faith relies,  
 But he that truths in chattering plumes would find,  
 Quite opposite to them that prompt my mind,  
 And learn by natural forgers of vain lies 960  
 The more-than-ever-certain Deities,

That man shall sea-ways tread that leave no tracts,  
 And false or no guide find for all his facts.  
 And yet will I his gifts accept as well  
 As his to whom the simple truth I tell. 965

One other thing to thee I'll yet make known,  
 Maia's exceedingly renowned son,  
 And Jove's, and of the Gods' whole session  
 The most ingenious genius: There dwell  
 Within a crooked cranny, in a dell 970  
 Beneath Parnassus, certain Sisters born,  
 Call'd *Parcæ*, whom extreme swift wings adorn,  
 Their number three, that have upon their heads  
 White barley-flour still sprinkled, and are maids;  
 And these are schoolmistresses of things to come, 975  
 Without the gift of prophecy. Of whom  
 (Being but a boy, and keeping oxen near)  
 I learn'd their skill, though my great Father were  
 Careless of it, or them. These flying from home  
 To others' roofs, and fed with honeycomb, 980  
 Command all skill, and (being enraged then)  
 Will freely tell the truths of things to men.  
 But if they give them not that Gods' sweet meat,  
 They then are apt to utter their deceit,  
 And lead men from their way. And these will I 985  
 Give thee hereafter, when their scrutiny  
 And truth thou hast both made and learn'd; and then  
 Please thyself with them, and the race of men  
 (Wilt thou know any) with thy skill endear,  
 Who will, be sure, afford it greedy ear, 990  
 And hear it often if it prove sincere.

Take these, O Maia's son, and in thy care  
 Be horse and oxen, all such men as are

Patient of labour, lions, white-tooth'd boars,  
Mastiffs, and flocks that feed the flow'ry shores, 995  
And every four-foot beast ; all which shall stand  
In awe of thy high imperatory hand.  
Be thou to Dis, too, sole Ambassador,  
Who, though all gifts and bounties he abhor,  
On thee he will bestow a wealthy one." 1000

Thus king Apollo honour'd Maia's son  
With all the rites of friendship ; all whose love  
Had imposition from the will of Jove.

And thus with Gods and mortals Hermes lived,  
Who truly help'd but few, but all deceived 1005  
With an undifferencing respect, and made  
Vain words and false persuasions his trade.  
His deeds were all associates of the night,  
In which his close wrongs cared for no man's right.

So all salutes to Hermes that are due, 1010  
Of whom, and all Gods, shall my Muse sing true.



## A HYMN TO VENUS.



HE force, O Muse, and functions now unfold  
Of Cyprian Venus, grac'd with mines of  
gold ;  
Who even in Deities lights love's sweet  
desire,

And all Death's kinds of men makes kiss her fire,  
All air's wing'd nation, all the belluine, 5  
That or the earth feeds, or the seas confine.  
To all which appertain the love and care  
Of well-crown'd Venus' works. Yet three there are  
Whose minds She neither can deceive nor move ;  
Pallas, the Seed of Ægis-bearing Jove, 10  
Who still lives indevirginate, her eyes  
Being blue, and sparkling like the freezing skies,  
Whom all the gold of Venus never can  
Tempt to affect her facts with God or man.  
She, loving strife, and Mars's working banes, 15  
Pitch'd fields and fights, and famous artizans,  
Taught earthy men first all the arts that are,  
Chariots, and all the frames vehicular,  
Chiefly with brass arm'd, and adorn'd for war.  
Where Venus only soft-skin'd wenches fills 20

<sup>20</sup> *Wenches*—See *Odyssey*, Bk. iv. 977.

With wanton house-works, and suggests those skills  
 Still to their studies. Whom Diana neither,  
 That bears the golden distaff, and together  
 Calls horns, and hollows, and the cries of hounds,  
 And owns the epithet of loving sounds 25  
 For their sakes, springing from such spritely sports,  
 Can catch with her kind lures ; but hill resorts  
 To wild-beasts, slaughters, accents far-off heard  
 Of harps and dances, and of woods unshear'd  
 The sacred shades she loves, yet likes as well 30  
 Cities where good men and their offspring dwell.  
 The third, whom her kind passions nothing please,  
 Is virgin Vesta ; whom Saturnides  
 Made reverend with his counsels, when his Sire,  
 That adverse counsels agitates, life's fire 35  
 Had kindled in her, being his last-begot.  
 Whom Neptune woo'd to knit with him the knot  
 Of honour'd nuptials, and Apollo too ;  
 Which with much vehemence she refused to do,  
 And stern repulses put upon them both, 40  
 Adding to all her vows the Gods' great oath,  
 And touching Jove's chin, which must consummate  
 All vows so bound, that she would hold her state,  
 And be th' invincible Maid of Deities  
 Through all her days' dates. For Saturnides 45  
 Gave her a fair gift in her nuptials' stead,  
 To sit in midst of his house, and be fed  
 With all the free and richest feast of heaven,  
 In all the temples of the Gods being given  
 The prize of honour. Not a mortal man, 50

<sup>24</sup> *Hollows*—shouts ; or, as Mr. Singer prints, *halloos*.

<sup>43</sup> See *Iliad*, Bk. 1. 481

(That either, of the Pow'rs Olympian  
 His half-birth having, may be said to be  
 A mortal of the Gods, or else that he,  
 Deities' wills doing, is of Deity)  
 But gives her honour of the amplest kind. 55  
 Of all these three can Venus not a mind  
 Deceive, or set on forces to reflect.  
 Of all Pow'rs else yet, not a sex, nor sect,  
 Flies Venus ; either of the blessed Gods,  
 Or men confin'd in mortal periods. 60  
 But even the mind of Jove she doth seduce,  
 That chides with thunder so her lawless use  
 In human creatures, and by lot is given  
 Of all most honour, both in earth and heaven.  
 And yet even his all-wise and mighty mind 65  
 She, when she lists, can forge affects to blind,  
 And mix with mortal dames his Deity,  
 Conceal'd at all parts from the jealous eye  
 Of Juno, who was both his sister born,  
 And made his wife ; whom beauty did adorn 70  
 Past all the bevy of Immortal Dames,  
 And whose so chiefly-glorified flames  
 Cross-counsell'd Saturn got, and Rhæa bore,  
 And Jove's pure counsels (being conqueror)  
 His wife made of his sister. Ay, and more, 75  
 Cast such an amorous fire into her mind  
 As made her (like him) with the mortal kind  
 Meet in unmeet bed ; using utmost haste,  
 Lest she should know that he lived so unchaste,  
 Before herself felt that fault in her heart, 80  
 And gave her tongue too just edge of desert

<sup>71</sup> *Bevy*—See *Odyssey*, Bk. vi. 115.

To tax his lightness. With this end, beside,  
 Lest laughter-studying Venus should deride  
 The Gods more than the Goddesses, and say  
 That she the Gods commix'd in amorous play 85  
 With mortal dames, begetting mortal seed  
 T' immortal sires, and not make Goddesses breed  
 The like with mortal fathers. But, t' acquite  
 Both Gods and Goddesses of her despite,  
 Jove took (even in herself) on him her pow'r, 90  
 And made her with a mortal paramour  
 Use as deform'd a mixture as the rest;  
 Kindling a kind affection in her breast  
 To God-like-limb'd Anchises, as he kept,  
 On Ida's top-on-top-to-heaven's-pole-heapt, 95  
 Amongst the many fountains there, his herd.  
 For, after his brave person had appear'd  
 To her bright eye, her heart flew all on fire,  
 And to amaze she burn'd in his desire,  
 Flew straight to Cyprus, to her odorous fane 100  
 And altars, that the people Paphian  
 Advanced to her. Where, soon as enter'd, she  
 The shining gates shut; and the Graces three  
 Wash'd, and with oils of everlasting scent  
 Bathed, as became, her deathless lineament. 105  
 Then her ambrosian mantle she assum'd,  
 With rich and odoriferous airs perfum'd.  
 Which being put on, and all her trims beside  
 Fair, and with all allurements amplified,  
 The all-of-gold-made laughter-loving Dame 110  
 Left odorous Cyprus, and for Troy became

<sup>95</sup> 'Ἀκροπόλος. *Altissimum habens verticem, cuius summitas ipsum polum attingit.*—CHAPMAN.

A swift contendress, her pass cutting all  
 Along the clouds, and made her instant fall  
 On fountful Ida, that her mother-breasts  
 Gives to the preyful brood of savage beasts. 115  
 And through the hill she went the ready way  
 To Anchises' oxstall, where did fawn and play  
 About her blessed feet wolves grisly-gray,  
 Terrible lions, many a mankind bear,  
 And lybberds swift, insatiate of red deer. 120  
 Whose sight so pleas'd, that, ever as she past  
 Through every beast, a kindly love she cast,  
 That, in their dens obscured with shadows deep,  
 Made all, distinguish'd in kind couples, sleep.  
 And now she reach'd the rich pavilion 125  
 Of the heroë, in whom heavens had shown  
 A fair and goodly composition,  
 And whom she in his oxstall found, alone,  
 His oxen feeding in fat pastures by,  
 He walking up and down, sounds clear and high 130  
 From his harp striking. Then before him she  
 Stood like a virgin, that invincibly  
 Had borne her beauties; yet alluringly  
 Bearing her person, lest his ravish'd eye  
 Should chance to affect him with a stupid fear. 135  
 Anchises seeing her, all his senses were  
 With wonder stricken, and high-taken heeds  
 Both of her form, brave stature, and rich weeds.  
 For, for a veil, she shin'd in an attire  
 That cast a radiance past the ray of fire. 140  
 Beneath which wore she, girt to her, a gown

<sup>119</sup> *Mankind*—masculine, ferocious.

<sup>120</sup> *Lybberds*—leopards.



Wrought all with growing-rose-buds, reaching down  
 T' her slender smalls, which buskins did divine,  
 Such as taught Thetis' silver feet to shine.  
 Her soft white neck rich carquenets embraced, 145  
 Bright, and with gold in all variety graced,  
 That to her breasts let down lay there and shone,  
 As, at her joyful full, the rising Moon.  
 Her sight show'd miracles. Anchises' heart  
 Love took into his hand, and made him part 150  
 With these high salutations: " Joy, O Queen !  
 Whoever of the Blest thy beauties been  
 That light these entries ; or the Deity  
 That darts affecteth ; or that gave the Eye  
 Of heaven his heat and lustre ; or that moves 155  
 The hearts of all with all-commanding loves ;  
 Or generous Themis ; or the blue-eyed Maid ;  
 Or of the Graces any that are laid  
 With all the Gods in comparable scales,  
 And whom fame up to immortality calls ; 160  
 Or any of the Nymphs, that unshorn groves,  
 Or that this fair hill-habitation, loves,  
 Or valleys flowing with earth's fattest goods,  
 Or fountains pouring forth eternal floods !  
 Say, which of all thou art, that in some place 165  
 Of circular prospect, for thine eyes' dear grace,  
 I may an altar build, and to thy pow'rs  
 Make sacred all the year's devoted hours,  
 With consecrations sweet and opulent.  
 Assur'd whereof, be thy benign mind bent 170

<sup>145</sup> *Carquenets*—sometimes spelt *carcanets* and *carknets*.

<sup>163</sup> *The Deity, &c.*—Diana ; *that gave the eye, &c.*—Latona, mother of Apollo ; *that moves the hearts*—Venus ; *the blue-eyed Maid*—Minerva.

To these wish'd blessings of me : Give me parts  
 Of chief attraction in Trojan hearts ;  
 And, after, give me the refulgency  
 Of most renown'd and rich posterity ;  
 Long, and free life, and heaven's sweet light as long ;  
 The people's blessings, and a health so strong 176  
 That no disease it let my life engage,  
 Till th' utmost limit of a human age."

To this Jove's Seed this answer gave again :  
 " Anchises ! Happiest of the human strain ! 180  
 I am no Goddess ! Why, a thrall to death  
 Think'st thou like those that immortality breathe ?  
 A woman brought me forth ; my father's name  
 Was Otreüs, if ever his high fame  
 Thine ears have witness'd, for he govern'd all 185  
 The Phrygian state, whose every town a wall  
 Impregnable embrac'd. Your tongue, you hear,  
 I speak so well, that in my natural sphere  
 (As I pretend) it must have taken prime.  
 A woman, likewise, of the Trojan clime 190  
 Took of me, in her house, the nurse's care  
 From my dear mother's bosom ; and thus are  
 My words of equal accent with your own.  
 How here I come, to make the reason known,  
 Argicides, that bears the golden rod, 195  
 Transferr'd me forcibly from my abode  
 Made with the maiden train of Her that joys  
 In golden shafts, and loves so well the noise  
 Of hounds and hunters (heaven's pure-living Pow'r)  
 Where many a nymph and maid of mighty dow'r 200  
 Chaste sports employ'd, all circled with a crown

Of infinite multitude, to see so shown  
Our maiden pastimes. Yet, from all the fair  
Of this so forceful concourse, up in air  
The golden-rod-sustaining Argus'-Guide 205  
Rapt me in sight of all, and made me ride  
Along the clouds with him, enforcing me  
Through many a labour of mortality,  
Through many an unbuilt region, and a rude,  
Where savage beasts devour'd preys warm and crude,  
And would not let my fears take one foot's tread 211  
On Her by whom are all lives comforted,  
But said my maiden state must grace the bed  
Of king Anchises, and bring forth to thee  
Issue as fair as of divine degree. 215  
Which said, and showing me thy moving grace,  
Away flew he up to th' Immortal Race.  
And thus came I to thee ; Necessity,  
With her steel stings, compelling me t' apply  
To her high pow'r my will. But you must I 220  
Implore by Jove, and all the reverence due  
To your dear parents, who, in bearing you,  
Can bear no mean sail, lead me home to them  
An untouch'd maid, being brought up in th' extreme  
Of much too cold simplicity to know 225  
The fiery cunnings that in Venus glow.  
Show me to them then, and thy brothers born,  
I shall appear none that parts disadorn,  
But such as well may serve a brother's wife,  
And show them now, even to my future life, 230  
If such or no my present will extend.  
To horse-breed-vary'ng Phrygia likewise send,

T' inform my sire and mother of my state,  
 That live for me extreme disconsolate ;  
 Who gold enough, and well-woven weeds, will give. 235  
 All whose rich gifts in my amends receive.  
 All this perform'd, add celebration then  
 Of honour'd nuptials, that by God and men  
 Are held in reverence." All this while she said,  
 Into his bosom jointly she convey'd 240  
 The fires of love ; when, all-enamour'd, he  
 In these terms answer'd : " If mortality  
 Confine thy fortunes, and a woman were  
 Mother to those attractions that appear  
 In thy admir'd form, thy great father given 245  
 High name of Otreüs ; and the Spy of heaven  
 (Immortal Mercury) th' enforceful cause  
 That made thee lose the prize of that applause  
 That modesty immaculate virgins gives,  
 My wife thou shalt be call'd through both our lives. 250  
 Nor shall the pow'rs of men nor Gods withhold  
 My fiery resolution to enfold  
 Thy bosom in mine arms ; which here I vow  
 To firm performance, past delay, and now.  
 Nor, should Apollo with his silver bow 255  
 Shoot me to instant death, would I forbear  
 To do a deed so full of cause so dear.  
 For with a heaven-sweet woman I will lie,  
 Though straight I stoop the house of Dis, and die."

This said, he took her hand, and she took way 260  
 With him, her bright eyes casting round ; whose stay  
 She stuck upon a bed, that was before  
 Made for the king, and wealthy coverings wore.  
 On which bears' hides and big-voic'd lions' lay,

Whose preyful lives the king had made his prey, 265  
Hunting th' Idalian hills. This bed when they  
Had both ascended, first he took from her  
The fiery weed, that was her utmost wear ;  
Unbutton'd her next rosy robe ; and loos'd  
The girdle that her slender waist enclos'd ; 270  
Unlac'd her buskins ; all her jewelry  
Took from her neck and breasts, and all laid by  
Upon a golden-studded chair of state.  
Th'amaze of all which being remov'd, even Fate  
And council of the equal Gods gave way 275  
To this, that with a deathless Goddess lay  
A deathful man ; since, what his love assum'd,  
Not with his conscious knowledge was presum'd.  
Now when the shepherds and the herdsmen, all,  
Turn'd from their flow'ry pasture to their stall, 280  
With all their oxen, fat and frolic sheep,  
Venus into Anchises cast a sleep,  
Sweet and profound ; while with her own hands now  
With her rich weeds she did herself endow ;  
But so distinguish'd, that he clear might know 285  
His happy glories ; then (to her desire  
Her heavenly person put in trims entire)  
She by the bed stood of the well-built stall,  
Advanc'd her head to state celestial,  
And in her cheeks arose the radiant hue 290  
Of rich-crown'd Venus to apparent view.  
And then she rous'd him from his rest, and said :  
“ Up, my Dardanides, forsake thy bed.  
What pleasure, late employ'd, lets humour steep  
Thy lids in this inexcitable sleep ? 295  
Wake, and now say, if I appear to thee

Like her that first thine eyes conceited me."

This started him from sleep, though deep and dear,  
And passing promptly he enjoy'd his ear.

But when his eye saw Venus' neck and eyes, 300  
Whose beauties could not bear the counterprise  
Of any other, down his own eyes fell,

Which pallid fear did from her view repell,  
And made him, with a main respect beside,  
Turn his whole person from her state, and hide 305  
(With his rich weed appos'd) his royal face,

These wing'd words using: " When, at first, thy grace  
Mine eyes gave entertainment, well I knew  
Thy state was deified; but thou told'st not true;

And therefore let me pray thee (by thy love 310  
Borne to thy father, *Ægis*-bearing Jove)

That thou wilt never let me live to be  
An abject, after so divine degree

Taken in fortune, but take ruth on me.  
For any man that with a Goddess lies, 315

Of interest in immortalities,  
Is never long-liv'd." She replied: " Forbear,  
O happiest of mortal men, this fear,

And rest assured, that (not for me, at least)  
Thy least ills fear fits; no, nor for the rest 320

Of all the Blessed, for thou art their friend;  
And so far from sustaining instant end,  
That to thy long-enlarg'd life there shall spring

Amongst the Trojans a dear son, and king,  
To whom shall many a son, and son's son, rise 325

In everlasting great posterities;  
His name *Æneas*; therein keeping life,  
For ever, in my much-conceited grief,

That I, immortal, fell into the bed  
 Of one whose blood mortality must shed. 330  
 But rest thou comforted, and all the race  
 That Troy shall propagate, in this high grace :  
 That, past all races else, the Gods stand near  
 Your glorious nation, for the forms ye bear,  
 And natures so ingenuous and sincere. 335  
 For which, the great-in-counsels (Jupiter)  
 Your gold-lock'd Ganymedes did transfer  
 (In rapture far from men's depressed fates)  
 To make him consort with our Deified States,  
 And scale the tops of the Saturnian skies, 340  
 He was so mere a marvel in their eyes.  
 And therefore from a bowl of gold he fills  
 Red nectar, that the rude distension kills  
 Of winds that in your human stomachs breed.  
 But then did languor on the liver feed 345  
 Of Tros, his father, that was king of Troy,  
 And ever did his memory employ  
 With loss of his dear beauty so bereaven,  
 Though with a sacred whirlwind rapt to heaven.-  
 But Jove, in pity of him, saw him given 350  
 Good compensation, sending by Heaven's Spy  
 White-swift-hov'd horse, that Immortality  
 Had made firm-spirited ; and had, beside,  
 Hermes to see his embassy supplied  
 With this vow'd bounty (using all at large 355  
 That his unalter'd counsels gave in charge)  
 That he himself should immortality breathe,  
 Expert of age and woe as well as death.

<sup>347</sup> ἀλητορος. *Cujus memoria erit perpetua.*—CHAPMAN.

<sup>355</sup> *Expert*—in the classical sense, *free from, unaccompanied by.*

“ This embassy express’d, he mourn’d no more,  
 But up with all his inmost mind he bore, 360  
 Joying that he, upon his swift-hov’d horse,  
 Should be sustain’d in an eternal course.

“ So did the golden-throned Aurora raise,  
 Into her lap, another that the praise  
 Of an immortal fashion had in fame, 365  
 And of your nation bore the noble name,  
 (His title Tithon) who, not pleased with her,  
 As she his lovely person did transfer,  
 To satisfy him, she bade ask of Jove  
 The gift of an Immortal for her love. 370  
 Jove gave, and bound it with his bowed brow,  
 Performing to the utmost point his vow.  
 Fool that she was, that would her love engage,  
 And not as long ask from the bane of age  
 The sweet exemption, and youth’s endless flow’r! 375  
 Of which as long as both the grace and pow’r  
 His person entertain’d, she loved the man,  
 And (at the fluents of the ocean  
 Near Earth’s extreme bounds) dwelt with him; but  
 when

(According to the course of aged men) 380  
 On his fair head, and honourable beard,  
 His first grey hairs to her light eyes appear’d,  
 She left his bed, yet gave him still for food  
 The Gods’ ambrosia, and attire as good.  
 Till even the hate of age came on so fast 385  
 That not a lineament of his was grac’d  
 With pow’r of motion, nor did still sustain,  
 Much less, the vigour had t’ advance a vein,  
 The virtue lost in each exhausted limb,



That at his wish before would answer him ; 390  
All pow'rs so quite decay'd, that when he spake  
His voice no perceptible accent brake.  
Her counsel then thought best to strive no more,  
But lay him in his bed and lock his door.  
Such an Immortal would not I wish thee, 395  
T' extend all days so to eternity.  
But if, as now, thou couldst perform thy course  
In grace of form, and all corporeal force,  
To an eternal date, thou then shouldst bear  
My husband's worthy name, and not a tear 400  
Should I need rain, for thy deserts declin'd,  
From my all-clouded bitterness of mind.  
But now the stern storm of relentless age  
Will quickly circle thee, that waits t' engage  
All men alike, even loathsomeness, and bane 405  
Attending with it, every human wane,  
Which even the Gods hate. Such a penance lies  
Impos'd on flesh and blood's infirmities !  
Which I myself must taste in great degree,  
And date as endless, for consorting thee. 410  
All the Immortals with my opprobry  
Are full by this time ; on their hearts so lie  
(Even to the sting of fear) my cunnings us'd,  
And wiving conversations infus'd  
Into the bosoms of the best of them 415  
With women, that the frail and mortal stream  
Doth daily ravish. All this long since done.  
Which now no more, but with effusion  
Of tears, I must in heaven so much as name,  
I have so forfeited in this my fame, 420  
And am impos'd pain of so great a kind

For so much erring from a Goddess' mind.  
For I have put beneath my girdle here  
A son, whose sire the human mortal sphere  
Gives circumscription. But, when first the light 425  
His eyes shall comfort, Nymphs that haunt the height  
Of hills, and breasts have of most deep receipt,  
Shall be his nurses ; who inhabit now  
A hill of so vast and divine a brow,  
As man nor God can come at their retreats ; 430  
Who live long lives, and eat immortal meats,  
And with Immortals in the exercise  
Of comely dances dare contend, and rise  
Into high question which deserves the prize.  
The light Sileni mix in love with these, 435  
And, of all Spies the Prince, Argicides ;  
In well-trimm'd caves their secret meetings made.  
And with the lives of these doth life invade  
Or odorous fir-trees, or high-foreheaded oaks,  
Together taking their begetting strokes, 440  
And have their lives and deaths of equal dates,  
Trees bearing lovely and delightful states,  
Whom Earth first feeds, that men initiates.  
On her high hills she doth their states sustain,  
And they their own heights raise as high again. 445  
Their growths together made, Nymphs call their groves  
Vow'd to th' Immortals services and loves ;  
Which men's steels therefore touch not, but let grow.  
But when wise Fates times for their fadings know,  
The fair trees still before the fair Nymphs die, 450  
The bark about them grown corrupt and dry,  
And all their boughs fall'n yield to Earth her right ;  
And then the Nymphs' lives leave the lovely night.

" And these Nymphs in their caves shall nurse my son,  
 Whom (when in him youth's first grace is begun) 455  
 The Nymphs, his nurses, shall present to thee,  
 And show thee what a birth thou hast by me.  
 And, sure as now I tell thee all these things,  
 When Earth hath cloth'd her plants in five fair springs,  
 Myself will make return to this retreat, 460  
 And bring that flow'r of thy enamour'd heat ;  
 Whom when thou then seest, joy shall fire thine eyes,  
 He shall so well present the Deities.  
 And then into thine own care take thy son  
 From his calm seat to windy Ilion, 465  
 Where, if strict question be upon thee past,  
 Asking what mother bore beneath her waist  
 So dear a son, answer, as I afford  
 Fit admonition, nor forget a word :  
 They say a Nymph, call'd Calucopides, 470  
 That is with others an inhabitress  
 On this thy wood-crown'd hill, acknowledges  
 That she his life gave. But, if thou declare  
 The secret's truth, and art so mad to dare  
 (In glory of thy fortunes) to approve 475  
 That rich-crown'd Venus mix'd with thee in love,  
 Jove, fired with my aspersion so dispread,  
 Will with a wreakful lightning dart thee dead.


" All now is told thee, comprehend it all.  
 Be master of thyself, and do not call 480  
 My name in question ; but with reverence vow  
 To Deities' angers all the awe ye owe."

This said, She reach'd heaven, where airs ever flow.

And so, O Goddess, ever honour'd be,  
 In thy so odorous Cyprian empery ! 485  
 My Muse, affecting first thy fame to raise,  
 Shall make transcension now to others' praise.

THE END OF THE FIRST HYMN TO VENUS.

TO THE SAME

 HE reverend, rich-crown'd, and fair Queen  
 I sing,  
 Venus, that owes in fate the fortressing  
 Of all maritimal Cyprus ; where the force  
 Of gentle-breathing Zephyr steer'd her course  
 Along the waves of the resounding sea, 5  
 While, yet unborn, in that soft foam she lay  
 That brought her forth ; whom those fair Hours that bear  
 The golden bridles joyfully stood near,  
 Took up into their arms, and put on her  
 Weeds of a never-corruptible wear. 10  
 On her immortal head a crown they plac'd,  
 Elaborate, and with all the beauties grac'd  
 That gold could give it ; of a weight so great,  
 That, to impose and take off, it had set  
 Three handles on it, made, for endless hold, 15  
 Of shining brass, and all adorn'd with gold.  
 Her soft neck all with carquenets was grac'd,  
 That stoop'd, and both her silver breasts embrac'd,  
 Which even the Hours themselves wear in resort  
 To Deities' dances, and her Father's court. 20

\* *Owes*—OWNS.

96 *BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.*

Grac'd at all parts, they brought to heaven her graces ;  
 Whose first sight seen, all fell into embraces,  
 Hugg'd her white hands, saluted, wishing all  
 To wear her maiden flow'r in festival  
 Of sacred Hymen, and to lead her home ; 25  
 All, to all admiration, overcome  
 With Cytherea with the violet crown.  
 So to the Black-brow'd Sweet-spoke all renown !  
 Prepare my song, and give me, in the end,  
 The victory to whose palm all contend ! 30  
 So shall my Muse for ever honour thee,  
 And, for thy sake, thy fair posterity.

BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.



Dionysus, noble Semele's Son,  
 I now intend to render mention,  
 As on a prominent shore his person shone,  
 Like to a youth whose flow'r was newly blown,  
 Bright azure tresses play'd about his head, 5  
 And on his bright broad shoulders was dispread  
 A purple mantle. Straight he was descried  
 By certain manly pirates, that applied  
 Their utmost speed to prise him, being aboard  
 A well-built bark, about whose broad sides roar'd 10  
 The wine-black Tyrrhene billows ; death as black  
 Brought them upon him in their future wrack.  
 For, soon as they had purchas'd but his view,  
 Mutual signs past them, and ashore they flew,

Took him, and brought him instantly aboard, 15  
 Soothing their hopes to have obtain'd a hoard  
 Of riches with him; and a Jove-kept king  
 To such a flow'r must needs be natural spring.  
 And therefore straight strong fetters they must fetch,  
 To make him sure. But no such strength would stretch  
 To his constrain'd pow'rs. Far flew all their bands 21  
 From any least force done his feet or hands.  
 But he sat casting smiles from his black eyes  
 At all their worst. At which discoveries  
 Made by the master, he did thus dehort 25  
 All his associates: "Wretches! Of what sort  
 Hold ye the person ye assay to bind?  
 Nay, which of all the Pow'r fully-divin'd  
 Esteem ye him, whose worth yields so much weight  
 That not our well-built bark will bear his freight? 30  
 Or Jove himself he is, or He that bears  
 The silver bow, or Neptune. Nor appears  
 In him the least resemblance of a man,  
 But of a strain at least Olympian.  
 Come! Make we quick dismissal of his state, 35  
 And on the black-soil'd earth exonerate  
 Our sinking vessel of his deified load,  
 Nor dare the touch of an intangible God,  
 Lest winds outrageous, and of wrackful scathe,  
 And smoking tempests, blow his fiery wrath." 40  
 This well-spoke master the tall captain gave  
 Hateful and horrible language; call'd him slave,  
 And bade him mark the prosp'rous gale that blew,

<sup>28</sup> *Pow'r fully-divin'd*—Mr. Singer has wrongly altered this to *pow'rfully-divined*; but Chapman says *fully-divin'd Pow'r*, i. e. Godhead.

<sup>41</sup> i. e. the tall captain replied to the master.

And how their vessel with her mainsail flew ;  
 Bade all take arms, and said, their works requir'd 45  
 The cares of men, and not of an inspir'd  
 Pure zealous master ; his firm hopes being fir'd  
 With this opinion, that they should arrive  
 In Ægypt straight, or Cyprus, or where live  
 Men whose brave breaths above the north wind blow ;  
 Yea, and perhaps beyond their region too. 51  
 And that he made no doubt but in the end  
 To make his prisoner tell him every friend  
 Of all his offspring, brothers, wealth, and all ;  
 Since that prise, certain, must some God let fall. 55

This said, the mast and mainsail up he drew,  
 And in the mainsail's midst a frank gale blew ;  
 When all his ship took arms to brave their prise.  
 But straight strange works appear'd to all their eyes :  
 First, sweet wine through their swift-black bark did flow,  
 Of which the odours did a little blow 61  
 Their fiery spirits, making th' air so fine  
 That they in flood were there as well as wine.  
 A mere immortal-making savour rose,  
 Which on the air the Deity did impose. 65  
 The seamen see'ng all, admiration seiz'd ;  
 Yet instantly their wonders were increas'd,  
 For on the topsail there ran, here and there,  
 A vine that grapes did in abundance bear,  
 And in an instant was the ship's mainmast 70  
 With an obscure-green ivy's arms embrac'd,  
 That flourish'd straight, and were with berries grac'd ;  
 Of which did garlands circle every brow  
 Of all the pirates, and no one knew how.

<sup>64</sup> *Mere*—See *Odyssey*, Bk. VIII. 115.

Which when they saw, they made the master steer 75  
 Out to the shore ; whom Bacchus made forbear,  
 With showing more wonders. On the hatches He  
 Appear'd a terrible lion, horribly  
 Roaring ; and in the mid-deck a male bear,  
 Made with a huge mane ; making all, for fear, 80  
 Crowd to the stern, about the master there,  
 Whose mind he still kept dauntless and sincere,  
 But on the captain rush'd and ramp'd, with force  
 So rude and sudden, that his main recourse  
 Was to the main-sea straight : and after him 85  
 Leapt all his mates, as trusting to their swim  
 To fly foul death ; but so found what they fled,  
 Being all to dolphins metamorphosed.  
 The master he took ruth of, sav'd, and made  
 The blessed'st man that ever tried his trade, 90  
 These few words giving him : " Be confident,  
 Thou God-inspired pilot, in the bent  
 Of my affection, ready to requite  
 Thy late-to-me-intended benefit.  
 I am the roaring God of spritely wine, 95  
 Whom Semele (that did even Jove incline  
 To amorous mixture, and was Cadmus' care)  
 Made issue to the mighty Thunderer."

And thus, all excellence of grace to thee,  
 Son of sweet-count'nance-carry'ng Semele. 100  
 I must not thee forget in least degree,  
 But pray thy spirit to render so my song  
 Sweet, and all ways in order'd fury strong.




## TO MARS.

**M**ARS, most-strong, gold-helm'd, making  
 chariots crack ;  
 Never without a shield cast on thy back ;  
 Mind-master, town-guard, with darts never driven ;  
 Strong-handed, all arms, fort, and fence of heaven ;  
 Father of victory with fair strokes given ;  
 Joint surrogate of justice, lest she fall  
 In unjust strifes a tyrant ; general  
 Only of just men justly ; that dost bear  
 Fortitude's sceptre ; to heaven's fiery sphere  
 Giver of circular motion, between  
 That and the Pleiads that still wand'ring been,  
 Where thy still-vehemently-flaming horse  
 About the third heaven make their fiery course ;  
 Helper of mortals ; hear !—As thy fires give  
 The fair and present boldnesses that strive  
 In youth for honour, being the sweet-beam'd light  
 That darts into their lives, from all their height,  
 The fortitudes and fortunes found in fight ;  
 So would I likewise wish to have the pow'r  
 To keep off from my head thy bitter hour,  
 And that false fire, cast from my soul's low kind,  
 Stoop to the fit rule of my highest mind,  
 Controlling that so eager sting of wrath  
 That stirs me on still to that horrid scathe  
 Of war, that God still sends to wreak his spleen  
 (Even by whole tribes) of proud injurious men.  
 But O thou Ever-Blessed ! give me still

Presence of mind to put in act my will,  
 Varied, as fits, to all occasion ;  
 And to live free, unforc'd, unwrought upon, 30  
 Beneath those laws of peace that never are  
 Affected with pollutions popular  
 Of unjust hurt, or loss to any one ;  
 And to bear safe the burthen undergone  
 Of foes inflexive, and inhuman hates, 35  
 Secure from violent and harmful fates.

## TO DIANA.

 IANA praise, Muse, that in darts delights,  
 Lives still a maid, and had nutritial rights  
 With her born-brother, the far-shooting Sun.  
 That doth her all-of-gold-made chariot run  
 In chase of game, from Meles that abounds 5  
 In black-brow'd bulrushes, and, where her hounds  
 She first uncouples, joining there her horse,  
 Through Smyrna carried in most fiery course  
 To grape-rich Claros ; where (in his rich home,  
 And constant expectation She will come) 10  
 Sits Phœbus, that the silver bow doth bear,  
 To meet with Phœbe, that doth darts transfer  
 As far as He his shafts. As far then be  
 Thy chaste fame shot, O Queen of archery !  
 Sacring my song to every Deity. 15

<sup>15</sup> *Sacring*—consecrating. The reader will remember the *sacring-bell*.

## TO VENUS.


**H**O Cyprian Venus still my verses vow,  
 Who gifts as sweet as honey doth bestow  
 On all mortality; that ever smiles,  
 And rules a face that all foes reconciles;  
 Ever sustaining in her hand a flow'r  
 That all desire keeps ever in her pow'r. 5

Hail, then, O Queen of well-built Salamine,  
 And all the state that Cyprus doth confine,  
 Inform my song with that celestial fire  
 That in thy beauties kindles all desire. 10  
 So shall my Muse for ever honour thee,  
 And any other thou commend'st to me.


## TO PALLAS.

**P**ALLAS Minerva only I begin  
 To give my song; that makes war's terrible din,  
 Is patroness of cities, and with Mars  
 Marshall'd in all the care and cure of wars,  
 And in everted cities, fights, and cries. 5  
 But never doth herself set down or rise  
 Before a city, but at both times She  
 All injur'd people sets on foot and free.  
 Give, with thy war's force, fortune then to me,  
 And, with thy wisdom's force, felicity. 10


TO JUNO.

 ATURNIA, and her throne of gold, I sing,  
That was of Rhea the eternal spring,  
And empress of a beauty never yet  
Equall'd in height of tincture. Of the great  
Saturnius (breaking air in awful noise) 5  
The far-fam'd wife and sister; whom in joys  
Of high Olympus all the Blessed love,  
And honour equal with unequal'd Jove.

TO CERES.

 HE rich-hair'd Ceres I assay to sing;  
A Goddess, in whose grace the natural spring  
Of serious majesty itself is seen;  
And of the wedded, yet in grace still green,  
Proserpina, her daughter, that displays 5  
A beauty casting every way her rays.  
All honour to thee, Goddess! Keep this town;  
And take thou chief charge of my song's renown!


TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS.

 OTHER of all, both Gods and men, commend,  
O Muse, whose fair form did from Jove  
descend;  
That doth with cymbal sounds delight her life,  
And tremulous divisions of the fife;

Love's dreadful lions' roars, and wolves' hoarse howls, s  
 Sylvan retreats, and hills, whose hollow knolls  
 Raise repercussive sounds about her ears.  
 And so may honour ever crown thy years  
 With all-else Goddesses, and ever be  
 Exalted in the Muses' harmony!


10

## TO LION-HEARTED HERCULES.

LCIDES, forcefulest of all the brood  
 Of men enforc'd with need of earthy food,  
 My Muse shall memorise; the son of Jove,  
 Whom, in fair-seated Thebes (commix'd in love  
 With great heaven's sable-cloud-assembling State) s  
 Alcmena bore to him; and who, in date  
 Of days forepast, through all the sea was sent,  
 And Earth's inenarrable continent,  
 To acts that king Eurystheus had decreed;  
 Did many a petulant and imperious deed 10  
 Himself, and therefore suffer'd many a toil;  
 Yet now inhabits the illustrious soil  
 Of white Olympus, and delights his life  
 With still-young Hebe, his well-ankled wife.


Hail, King, and Son of Jove! Vouchsafe thou me 15  
 Virtue, and, her effect, felicity!

TO ÆSCULAPIUS.

 WITH Æsculapius, the physician,  
That cur'd all sickness, and was Phœbus' son,  
My Muse makes entry ; to whose life gave  
yield

Divine Coronis in the Dotian field,  
(King Phlegius' daughter) who much joy on men      5  
Conferr'd, in dear ease of their irksome pain.  
For which, my salutation, worthy king,  
And vows to thee paid, ever when I sing !

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

 ASTOR and Pollux, the Tyndarides,  
Sweet Muse illustrate ; that their essences  
Fetch from the high forms of Olympian Jove,  
And were the fair fruits of bright Leda's love,  
Which she produc'd beneath the sacred shade      5  
Of steep Taygetus, being subdu'd, and made  
To serve th' affections of the Thunderer.  
And so all grace to you, whom all aver  
(For skill in horses, and their manage given)  
To be the bravest horsemen under heaven !      10

<sup>5</sup> *Taygetus*.—It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that Chapman's quantity is wrong, as is often the case.

## TO MERCURY.



HERMES I honour, the Cyllenian Spy,  
 King of Cyllenia, and of Arcady  
 With flocks abounding; and the Messenger  
 Of all th' Immortals, that doth still infer  
 Profits of infinite value to their store; 5  
 Whom to Saturnius bashful Maia bore,  
 Daughter of Atlas, and did therefore fly  
 Of all th' Immortals the society,  
 To that dark cave, where, in the dead of night,  
 Jove join'd with her in love's divine delight, 10  
 When golden sleep shut Juno's jealous eye,  
 Whose arms had wrists as white as ivory,  
 From whom, and all, both men and Gods beside,  
 The fair-hair'd nymph her scape kept undescried.  
 Joy to the Jove-got then, and Maia's care, 15  
 'Twixt men and Gods the general Messenger,  
 Giver of good grace, gladness, and the flood  
 Of all that men or Gods account their good!

<sup>14</sup> *Scape*.—See *Iliad*, II. 312.

## TO PAN.



SING, Muse, this chief of Hermes' love-got joys,  
 Goat-footed, two-horn'd, amorous of noise,  
 That through the fair greens, all adorn'd  
 with trees,

Together goes with Nymphs, whose nimble knees  
 Can every dance foot, that affect to scale 5  
 The most inaccessible tops of all  
 Uprightest rocks, and ever use to call  
 On Pan, the bright-hair'd God of pastoral ;  
 Who yet is lean and loveless, and doth owe  
 By lot all loftiest mountains crown'd with snow ; 10  
 All tops of hills, and cliffy highnesses,  
 All sylvan copses, and the fortresses  
 Of thorniest queaches, here and there doth rove,  
 And sometimes, by allurement of his love,  
 Will wade the wat'ry softnesses. Sometimes 15  
 (In quite oppos'd *capriccios*) he climbs  
 The hardest rocks, and highest, every way  
 Running their ridges. Often will convey  
 Himself up to a watch-tow'r's top, where sheep  
 Have their observance. Oft through hills as steep 20  
 His goats he runs upon, and never rests.  
 Then turns he head, and flies on savage beasts,  
 Mad of their slaughters ; so most sharp an eye  
 Setting upon them, as his beams let fly  
 Through all their thickest tapistries. And then 25  
 (When Hesp'rus calls to fold the flocks of men)  
 From the green clossets of his loftiest reeds  
 He rushes forth, and joy with song he feeds.  
 When, under shadow of their motions set,  
 He plays a verse forth so profoundly sweet, 30  
 As not the bird that in the flow'ry spring,  
 Amidst the leaves set, makes the thickets ring

<sup>9</sup> *Owe*—own.

<sup>12</sup> *Queaches*—thickets. See *Odyssey*, Bk. xix. 610.

<sup>25</sup> *Tapistries*—i. e. hiding-places, where they *tapish* or hide.

<sup>27</sup> *Clossets*—closes. The word should be noted.





The flourishing rite of Hymen's honour'd state ;  
 And brought him such a piece of progeny, 65  
 As show'd, at first sight, monstrous to the eye,  
 Goat-footed, two-horn'd, full of noise even then,  
 And (opposite quite to other children)  
 Told, in sweet laughter, he ought death no tear.  
 Yet straight his mother start, and fled, in fear, 70  
 The sight of so unsatisfying a thing,  
 In whose face put forth such a bristled spring.  
 Yet the most useful Mercury embrac'd,  
 And took into his arms, his homely-fac'd,  
 Beyond all measure joyful with his sight ; 75  
 And up to heaven with him made instant flight,  
 Wrapp'd in the warm skin of a mountain hare,  
 Set him by Jove, and made most merry fare  
 To all the Deities else with his son's sight ;  
 Which most of all fill'd Bacchus with delight ; 80  
 And Pan they call'd him, since he brought to all  
 Of mirth so rare and full a festival.

And thus all honour to the shepherds' King,  
 For sacrifice to thee my Muse shall sing !

<sup>66</sup> *Ought*—owed.

<sup>70</sup> *Start*—the past tense.

## TO VULCAN.



RAISE Vulcan, now Muse; whom fame gives  
 the prize  
 For depth and facture of all forge-devise ;  
 Who, with the sky-ey'd Pallas, first did give  
 Men rules of buildings, that before did live

In caves and dens, and hills, like savage beasts ;      5  
 But now, by art-fam'd Vulcan's interests  
 In all their civil industries, ways clear  
 Through th' all-things-bringing-to-their-ends (the year)  
 They work out to their ages' ends, at ease  
 Lodg'd in safe roofs from Winter's utmost prease.      10  
     But, Vulcan, stand propitious to me,  
 Virtue safe granting, and felicity !

## TO PHŒBUS.



PHŒBUS ! Even the swan from forth  
     her wings,  
 Jumping her proying-bank, thee sweetly  
     sings,  
 By bright Peneus' whirl-pit-making streams.  
 Thee, that thy lute mak'st sound so to thy beams,  
 Thee, first and last, the sweet-voic'd singer still      5  
 Sings, for thy song's all-songs-transcending skill.  
     Thy pleasure, then, shall my song still supply,  
 And so salutes thee King of Poesy.

<sup>2</sup> *Proying bank*—where she preens or proins herself.

## TO NEPTUNE.



NEPTUNE, the mighty marine God, I sing.  
 Earth's mover, and the fruitless ocean's King,  
 That Helicon and th' Ægean deeps dost hold.  
 O thou Earth-shaker ! Thy command two-fold

The Gods have sorted ; making thee of horses      5  
 The awful tamer, and of naval forces  
 The sure preserver.    Hail, O Saturn's birth !  
 Whose graceful green hair circles all the earth.  
 Bear a benign mind ; and thy helpful hand  
 Lend all submitted to thy dread command.      10

TO JOVE.

**J**OVE now I sing, the greatest and the best  
 Of all these Pow'rs that are with Deity blest,  
 That far-off doth his dreadful voice diffuse,  
 And, being King of all, doth all conduce  
 To all their ends.    Who (shut from all Gods else      5  
 With Themis, that the laws of all things tells)  
 Their fit composures to their times doth call,  
 Weds them together, and preserves this all.

Grace then, O far-heard Jove, the grace thou'st given,  
 Most Glorious, and most Great of Earth and Heaven !    10

TO VESTA.

**V**ESTA, that as a servant oversees  
 King Phœbus' hallow'd house, in all degrees  
 Of guide about it, on the sacred shore  
 Of heavenly Pythos, and hast evermore  
 Rich balms distilling from thy odorous hair,      5  
 Grace this house with thy housewifely repair !

Enter, and bring a mind that most may move,  
 Conferring even, the great in counsels, Jove ;  
 And let my verse taste of your either's love.

## TO THE MUSES AND APOLLO.

**T**HE Muses, Jove, and Phœbus, now I sing ;  
 For from the far-off-shooting Phœbus spring  
 All poets and musicians, and from Jove  
 Th' ascents of kings. The man the Muses love,  
 Felicity blesses ; elocution's choice 5  
 In syrup lay'ng of sweetest breath his voice.

Hail, Seed of Jove, my song your honours give,  
 And so in mine shall yours and others' live.

## TO BACCHUS.

**B**VY-crown'd Bacchus iterate in thy praises,  
 O Muse ; whose voice all loftiest echoes raises,  
 And he with all th' illustrious Seed of Jove  
 Is join'd in honour, being the fruit of love  
 To him, and Semele the-great-in-graces ; 5  
 And from the King his father's kind embraces  
 By fair-hair'd Nymphs was taken to the dales  
 Of Nyssa, and with curious festivals  
 Given his fair grought, far from his father's view,  
 In caves from whence eternal odours flew, 10  
 And in high number of the Deities plac'd.

<sup>9</sup> *Grought*—growth.

Yet when the many-hymn-given God had past  
 His Nurses' cares, in ivies and in bays  
 All over thicketed, his varied ways  
 To sylvan coverts evermore He took,  
 With all his Nurses, whose shrill voices shook  
 Thickets, in which could no foot's entry fall,  
 And he himself made captain of them all.

15

And so, O grape-abounding Bacchus, be  
 Ever saluted by my Muse and me !  
 Give us to spend with spirit our hours out here,  
 And every hour extend to many a year.

20

## TO DIANA.

**D**IANA, that the golden spindle moves,  
 And lofty sounds as well as Bacchus loves,  
 A bashful virgin, and of fearful hearts  
 The death-affecter with delighted darts,  
 By sire and mother Phœbus' sister born,  
 Whose thigh the golden falchion doth adorn,  
 I sing ; who likewise over hills of shade  
 And promontories that vast winds invade,  
 Amorous of hunting, bends her all-gold bow,  
 And sigh-begetting arrows doth bestow  
 In fates so dreadful that the hill-tops quake,  
 And bristled woods their leafy foreheads shake,  
 Horrors invade earth, and [the] fishy seas  
 Impassion'd furies ; nothing can appease  
 The dying brays of beasts. And her delight  
 In so much death affects so with affright


5

10

15

Even all inanimate natures ; for, while she  
 Her sports applies, their general progeny  
 She all ways turns upon to all their banes.  
 Yet when her fiery pleasures find their wanes, 20  
 Her yielding bow unbent, to th' ample house,  
 Seated in Delphos, rich and populous,  
 Of her dear brother, her retreats advance.  
 Where th' instauration of delightful dance  
 Amongst the Muses and the Graces she 25  
 Gives form ; in which herself the regency  
 (Her unbent bow hung up, and casting on  
 A gracious robe) assumes, and first sets gone  
 The dances' entry ; to which all send forth  
 Their heavenly voices, and advance the worth 30  
 Of her fair-ankled mother, since to light  
 She children brought the far most exquisite  
 In counsels and performances of all  
 The Goddesses that grace the heavenly hall.  
 Hail then, Latona's fair-hair'd Seed, and Jove's ! 35  
 My song shall ever call to mind your loves.

## TO PALLAS.


 ALLAS-Minerva's deity, the renown'd,  
 My Muse in her variety must resound ;  
 Mighty in councils ; whose illustrious eyes  
 In all resemblance represent the skies.  
 A reverend maid of an inflexible mind ; 5  
 In spirit and person strong ; of triple kind ;  
 Fautress of cities that just laws maintain ;

TO VESTA AND MERCURY. 115

Of Jove, the-great-in-councils, very brain  
 Took prime existence, his unbounded brows  
 Could not contain her, such impetuous throes 10  
 Her birth gave way to, that abroad she flew,  
 And stood, in gold arm'd, in her Father's view,  
 Shaking her sharp lance. All Olympus shook  
 So terribly beneath her, that it took  
 Up in amazes all the Deities there. 15  
 All earth resounded with vociferous fear.  
 The sea was put up all in purple waves,  
 And settled suddenly her rudest raves.  
 Hyperion's radiant son his swift-hov'd steeds  
 A mighty time stay'd, till her arming weeds, 20  
 As glorious as the Gods', the blue-ey'd Maid  
 Took from her deathless shoulders ; but then stay'd  
 All these distempers, and heaven's counsellor, Jove,  
 Rejoic'd that all things else his stay could move.  
 So I salute thee still ; and still in praise 25  
 Thy fame, and others', shall my memory raise.

TO VESTA AND MERCURY.



VESTA I sing, who, in bequest of fate,  
 Art sorted out an everlasting state  
 In all th' Immortals' high-built roofs, and all  
 Those of earth-dwelling men, as general  
 And ancient honours given thee for thy gift 5  
 Of free-liv'd chastity, and precious thrift.  
 Nor can there amongst mortals banquets be,  
 In which, both first and last, they give not thee



Their endless gratitudes in pour'd-out wine,  
 As gracious sacrifice to thy divine 10  
 And useful virtues ; being invok'd by all,  
 Before the least taste of their festival  
 In wine or food affect their appetites.  
 And Thou, that of th' adorn'd-with-all-delights  
 Art the most useful angel, born a God 15  
 Of Jove and Maia, of heaven's golden rod  
 The sole sustainer, and hast pow'r to bless  
 With all good all men, great Argicides,  
 Inhabit all good houses, see'ng no wants  
 Of mutual minds' love in th' inhabitants, 20  
 Join in kind blessing with the bashful maid  
 And all-lov'd virgin, Vesta ; either's aid  
 Combin'd in every hospitable house ;  
 Both being best seen in all the gracious  
 House-works of mortals. Jointly follow then, 25  
 Even from their youths, the minds of dames and men.  
 Hail then, old Daughter of the oldest God,  
 And thou Great Bearer of Heaven's golden rod !  
 Yet not to you alone my vows belong,  
 Others as well claim th' homage of my song. 30

<sup>15</sup> *Angel*—messenger, ἄγγελος.


### TO EARTH, THE MOTHER OF ALL.

**M**OTHER of all things, the well-founded Earth,  
 My Muse shall memorize ; who all the birth  
 Gives food that all her upper regions breed,  
 All that in her divine diffusions feed

In under continents, all those that live 5  
 In all the seas, and all the air doth give  
 Wing'd expeditions, of thy bounties eat;  
 Fair children, and fair fruits, thy labour's sweat,  
 O great in reverence; and referr'd to thee,  
 For life and death is all the pedigree 10  
 Of mortal humans. Happy then is he  
 Whom the innate propensions of thy mind  
 Stand bent to honour. He shall all things find  
 In all abundance; all his pastures yield  
 Herds in all plenties; all his roofs are fill'd 15  
 With rich possessions; he, in all the sway  
 Of laws best order'd, cuts out his own way  
 In cities shining with delicious dames,  
 And takes his choice of all those striving flames;  
 High happiness and riches, like his train, 20  
 Follow his fortunes, with delights that reign  
 In all their princes; glory invests his sons;  
 His daughters, with their crown'd selections  
 Of all the city, frolic through the meads,  
 And every one her call'd-for dances treads 25  
 Along the soft-flow'r of the claver-grass.  
 All this, with all those, ever comes to pass,  
 That thy love blesses, Goddess full of grace,  
 And treasurous Angel t' all the human race.  
 Hail, then, Great Mother of the Deified Kind, 30  
 Wife to the cope of stars! Sustain a mind  
 Propitious to me for my praise, and give  
 (Answering my mind) my vows fit means to live.

\* *Claver-grass*.—Mr. Singer has printed *clover*. I retain the old orthography, though Halliwell says it is only a North-country provincialism for *clover*.

## TO THE SUN.


 HE radiant Sun's divine renown diffuse,  
 Jove's daughter, great Calliope, my Muse ;  
 Whom ox-ey'd Euryphaëssa gave birth  
 To the bright Seed of starry Heaven and Earth.  
 For the far-fam'd Hyperion took to wife 5  
 His sister Euryphaëssa, that life  
 Of his high race gave to these lovely three :  
 Aurora, with the rosy-wrists ; and She  
 That owns th' enamouring tresses, the bright Moon ;  
 Together with the never-wearied Sun, 10  
 Who (his horse mounting) gives both mortals light  
 And all th' Immortals. Even to horror, bright  
 A blaze burns from his golden burgonet,  
 Which to behold exceeds the sharpest set  
 Of any eye's intention, beams so clear 15  
 It all ways pours abroad. The glorious cheer  
 Of his far-shining face up to his crown  
 Casts circular radiance, that comes streaming down  
 About his temples, his bright cheeks, and all,  
 Retaining the refulgence of their fall. 20  
 About his bosom flows so fine a weed  
 As doth the thinness of the wind exceed  
 In rich context ; beneath whose deep folds fly  
 His masculine horses round about the sky,  
 Till in this hemisphere he renders stay 25  
 T' his gold-yok'd coach and coursers ; and his way,

<sup>13</sup> *Burgonet*—generally spelt *burganet*, a species of helmet.

Let down by heaven, the heavenly coachman makes  
Down to the ocean, where his rest he takes.

My salutations then, fair King, receive,  
And in propitious returns relieve 30  
My life with mind-fit means ; and then from thee,  
And all the race of complete Deity,  
My song shall celebrate those half-god States,  
That yet sad death's condition circulates,  
And whose brave acts the Gods show men that they 35  
As brave may aim at, since they can but die.

## TO THE MOON.



HE Moon, now, Muses, teach me to resound,  
Whose wide wings measure such a world of  
ground ;  
Jove's daughter, deck'd with the mellifluous tongue,  
And seen in all the sacred art of song.  
Whose deathless brows when she from heaven displays,  
All earth she wraps up in her orient rays. 6  
A heaven of ornament in earth is rais'd  
When her beams rise. The subtle air is sais'd  
Of delicate splendour from her crown of gold.  
And when her silver bosom is extoll'd, 10  
Wash'd in the ocean, in day's equall'd noon  
Is midnight seated ; but when she puts on  
Her far-off-sprinkling-lustre evening weeds,  
(The month in two cut ; her high-breasted steeds

\* *Sais'd*—seised, put in possession.

120 *TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.*

Man'd all with curl'd flames, put in coach and all, 15  
 Her huge orb fill'd,) her whole trims then exhale  
 Unspeakable splendours from the glorious sky.  
 And out of that state mortal men imply  
 Many predictions. And with her then,  
 In love mix'd, lay the King of Gods and men ; 20  
 By whom made fruitful, she Pandea bore,  
 And added her state to th' Immortal Store.  
 Hail, Queen, and Goddess, th' ivory-wristed Moon  
 Divine, prompt, fair-hair'd ! With thy grace begun,  
 My Muse shall forth, and celebrate the praise 25  
 Of men whose states the Deities did raise  
 To semi-deities ; whose deeds t' endless date  
 Muse-lov'd and sweet-sung poets celebrate.


*TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.*

**H**OVE'S fair Sons, father'd by th' Oebalian king,  
 Muses well-worth-all men's beholdings, sing!  
 The dear birth that bright-ankl'd Leda bore ;  
 Horse-taming Castor, and, the conqueror  
 Of tooth-tongu'd Momus, Pollux ; whom beneath 5  
 Steep-brow'd Taygetus she gave half-god breath,  
 In love mix'd with the black-clouds King of Heaven ;  
 Who, both of men and ships, being tempest driven,  
 When Winter's wrathful empire is in force  
 Upon th' implacable seas, preserve the course. 10  
 For when the gusts begin, if near the shore,  
 The seamen leave their ship, and, evermore  
 Bearing two milk-white lambs aboard, they now

TO MEN OF HOSPITALITY. 121

Kill them ashore, and to Jove's issue vow,  
When though their ship, in height of all the roar 15  
The winds and waves confound, can live no more  
In all their hopes, then suddenly appear  
Jove's saving Sons, who both their bodies bear  
'Twixt yellow wings down from the sparkling pole,  
Who straight the rage of those rude winds control, 20  
And all the high-waves couch into the breast  
Of th' hoary seas. All which sweet signs of rest  
To seamen's labours their glad souls conceive,  
And end to all their irksome grievance give.  
So, once more, to the swift-horse-riding race 25  
Of royal Tyndarus, eternal grace !

TO MEN OF HOSPITALITY.

EVERENCE a man with use propitious  
That hospitable rites wants ; and a house  
(You of this city with the seat of state  
To ox-ey'd Juno vow'd) yet situate  
Near Pluto's region. At the extreme base 5  
Of whose so high-hair'd city, from the race  
Of blue-wav'd Hebrus lovely fluent, grac'd  
With Jove's begetting, you divine cups taste.





CERTAIN EPIGRAMS AND OTHER  
POEMS OF HOMER.

TO CUMA.



END hospitable rites and house-respect,  
You that the virgin with the fair eyes  
deckt  
Make fautress of yourstately-seated town,  
At foot of Sardes, with the high-hair'd crown,  
Inhabiting rich Cuma ; where ye taste  
Of Hermus' heavenly fluent, all embrac'd  
By curl'd-head whirlpits ; and whose waters move  
From the divine seed of immortal Jove.

5

IN HIS RETURN TO CUMA.



WIFTLY my feet sustain me to the town,  
Where men inhabit whom due honours  
crown,  
Whose minds with free-given faculties are mov'd,  
And whose grave counsels best of best approv'd.

## UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF MIDUS,

CUT IN BRASS, IN THE FIGURE OF A VIRGIN.



MAID of brass I am, infixed here  
 T' eternize honest Midus' sepulchre ;  
 And while the stream her fluent seedreceives,  
 And steep trees curl their verdant brows with leaves,  
 While Phæbus rais'd above the earth gives sight, 5  
 And th' humorous Moon takes lustre from his light,  
 While floods bear waves, and seas shall wash the shore,  
 At this his sepulchre, whom all deplore,  
 I'll constantly abide ; all passers by  
 Informing, " Here doth honest Midus lie." 10

<sup>6</sup> Humorous—moist.

## CUMA

REFUSING HIS OFFER TO ETERNIZE THEIR STATE,  
 THOUGH BROUGHT THITHER BY THE MUSES.




TO what fate hath Father Jove given o'er,  
 My friendless life, born ever to be poor !  
 While in my infant state he pleas'd to save me,  
 Milk on my reverend mother's knees he gave me,  
 In delicate and curious nursery ; 5  
 Æolian Smyrna, seated near the sea,  
 (Of glorious empire, and whose bright sides  
 Sacred Meletus' silver current glides,)




Being native seat to me. Which, in the force  
Of far-past time, the breakers of wild horse, 10  
Phriconia's noble nation, girt with tow'rs;  
Whose youth in fight put on with fiery pow'rs.  
From hence, the Muse-maids, Jove's illustrious Seed,  
Impelling me, I made impetuous speed,  
And went with them to Cuma, with intent 15  
T' eternize all the sacred continent  
And state of Cuma. They, in proud ascent  
From off their bench, refus'd with usage fierce  
The sacred voice which I aver is verse.  
Their follies, yet, and madness borne by me, 20  
Shall by some pow'r be thought on futurely,  
To wreak of him whoever, whose tongue sought  
With false impair my fall. What fate God brought  
Upon my birth I'll bear with any pain,  
But undeserv'd defame unfelt sustain. 25  
Nor feels my person (dear to me though poor)  
Any great lust to linger any more  
In Cuma's holy highways; but my mind  
(No thought impair'd, for cares of any kind  
Borne in my body) rather vows to try 30  
The influence of any other sky,  
And spirits of people bred in any land  
Of ne'er so slender and obscure command.

## AN ASSAY OF HIS BEGUN ILIADS.


 LION, and all the brave-horse-breeding soil,  
Dardania, I sing ; that many a toil  
Impos'd upon the mighty Grecian pow'rs,  
Who were of Mars the manly servitours.

## TO THESTOR'S SON,\*

INQUISITIVE OF HOMER ABOUT THE CAUSES OF THINGS.

 HESTORIDES ! of all the skills unknown  
To errant mortals, there remains not one  
Of more inscrutable affair to find  
Than is the true state of a human mind.

## TO NEPTUNE.

 EAR, pow'rful Neptune, that shak'st earth  
in ire,  
King of the great green, where dance all  
the quire

\* Homer intimated, in this his answer to Thestorides, a will to have him learn the knowledge of himself, before he inquired so curiously the causes of other things. And from hence had the great peripatetic, Themistius, his most grave epiphoneme, *Anima quæ seipsam ignorat, quid sciret ipsa de aliis?* And, therefore, according to Aristotle, advises all philosophical students to begin with that study.—CHAPMAN.

Of fair-hair'd Helicon ; give prosperous gales,  
 And good pass, to these guiders of our sails,  
 Their voyage rend'ring happily directed, 5  
 And their return with no ill fate affected.  
 Grant likewise at rough Mimas' lowest roots,  
 Whose strength up to her tops prærupt rocks shoots,  
 My passage safe arrival ; and that I  
 My bashful disposition may apply 10  
 To pious men, and wreak myself upon  
 The man whose verbal circumvention  
 In me did wrong t' hospitious Jove's whole state,  
 And th' hospitable table violate.

## TO THE CITY ERYTHRÆA.



VORSHIPFUL Earth, Giver of all things  
 good !  
 Giver of even felicity ; whose flood  
 The mind all-over steeps in honeydew ;  
 That to some men dost infinite kindness shew,  
 To others that despise thee art a shrew, 5  
 And giv'st them gamester's galls ; who, once their main  
 Lost with an ill chance, fare like objects slain.


## TO MARINERS.



NE wave-trod watermen, as ill as she  
 That all the earth in infelicity  
 Of rapine plunges ; who upon your fare  
 As sterv'd-like-ravenous as cormorants are ;

The lives ye lead, but in the worst degree, 5  
 Not to be envied more than misery ;  
 Take shame, and fear the indignation  
 Of Him that thunders from the highest throne,  
 Hospitious Jove, who, at the back, prepares  
 Pains of abhorr'd effect of him that dares 10  
 The pieties break of his hospitious squares.

THE PINE.

NY tree else bears better fruit than thee,  
 That Ida's tops sustain, where every tree  
 Bears up in air such perspirable heights,  
 And in which caves and sinuous receipts  
 Creep in such great abundance. For about 5  
 Thy roots, that ever all thy fruits put out,  
 As nourish'd by them, equal with thy fruits,  
 Pour Mars's iron-mines their accurs'd pursuits.  
 So that when any earth-encroaching man,  
 Of all the martial brood Cebrenian, 10  
 Plead need of iron, they are certain still  
 About thy roots to satiate every will.

## TO GLAUCUS,

WHO WAS SO MISERABLY SPARING THAT HE FEARED  
ALL MEN'S ACCESS TO HIM.



GLAUCUS! though wise enough, yet one  
word more

Let my advice add to thy wisdom's store,  
For 'twill be better so: Before thy door  
Give still thy mastiffs meat, that will be sure  
To lie there, therefore, still, and not endure 5  
(With waylaid ears) the softest foot can fall,  
But men and beasts make fly thee and thy stall.

AGAINST THE SAMIAN MINISTRESS,  
OR NUN.



HEAR me, O Goddess, that invoke thine ear,  
Thou that dost feed and form the youthful  
year,  
And grant that this dame may the loves refuse,  
And beds, of young men, and affect to use  
Humans whose temples hoary hairs distain, 5  
Whose pow'rs are passing coy, whose wills would fain.

## WRITTEN ON THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.



F men, sons are the crowns of cities' tow'rs ;  
 Of pastures, horse are the most beauteous  
 flow'rs ;  
 Of seas, ships are the grace ; and money still  
 With trains and titles doth the family fill.  
 But royal counsellors, in council set, 5  
 Are ornaments past all, as clearly great  
 As houses are that shining fires enfold,  
 Superior far to houses nak'd and cold.

 THE FURNACE CALLED IN TO SING  
 BY POTTERS.


F ye deal freely, O my fiery friends,  
 As ye assure, I'll sing, and serve your ends.  
 Pallas, vouchsafe thou here invok'd access,  
 Impose thy hand upon this Forge, and bless  
 All cups these artists earn so, that they may 5  
 Look black still with their depth, and every way  
 Give all their vessels a most sacred sale.  
 Make all well-burn'd ; and estimation call  
 Up to their prices. Let them market well,  
 And in all highways in abundance sell, 10

Till riches to their utmost wish arise,  
And, as thou mak'st them rich, so make me wise.  
But if ye now turn all to impudence,  
And think to pay with lies my patience,  
Then will I summon 'gainst your Furnace all 15  
Hell's harmfullest spirits; Maragus I'll call,  
Sabactes, Asbett, and Omadamus,  
Who ills against your art innumeros  
Excogitates, supplies, and multiplies.  
Come, Pallas, then, and all command to rise, 20  
Infesting forge and house with fire, till all  
Tumble together, and to ashes fall,  
These potters selves dissolv'd in tears as small.  
And as a horse-cheek chides his foaming bit,  
So let this Forge murmur in fire and flit, 25  
And all this stuff to ashy ruins run.  
And thou, O Circe, daughter of the Sun,  
Great-many-poison-mixer, come, and pour  
Thy cruell'st poisons on this Potters' floor,  
Shivering their vessels; and themselves affect 30  
With all the mischiefs possible to direct  
'Gainst all their beings, urg'd by all thy fiends.  
Let Chiron likewise come; and all those friends  
(The Centaurs) that Alcides' fingers fled,  
And all the rest too that his hand strook dead, 35  
(Their ghosts excited) come, and macerate  
These earthen men; and yet with further fate  
Affect their Furnace; all their tear-burst eyes  
Seeing and mourning for their miseries,  
While I look on, and laugh their blasted art 40  
And them to ruin. Lastly, if apart

Any lies lurking, and sees yet, his face  
 Into a coal let th' angry fire embrace,  
 That all may learn by them, in all their lust,  
 To dare deeds great, to see them great and just. 45

## EIRESIONE, OR, THE OLIVE BRANCH.



HE turrets of a man of infinite might,  
 Of infinite action, substance infinite,  
 We make access to; whose whole being  
 rebounds

From earth to heaven, and nought but bliss resounds.  
 Give entry then, ye doors; more riches yet 5  
 Shall enter with me; all the Graces met  
 In joy of their fruition, perfect peace  
 Confirming all; all crown'd with such increase,  
 That every empty vessel in your house  
 May stand replete with all things precious; 10  
 Elaborate Ceres may your larders fill  
 With all dear delicates, and serve in still;  
 May for your son a wife make wish'd approach  
 Into your tow'rs, and rapt in in her coach  
 With strong-kneed mules; may yet her state prove staid,  
 With honour'd housewiferies; her fair hand laid 16  
 To artful loomworks; and her nak'd feet tread  
 The gum of amber to a golden bead.

But I'll return; return, and yet not press  
 Your bounties now assay'd with oft access, 20  
 Once a year only, as the swallow prates  
 Before the wealthy Spring's wide open gates.



Meantime I stand at yours, nor purpose stay  
 More time t' entreat. Give, or not give, away  
 My feet shall bear me, that did never come  
 With any thought to make your house my home.

25

### TO CERTAIN FISHER BOYS

PLEASING HIM WITH INGENIOUS RIDDLES,



ET from the bloods even of your self-like sires  
 Are you descended, that could make ye heirs  
 To no huge hoards of coin, nor leave ye able  
 To feed flocks of innumerable rabble.

THE END OF ALL THE ENDLESS WORKS OF HOMER.





*Hate, and cast still your stings then, for your kisses 25*  
*Betray but truth, and your applauds are hisses.*

*To see our supercilious wizards frown,*  
*Their faces fall'n like fogs, and coming down,*  
*Stinking the sun out, makes me shine the more ;*  
*And like a check'd flood bear above the shore, 30*

*That their profane opinions fain would set*  
*To what they see not, know not, nor can let.*

*Yet then our learn'd men with their torrents come,*  
*Roaring from their forc'd hills, all crown'd with foam,*  
*That one not taught like them, should learn to know 35*  
*Their Greek roots, and from thence the groves that grow,*  
*Casting such rich shades from great HOMER's wings,*  
*That first and last command the Muses' springs.*

*Though he's best scholar, that, through pains and vows*  
*Made his own master only, all things knows. 40*

*Nor pleads my poor skill form, or learned place,*  
*But dauntless labour, constant prayer, and grace.*  
*And what's all their skill, but vast varied reading?*

*As if broad-beaten highways had the leading*  
*To Truth's abstract, and narrow path, and pit ; 45*  
*Found in no walk of any worldly wit.*

*And without Truth, all's only sleight of hand,*  
*Or our law-learning in a foreign land,*  
*Embroidery spent on cobwebs, braggart show*  
*Of men that all things learn, and nothing know. 50*

*For ostentation humble Truth still flies,*  
*And all confederate fashionists defies.*

*And as some sharp-brow'd doctor, English born,*  
*In much learn'd Latin idioms can adorn*  
*A verse with rare attractions, yet become 55*  
*His English Muse like an Arachnean loom,*

*Wrought spite of Pallas, and therein bewrays  
 More tongue than truth, begs, and adopts his bays ;  
 So Ostentation, be he never so  
 Larded with labour to suborn his show, 60  
 Shall sooth within him but a bastard soul,  
 No more heaven heiring than, Earth's son, the mole.  
 But as in dead calms emptiest smokes arise,  
 Uncheck'd and free, up straight into the skies ;  
 So drowsy Peace, that in her humour steeps 65  
 All she affects, lets such rise while she sleeps.  
 Many, and most men, have of wealth least store,  
 But none the gracious shame that fits the poor.  
 So most learn'd men enough are ignorant,  
 But few the grace have to confess their want, 70  
 Till lives and learnings come concomitant.  
 Far from men's knowledges their lives'-acts flow ;  
 Vainglorious acts then vain prove all they know.  
 As night the life-inclining stars best shows,  
 So lives obscure the starriest souls disclose. 75*

*For me, let just men judge by what I show  
 In acts expos'd how much I err or know ;  
 And let not envy make all worse than nought,  
 With her mere headstrong and quite brainless thought,  
 Others, for doing nothing, giving all, 80  
 And bounding all worth in her bursten gall.*

*GOD and my dear REDEEMER rescue me  
 From men's immane and mad impiety,  
 And by my life and soul (sole known to Them)  
 Make me of palm, or yew, an anadem. 85  
 And so my sole GOD, the THRICE-SACRED TRINE,  
 Bear all th' ascription of all me and mine.*

Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater, et Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur quâ Tu nos ornasti; et ut Tu nobis præstò sis, ut iis qui per sese moventur; ut et à corporis contagio, brutorumque affectuum, repurgemur, eosque superemus, atque regamus, et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde, ut nobis adjumento sis, ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè sunt per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori supplex oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum, caliginem prorsus abstergas, ut norimus bene qui Deus, aut mortalis, habendus. *Amen.*

*Sine honore vivam, nulloque numero ero.*

FINIS.





THE GEORGICS OF HESIOD.





THE  
GEORGICKS  
OF  
HESIOD,

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN;

TRANSLATED ELABORATELY

out of the Greek :

Containing Doctrine of Husbandrie, Moraltie,  
and Pietie ; with a perpetuall Calendar of Good

*and Bad Daies ; Not superstitious, but necessarie*

(as farre as naturall Causes compell) for all

*Men to obserue, and difference in fol-  
lowing their affaires.*

Nec caret vmbra Deo.



LONDON,

Printed by H. L. for Miles Partrich, and are to be solde  
at his Shop neare Saint Dunstons Church in  
Fleet street. 1618.







TO THE MOST NOBLE COMBINER OF LEARNING  
AND HONOUR,  
SIR FRANCIS BACON, KNIGHT,  
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND, ETC.



ANCIENT wisdom being so worthily eternalised by the now-renewed instance of it in your Lordship; and this ancient Author, one of the most authentic for all wisdom crowned with justice and piety; to what sea owe these poor streams their tribute, but to your Lordship's ocean? They rather, since others of the like antiquity, in my Translation of Homer, teach these their way, and add comfort to their courses, by having received right cheerful countenance and approbation from your Lordship's most grave and honoured predecessor.

All judgments of this season (savouring anything the truth) preferring, to the wisdom of all other nations, these most wise, learned, and circularly-spoken Grecians. According to that of the poet:—

*Gratiis ingenium, Gratiis dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui.*

And why may not this Roman elogy of the *Graians* ex-

tend in praiseful intention (by way of prophetic poesy) to *Graies-Inne* wits and orators? Or if the allusion (or petition of the principle) beg with too broad a licence in the general, yet serious truth, for the particular, may most worthily apply it to your Lordship's truly Greek inspiration, and absolutely Attic elocution. Whose all-acknowledged faculty hath banished flattery therein even from the Court; much more from my country and more-than-upland simplicity. Nor were those Greeks so circular in their elegant utterance, but their inward judgments and learnings were as round and solid; their solidity proved in their eternity; and their eternity propagated by love of all virtue and integrity;—that love being the only parent and argument of all truth, in any wisdom or learning, without which all is sophisticate and adulterate, howsoever painted and splinted with degrees and languages. Your Lordship's "*Advancement of Learning*," then, well showing your love to it, and in it, being true, to all true goodness, your learning, strengthening that love, must needs be solid and eternal. This ἵσταναι φῶς,\* therefore, expressed in this Author, is used here as if prophesied by him then, now to take life in your Lordship, whose life is chief soul and essence to all knowledge and virtue; so few there are that live now combining honour and learning. This time resembling the terrible time whereof this poet prophesied; to which he desired he might not live, since not a Grace would then smile on any pious or worthy; all greatness much more gracing impostors

\* Vir verè (seu clarè) sciens; aut illustris Judex, vel procul videns Arbitr, quia eos acutos visu, seu gnaros esse oporteat rei de quâ agitur. CHAPMAN.

than men truly desertful. The worse depraving the better ; and that so frontlessly, that shame and justice should fly the earth for them. To shame which ignorant barbarism now emboldened, let your Lordship's learned humanity prove nothing the less gracious to Virtue for the community of Vice's graces ; but shine much the more clear on her for those clouds that eclipse her ; no lustre being so sun-like as that which passeth above all clouds unseen, over fields, turrets, and temples, and breaks out, in free beams, on some humblest cottage. In whose like Jove himself hath been feasted ; and wherein your Lordship may find more honour than in the fretted roofs of the mighty. To which honour, oftentimes, nothing more conduceth than noble acceptance of most humble presentments. On this nobility in your Lordship my prostrate humility relying, I rest ever submitted, in all simple and hearty vows,

Your Honour's most truly,

And freely devoted,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.



## OF HESIODUS.

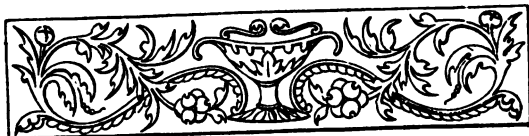


ESIODUS, surnamed Ascræus, was one, as of the most ancient Greek poets, so one of the purest and preessest writers. He lived in the latter time of Homer, and was surnamed Ascræus, of Ascra, a town in Helicon ; in which was built a temple sacred to the Muses ; whose priest Hesiodus was consecrate ; whom Virgil, among so many writers of Georgics, only imitated, professing it in this :

*Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen, "Εγχα καὶ Ἡμέραι.* Nor is there any doubt (saith Mel.) *quin idem Virgilius initio Georgicorum hanc inscriptionem expresserit hoc versu : ' Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram,' &c.* His authority was such amongst the ancients, that his verses were commonly learned as *axioms* or *oracles*, all teaching good life and humanity ; which though never so profitable for men's now readings, yet had they rather (saith Isocrates) consume their times still in their own follies, than be any time conversant in these precepts of wisdom ; of which (with Homer) he was first father, whose interpreters were all the

succeeding philosophers—not Aristotle himself excepted :—who before Thales, Solon, Pittacus, Socrates, Plato, &c. writ of life, of manners, of God, of nature, of the stars, and general state of the universe. Nor are his writings the less worthy, that Poesy informed them, but of so much the more dignity and eternity. Not Thales, nor Anaxagoras, (as Aristotle ingenuously confesseth,) having profited the world so much, with all their writings, as Homer's one Ulysses or Nestor. And sooner shall all the atoms of Epicurus sustain division ; the fire of Heraclitus be utterly quenched ; the water that Thales extols so much be exhausted ; the spirit of Anaximenes vanish ; the discord of Empedocles be reconciled, and all dissolved to nothing ; before by their most celebrated faculties they do the world so much profit, for all human instruction, as this one work of Hesiodus ! Here being no dwelling on any one subject ; but of all human affairs instructively concluded.





TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. GEORGE  
CHAPMAN, AND HIS TRANS-  
LATED HESIOD.



HAPMAN, we find, by thy past-prized  
fraught,  
What wealth thou dost upon this land  
confer,

Th' old Grecian prophets hither that hast brought,  
Of their full words the true interpreter ;  
And by thy travell strongly hast exprest  
The large dimensions of the English tongue, 5  
Delivering them so well, the first and best  
That to the world in numbers ever sung.  
Thou hast unlock'd the treasury wherein  
All art and knowledge have so long been hidden ; 10  
Which, till the graceful Muses did begin  
Here to inhabit, was to us forbidden.

In blest Elysium, (in a place most fit)  
Under that tree due to the Delphian God,  
MUSÆUS and that ILIAD SINGER sit, 15  
And near to them that noble HESIOD,  
Smoothering their rugged foreheads ; and do smile,  
After so many hundred years, to see  
Their Poems read in this far western isle,

Translated from their ancient Greek by thee ; 20  
 Each his good Genius whispering in his ear,  
 That with so lucky and auspicious fate  
 Did still attend them whilst they living were,  
 And gave their verses such a lasting date.

Where, slightly passing by the Thespian spring, 25  
 Many long after did but only sup ;  
 Nature, then fruitful, forth these men did bring,  
 To fetch deep roses from Jove's plenteous cup.

In thy free labours, friend, then rest content,  
 Fear not Detraction, neither fawn on Praise ; 30  
 When idle Censure all her force hath spent,  
 Knowledge can crown herself with her own bays.  
 Their lines that have so many lives outworn,  
 Clearly expounded, shall base Envy scorn.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.







TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND,  
MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN,  
ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HESIOD'S WORKS  
AND DAYS.



HOSE work could this be, CHAPMAN, to  
refine  
Old HESIOD's ore, and give it us, but thine,  
Who had'st before wrought in rich  
HOMER's mine?

What treasure hast thou brought us! and what store  
Still, still, dost thou arrive with at our shore, 5  
To make thy honour and our wealth the more!

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day  
Were ask'd of thy discoveries, they must say,  
To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made, 10  
As, now of all men, it is called thy trade;  
And who make thither else rob, or invade!

BEN JONSON.



# THE GEORGICS OF HESIOD.

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

## THE FIRST BOOK.<sup>a</sup>



USES! that, out of your Pierian state,  
All worth in sacred numbers celebrate,  
Use<sup>b</sup> here your faculties so much renown'd,  
To sing your Sire;<sup>c</sup> and him in hymns<sup>d</sup>  
resound

By whom all humans, that to death are bound,                   s  
Are bound together; both the great in fame,<sup>e</sup>  
And men whose poor fates fit them with no name,<sup>f</sup>  
Noble,<sup>g</sup> and base;<sup>h</sup> great Jove's will orders all;  
For he with ease extols, with ease lets fall;

<sup>a</sup> To approve my difference from the vulgar and verbal exposition, and other amplifications fit and necessary for the true rendering and illustration of my author, I am enforced to annex some words of the original to my other annotations.

<sup>b</sup> Δεῦτε, huc agite.

<sup>c</sup> Jove.

<sup>d</sup> Ὑμνεῖσθαι, hymnis decantantes.

<sup>e</sup> Φατός, de quo magna fama est.

<sup>f</sup> Ἄφατος, non dicendus, incelebris.

<sup>g</sup> Πηρὸς, honoratus, nobilis.

<sup>h</sup> Ἀπηρὸς, ignobilis, ad nullam functionem seu dignitatem assumptus.

Eas'ly diminisheth the most in grace, 10  
 And lifts the most obscure to loftiest place ;  
 Eas'ly sets straight<sup>l</sup> the quite shrunk up together,<sup>k</sup>  
 And makes the most elated<sup>l</sup> beauty wither ;  
 And this is Jove, that breaks his voice so high  
 In horrid sounds, and dwells above the sky. 15

Hear, then, O Jove, that dost both see and hear,  
 And, for thy justice' sake, be orderer  
 To these just precepts,<sup>m</sup> that in prophecy<sup>n</sup>  
 I use, to teach my brother piety.

Not one Contention on the earth there reigns 20  
 To raise men's fortunes and peculiar gains,  
 But two. The one the knowing man approves ;  
 The other<sup>o</sup> hate should force from human loves,  
 Since it derides our reasonable kind,  
 In two<sup>p</sup> parts parting man's united mind ; 25  
 And is so harmful, for pernicious War  
 It feeds, and bites at every Civil Jar ;  
 Which no man<sup>q</sup> loves, but strong Necessity  
 Doth this Contention, as his plague, imply  
 By Heaven's hid counsels. Th' other Strife black Night  
 Begat before ; which Jove, that in the light 31

<sup>12</sup> <sup>l</sup> Ἰθὺς, *rectus, erectus, non tortuosus*. Metaph.

<sup>13</sup> <sup>k</sup> Σκολιῶς, *tortuosus, incurvus*.

<sup>13</sup> <sup>l</sup> Ἀήνορα κάρφει, *superbum, seu florentem, facit ut deflorescat*.

<sup>14</sup> <sup>m</sup> Δίκην δ' ἴθυνε θέμιστας, *judicia vel vera præcepta de moribus, seu pietate*.

<sup>16</sup> <sup>n</sup> Μυθεομαι, *vaticinor*.

<sup>23</sup> <sup>o</sup> Ἐπιμωμητὸς, *reprehensione, et derisione, dignus*.

<sup>25</sup> <sup>p</sup> Ἀνδιχα, *duas partes*.

<sup>28</sup> <sup>q</sup> Οὐρίς. He says no man loves this war *per se*, but *per accidens*; because men cannot discern from things truly worthy of their loves those that falsely pretend worth and retain none; which he ascribes to some secret counsel of Jove, that, for plague to their impieties, strikes blind their understandings.

Of all the stars dwells, and, though thron'd aloft,  
 Of each man weighs yet both the work and thought,  
 Put in the roots of earth ; from whose womb grow  
 Men's needful means to pay the debt they owe 35  
 To life and living. And this Strife is far  
 More fit for men, and much the sprightlier ;  
 For he in whose hands<sup>r</sup> lives no love of art,  
 Nor virtuous industry, yet plucks up heart,  
 And falls to work for living. Any one, 40  
 Never so stupid and so base a drone,  
 Seeing a rich man haste to sow, and plant,  
 And guide his house well, feels with shame his want,  
 And labours like him. And this Strife is good.  
 When Strife for riches warms and fires the blood, 45  
 The neighbour doth the neighbour emulate,<sup>s</sup>  
 The potter doth the potter's profit hate,  
 The smith the smith with spleen inveterate,<sup>t</sup>  
 Beggar maligns the beggar for good done,  
 And the musician the musician. 50

This Strife, O Perses, see remember'd still ;  
 But fly Contention that insults on th' ill<sup>u</sup>  
 Of other men, and from thy work doth draw  
 To be a well-seen man in works of law.  
 Nor to those courts afford affected ear ; 55  
 For he that hath not, for the entire year,

<sup>38</sup> <sup>r</sup> Ἀπάλαμνος, *cujus manibus nulla ars, nulla sedulitas, inest.*

<sup>46</sup> <sup>s</sup> Ζηλοῖ. He shows artizans' emulations for riches, and approves that kind of contention. Notwithstanding Plato in *Lysias*, Aristotle in the 5. of his *Pol.* and 2. of his *Rhetor.* and Galen, refer this strife to the first harmful discord, yet Plutarch takes our author's part, and ascribes it to the virtuous contention.

<sup>48</sup> <sup>t</sup> Κορίω, *æstuo irā quam diu pressi in pectore.*

<sup>52</sup> <sup>u</sup> Ἐπὶ κακόχαρος, *alienis insultans calamitatibus contentio* ; which he calls their going to law.

Enough laid up beforehand, little need  
 Hath to take care those factious courts to feed  
 With what earth bears, and Ceres doth bestow.  
 With which when thou art satiate, nor dost know 60  
 What to do with it, then to these wars go  
 For others' goods; but see no more spent so  
 Of thine hereafter. Let ourselves decide,  
 With dooms direct, all differences implied  
 In our affairs; and, what is ratified 65  
 By Jove's will to be ours, account our own;  
 For that thrives ever best. Our discord, grown  
 For what did from our father's bounty fall,  
 We ended lately, and shared freely all; 69  
 When thou much more than thine hadst ravish'd home,  
 With which thou mad'st proud,<sup>x</sup> and didst overcome,  
 With partial affection to thy cause,  
 Those gift-devouring kings that sway our laws,  
 Who would have still retain'd us in their powers,  
 And given by their dooms what was freely ours. 75  
 O fools, that all things into judgment call,  
 Yet know not how much<sup>y</sup> half is more than all!  
 Nor how the mean life is the firmest still,  
 Nor of the mallow and the daffodill

<sup>71</sup> <sup>x</sup> Μέγα κυδαίνων, valde gloriosos reddens. Βασιλῆας δωροφάγους, reges donivoros.

<sup>72</sup> Ὑπέρλιον ἡμῶν παντὶς, *dimidium plus toto*. He commends the mean, and reproves those kings or judges that are too indulgent to their covetous and glorious appetites, from the frugal and competent life declining *ad πλεονεξίαν*, i. e. *ad plus habendi aviditatem inexhaustam*. Showing how ignorant they are; that the virtue of justice and mediocrity is to be preferred to injustice and insatiate avarice. By ἡμῶν he understands *medium inter lucrum et damnum*, which mean is more profitable and notable than παντὶς, i. e. *toto quo et sua pars retinetur, et alterius ad se pertrahitur*.

How great a good the little meals contain. 80  
 But God hath hid from men the healthful mean ;  
 For otherwise a man might heap, and play,  
 Enough to serve the whole year in a day,  
 And straight his draught-tree hang up in the smoke,  
 Nor more his labouring mules nor oxen yoke. 85

But Jove man's knowledge of his best bereav'd,  
 Conceiving anger, since he was deceiv'd  
 By that same wisdom-wresting<sup>a</sup> Japhet's son ;  
 For which all ill all earth did overrun.  
 For Jove close keeping in a hollow cave 90  
 His holy fire, to serve the use of man,  
 Prometheus stole it, by his human sleight,  
 From him that hath of all heaven's wit the height ;  
 For which He angry, thus to him began  
 The Cloud-assembler : " Thou most crafty man, 95  
 That joy'st to steal my fire, deceiving me,  
 Shalt feel that joy the greater grief to thee,  
 And therein plague thy universal race ;  
 To whom I'll give a pleasing ill, in place  
 Of that good fire, and all shall be so vain 100  
 To place their pleasure in embracing pain."

Thus spake and laugh'd of Gods and Men the Sire,  
 And straight enjoin'd the famous God of Fire

<sup>aa</sup> \* Ἀγκυλομήτης, he calls Prometheus; i. e. *qui obliqua agit consilia* ; who wrests that wisdom, which God hath given him to use to his glory, to his own ends ; which is cause to all the miseries men suffer, and of all their impious actions that deserve them. Jove's Fire signifies Truth, which Prometheus stealing, figures learned men's over-subtle abuse of divine knowledge, wresting it in false expositions to their own objects, thereby to inspire and puff up their own profane earth, intending their corporeal parts, and the irreligious delights of them. But, for the mythology of this, read my Lord Chancellor's book, *De Sapientia Veterum*, cap. 26, being infinitely better.

To mingle, instantly, with water earth ;  
 The voice and vigour of a human birth\* 105  
 Imposing in it, and so fair a face  
 As match'd th' Immortal Goddesses in grace,  
 Her form presenting a most lovely maid.  
 Then on Minerva his command he laid  
 To make her work, and wield the witty loom. 110  
 And, for her beauty, such as might become  
 The golden Venus, he commanded her  
 Upon her brows and countenance to confer  
 Her own bewitchings ; stuffing all her breast  
 With wild<sup>b</sup> desires incapable of rest, 115  
 And cares that feed to all satiety  
 All human lineaments. The crafty Spy  
 And Messenger of Godheads, Mercury,  
 He charg'd t' inform her with a dogged<sup>c</sup> mind,  
 And thievish manners. All as he design'd 120  
 Was put in act. A creature straight had frame  
 Like to a virgin, mild and full of shame ;  
 Which Jove's suggestion made the Both-foot-lame  
 Form so deceitfully, and all of earth  
 To forge the living matter of her birth. 125  
 Grey-eyed Minerva put her girdle on,  
 And show'd how loose parts, well composed, shone.  
 The deified Graces, and the Dame<sup>d</sup> that sets  
 Sweet words in chief form, golden carquenet  
 Embrac'd her neck withal. The fair-hair'd Hours 130

<sup>105</sup> \* Jove's creation of a woman.

<sup>115</sup> <sup>b</sup> *Kai πόθον*. An unwearied and wanton desire to exceed others, or an insatiate longing to be loved of all. *Γυιοκόρος, membra ad satietatem usque depascens. Μελεδώνας*, cares, or meditations of voluptuous satisfactions.

<sup>119</sup> <sup>c</sup> *Κύνειον τε νόον, caninam mentem, vel impudentem, και επίκλοπον ήθος, furaces mores.*

<sup>125</sup> <sup>d</sup> *Πειθώ*, or *Suada*, Goddess of persuasion, or eloquence.

Her gracious temples crown'd with fresh spring-flowers.  
 But of all these, employ'd in several place,  
 Pallas gave order<sup>e</sup> the impulsive grace.  
 Her bosom Hermes, the great God of spies,  
 With subtle fashions fill'd, fair words, and lies; 135  
 Jove prompting still. But all the voice<sup>f</sup> she us'd  
 The vocal herald of the Gods infus'd,  
 And call'd her name Pandora, since on her  
 The Gods did all their several gifts confer;  
 Who made her such, in every moving strain, 140  
 To be the bane of curious-minded men.

Her harmful and inevitable frame  
 At all parts perfect, Jove dismiss'd the Dame  
 To Epimetheus, in his herald's guide,  
 With all the Gods' plagues in a box beside. 145  
 Nor Epimetheus kept one word in store  
 Of what Prometheus had advised before,  
 Which was: That Jove should fasten on his hand  
 No gift at all, but he his wile withstand,  
 And back return it, lest with instant ill 150  
 To mortal men he all the world did fill.  
 But he first took the gift, and after griev'd.<sup>g</sup>

<sup>133</sup> ε' Εφῆρμοσε, *impetu inspirabat*, gave special force to all her attractions; which he says Pallas did, to show that to all beauty wisdom and discreet behaviour give the chief excitement.

<sup>136</sup> ἰ Φωνήν. Her voice the vocal or high-spoken herald of the gods imposed; all fair women affecting to be furthest heard, as well as most seen.

<sup>132</sup> κ' Ενόησε. When he had received and tried the ill, he knew it was ill, and grieved; but then was so infected with affection to it, that he could not reform nor refine it. For man's corporeal part, which is figured in Epimetheus, signifying the inconsiderate and headlong force of affection, not obeying his reasonable part or soul, nor using foresight fit for the prevention of ill, which is figured in Prometheus, he is deceived with a false shadow of pleasure; for the substantial and true



For first the families of mortals liv'd  
 Without and free from ill ; harsh labour then,  
 Nor sickness, hasting timeless age on men, 155  
 Their hard and wretched tasks impos'd on them  
 For many years ; but now a violent stream  
 Of all afflictions in an instant came,  
 And quench'd life's light that shin'd before in flame.  
 For when the woman<sup>h</sup> the unwieldy lid 160  
 Had once discover'd, all the miseries hid  
 In that curs'd cabinet dispers'd and flew  
 About the world ; joys pined, and sorrows grew.  
 Hope only rested in the box's brim,  
 And took not wing from thence. Jove prompted him  
 That ow'd the cabinet to clap it close 165  
 Before she parted ; but unnumber'd woes  
 Besides encount'ed men in all their ways ;  
 Full were all shores of them, and full all seas.

delight, fit to be embraced, which, found by Event (the school-master of fools), he repents too late. And, therefore, Horace truly, *nocet empty dolare voluptas*.

<sup>160</sup> <sup>h</sup> Ἄλλὰ γυνή, of this came the proverb, *γυναικῶν ἐλεθρος*, the plague of women ; and by the woman is understood Appetite, or Effeminate Affection, and customary or fashionable indulgence to the blood, not only in womanish affections, but in the general fashions of men's judgments and actions, both *δημαγωγική*, *id est*, populariter, or *gratid et autoritate quâ quis valet apud populum*; and *ψυχαγωγική*, *id est*, *vi ducendi et flectendi animum*, intending illusively, by this same *docta ignorantia*, of which many learned leaders of the mind are guilty ; and *συνφερώδης*, *id est*, the common source or sink of the vulgar, prevailing past the nobility and piety of humanity and religion, by which all sincere discipline is dissolved or corrupted, and so that discipline taken away (*tanquam operculo Pandore*), both the human body's and mind's dissolution, instantly (as out of the cave of Æolus) let the winds or forces of corruption violently break, *qua data porta, ruunt, et terras turbine perflant*. All which notwithstanding, no course or custom is so desperate in infection, but some hope is left to escape their punishment in every man, according to Ovid, *vivere spe vidi, qui moriturus erut*.

Diseases, day and night, with natural wings 170  
 And silent entries stole on men their stings ;  
 The great in counsels, Jove, their voices reft,  
 That not the truest might avoid their theft,  
 Nor any 'scape the ill, in any kind,  
 Resolv'd at first in his almighty mind. 175

And, wert thou willing, I would add to this  
 A second cause of men's calamities,  
 Sing all before, and since, nor will be long,  
 But short, and knowing ; and t' observe my song,  
 Be thy conceit and mind's retention strong. 180

When first both Gods and Men had one time's birth, ✓  
 The Gods of diverse-languag'd men on Earth  
 A Golden<sup>i</sup> world produc'd, that did sustain  
 Old Saturn's rule when he in heaven did reign ;  
 And then liv'd men, like Gods,<sup>k</sup> in pleasure here, 185  
 Indued with minds secure ; from toils, griefs, clear ;  
 Nor noisome age made any crooked ; there  
 Their feet went ever naked as their hands ;  
 Their cates were blessed, serving their commands,  
 With ceaseless plenties ; all days sacred made 190  
 To feasts, that surfeits never could invade.  
 Thus liv'd they long, and died as seis'd with sleep ;  
 All good things serv'd them ; fruits did ever keep  
 Their free fields crown'd, that all abundance bore ;

<sup>183</sup> *ἡρῶς*. Not only this description of Ages (as the critics observe) is imitated by all the Latin poets, but all the rest of this author ; and chiefly by Virgil himself. His sentence and invention made so common, that their community will darken the rarity of them in their original. And this was called the Golden Age (according to Plato) for the virtuous excellency of men's natural dispositions and manners.

<sup>184</sup> *ὡς θεοί, sed ut dii vivebant homines*. The poet, says Melancthon, could not but have some light of our parents' lives in Paradise.

All which all equal shared, and none wish'd more. 195  
 And, when the Earth had hid them, Jove's will was,  
 The good should into heavenly natures pass ;  
 Yet still held state on earth, and guardians<sup>1</sup> were  
 Of all best mortals still surviving there,  
 Observ'd works just and unjust, clad in air, 200  
 And, gliding undiscover'd everywhere,  
 Gave riches where they pleased ; and so were reft  
 Nothing of all the royal rule they left.

The Second Age, that next succeeded this,  
 Was far the worse ; which heaven-hous'd Deities 205  
 Of Silver fashion'd ; not like that of Gold  
 In disposition, nor so wisely soul'd.  
 For children then liv'd in their mothers' cares  
 (All that time growing still) a hundred years ;  
 And were such great fools at that age, that they 210  
 Could not themselves dispose a family.  
 And when they youths grew, having reach'd the date  
 That rear'd their forces up to man's estate,  
 They liv'd small space, and spent it all in pain,

<sup>195</sup> <sup>1</sup> Φύλακες ἀνθρώπων, *custodes hominum* ; from hence the opinion springeth that every man hath his good angel ; which sort of spirits, however discredited now to attend and direct men, Plutarch, in his Commentaries *De Oraculorum Defectu*, defends to retain assured being, in this sort ; as if a man should take away the interjected air betwixt the earth and the moon, that man must likewise dissolve all the coherence and actual unity of the universe, leaving *vacuum in medio*, and necessary bond of it all ; so they that admit no *Genii* leave betwixt God and men no reasonable mean for commerce, the interpretative and administering faculty, as Plato calls it, betwixt them utterly destroying, and withdrawing consequently all their reciprocal and necessary uses ; as the witches of Thessaly are said to pluck the moon out of her sphere. But these men being good, turned only good *Genii* ; the next Age, men, being bad, turned in their next being bad *Genii*, of which after was held a man's good and bad *Genius*.

Caused by their follies ; not of power t' abstain 215  
 From doing one another injury.  
 Nor would they worship any Deity,  
 Nor on the holy altars of the Blest  
 Any appropriate sacrifice addrest,  
 As fits the fashion of all human birth. 220  
 For which Jove, angry, hid them straight in earth,  
 Since to the blessed Deities of heaven  
 They gave not those respects they should have given.  
 But when the Earth had hid these like the rest,  
 They then were call'd the subterrestrial blest,<sup>m</sup> 225  
 And in bliss second, having honours then  
 Fit for the infernal spirits of powerful men.  
 Then form'd our Father Jove a Third Descent,  
 Whose Age was Brazen ; clearly different  
 From that of Silver. All the mortals there 230  
 Of wild ash fashion'd, stubborn and austere ;  
 Whose minds the harmful facts of Mars affected,  
 And petulant injury. All meats rejected  
 Of natural fruits and herbs. And these were they  
 That first began that table cruelty 235  
 Of slaught'ring beasts ; and therefore grew they fierce,  
 And not to be endur'd in their commerce.  
 Their ruthless minds in adamant were cut,

<sup>225</sup> <sup>m</sup> Ὑποχθόνιοι μάκαρες, *subterranei beati mortales vocantur.*  
 Out of their long lives and little knowledges, in neglect of religion, subject to painful and bitter death ; where the former good men sweetly slept him out. But for the powers of their bodies, being fashioned of the world's yet fresh and vigorous matter, their spirits that informed their bodies are supposed secondly powerful ; and that is intended in their recourse to earthly men, such as themselves were, furthering their affections and ambitions to ill, for which they had honour of those men, and of them were accounted blest, as the former good *Genii* were so, indeed, for exciting men to goodness.

Their strengths were dismal, and their shoulders put  
 Inaccessible hands out over all ; 240  
 Their brawny limbs arm'd with a brazen wall.  
 Their houses all were brazen, all of brass  
 Their working instruments, for black iron was  
 As yet unknown. And these (their own lives ending,  
 The vast and cold-sad house of hell descending) 245  
 No grace had in their ends ;<sup>a</sup> but though they were  
 Never so powerful, and enforcing fear,  
 Black death reduc'd their greatness in their spight  
 T' a little room,<sup>o</sup> and stopp'd their cheerful light.

When these left life, a Fourth Kind Jove gave birth  
 Upon the many-a-creature-nourishing earth ; 251  
 More just, and better than this race before—  
 Divine heröes, that the surnames bore  
 Of semigods ;<sup>p</sup> yet these impetuous fight  
 And bloody war bereft of life and light. 255  
 Some, in Cadmæan earth, contentious

<sup>246</sup> <sup>a</sup> Νῶνυμοι These he intends were such rude and powerful men, as not only refused, like the second sort, to do honour to the Deities, but directly rebelled against them, and affected here in earth celestial empery ; for which the Celestials let them see that they need none but themselves to take down their affectations ; and for their so huge conceit of themselves had never any least honour of others, which many great men of this Iron Age need not be ignorant, therefore, is the event of such great ones ; and, howsoever they laugh in their sleeves at any other being than this, they may take notice by their wisers, that, even according to reason, both, there are other beings, and differences of those beings, both in honours and miseries.

<sup>249</sup> <sup>o</sup> Εἰλέω, in arctum cogo, seu in angustum redigo.

<sup>254</sup> <sup>p</sup> Ἡμίθιοι, semidei. Intending Hercules, Jason, and others of those Argonauts whose ship was νηὺς Ἀργὸ πασιμέλονσα, navis omnibus curæ, because it held the care of all men in those that were in her ; intending of all the virtuous men that were then of name, who were called semigods for their godlike virtues.

To prise the infinite wealth of Œdipus,  
 Before seven-ported<sup>p</sup> Thebes ; some shipp'd upon  
 The ruthless waves, and led to Ilion,  
 For fair-hair'd Helen's love ; where, likewise, they 260  
 In bounds of death confin'd the beams of day.

To these yet Jove gave second life, and seat  
 At ends of all the earth ; in a retreat  
 From human feet, where souls secure they bear,  
 Amidst the Blessed Islands,<sup>q</sup> situate near 265  
 The gulfy-whirl-pit-eating ocean flood,  
 Happy heroes living ; for whose food  
 The plenty-bearing Tellus, thrice a year,  
 Delicious fruits and fragrant herbs doth bear.

O that I might not live now, to partake 270  
 The Age that must the Fifth succession make,  
 But either die before, or else were born  
 When all that Age is into ashes worn !  
 For that which next springs, in supply of this,  
 Will all of Iron<sup>r</sup> produce his families ; 275  
 Whose bloods shall be so banefully corrupt  
 They shall not let them sleep, but interrupt  
 With toils and miseries all their rests and fares,  
 The Gods such grave and soul-dissecting cares  
 Shall steep their bosoms in. And yet some good 280

<sup>258</sup> <sup>p</sup>Ἑπταπόλῳ. He calls this seven-ported Thebes, to distinguish it from that of Egypt, that had 100 ports, besides that Hypoplace in Cilicia.

<sup>265</sup> <sup>q</sup>Ἐν μακάρων νήσοισι, in beatorum insulis ; of which Fortunate Islands, vide Hom. Odyss. 8.

<sup>275</sup> <sup>r</sup>Γένος ἱστί σιδήρεον, *cujus genus est ferreum*. This Fifth Age he only prophesied of, almost three thousand years since ; which falling out in this age especially true shows how divine a truth inspired him ; and whether it be lawful or not, with Plato and all the formerly learned, to give these worthiest poets the commendation of divine.

Will God mix with their bad ; for when the blood  
 Faints in their nourishment, and leaves their hair  
 A little gray, Jove's hand will stop the air  
 'Twixt them and life, and take them straight away.  
 'Twixt men and women shall be such foul play 285  
 In their begetting pleasures, and their race  
 Spring from such false seed, that the son's stol'n face  
 Shall nought be like the sire's, the sire no more  
 Seen in his issue. No friend, as before,  
 Shall like his friend be ; nor no brother rest 290  
 Kind like his brother ; no guest like a guest  
 Of former times ; no child use like a child  
 His aged parents, but with manners wild  
 Revile and shame them ; their impiety  
 Shall never fear that *God's all-seeing eye* 295  
 Is fixt upon them, but shall quite despise  
 Repayment of their education's price,  
 'Bear their law in their hands, and when they get  
 Their father's free-given goods, account them debt.  
 City shall city ransack ; not a grace 300  
 T'ò any pious man shall show her face,  
 Nor to a just or good man. All, much more,  
 Shall grace a beastly and injurious bore.  
 No right shall seize on any hand of theirs,  
 Nor any shame make blush their black affairs. 305  
 The worse shall worse the better with bad words,  
 And swear him out of all his right affords.  
 Ill-lung'd,<sup>298</sup> ill-liver'd, ill-complexion'd Spight

<sup>298</sup> \* *Χειροδίκαι*, quibus jus est in manibus ; all this Ovid translates : *Nec hospes ab hospite tutus, non socer à genero ; fratrum quoque gratia rara est.*

<sup>303</sup> [*Bore*—boor.]

<sup>308</sup> *Δυσκίλαδος*, male seu graviter sonans ; *κακόχαρτος*, malis

Shall consort all the miserable plight  
Of men then living. Justice then, and Shame, 310  
Clad in pure white (as if they never came  
In touch of those societies) shall fly  
Up to the Gods' immortal family,  
From broad-way'd earth ; and leave grave griefs to men,  
That (desp'rate of amends) must bear all then. 315

But now to kings a fable I'll obtrude,  
Though clear they savor all it can include :  
The hawk<sup>a</sup> once having trust up in his seras  
The sweet-tun'd nightingale, and to the spheres  
His prey transferring, with his talons she 320  
Pinch'd too extremely, and incessantly  
Crying for anguish, this imperious speech  
He gave the poor bird : " Why complain'st thou wretch?  
One holds thee now that is thy mightier far ;  
Go as he guides, though ne'er so singular 325  
Thou art a singer ; it lies now in me  
To make thee sup me, or to set thee free.  
Fool that thou art, whoever will contend  
With one whose faculties his own transcend  
Both fails of conquest, and is likewise sure 330  
Besides his wrong he shall bad words endure."

Thus spake the swift and broad-wing'd bird of prey.  
But hear<sup>x</sup> thou justice, and hate injury.

*gaudent, vel quo mali gaudent et delectantur, vel alienis insultans calamitatibus ; στυγερῶπης, inviso aspectu, et torvis oculis cernens ; all epithets of ζῆλος.*

<sup>318</sup> <sup>a</sup> "Ιρῆξ, accipiter. The manners of the mighty towards the mean are figured in this fiction by the nightingale understanding learned and virtuous men. The following verse, ἀφρων, imprudens, &c. follows the most Sacred Letter, non esse reluctandum potentioribus.

<sup>323</sup> x'Ω Πίρση. He speaks to his brother and returns to his first proposition ; of the fit contention to which he persuaded



Wrong touches near a miserable man ;  
 For (though most patient) yet he hardly can 335  
 Forbear just words, and feel injurious deeds.  
 Unjust loads vex ; he hardly bears that bleeds.  
 And yet hath Wrong to Right a better way,  
 For in the end will Justice win the day.  
 Till which who bears sees then amends arise ; 340  
 The fool<sup>341</sup> first suffers, and is after wise.  
 But crooked<sup>342</sup> Justice jointly hooks with it  
 Injurious Perjury ; and that unfit  
 Outrage brib'd judges use, that makes them draw  
 The way their gifts go, ever cuts out law 345  
 By crooked measures. Equal Justice then,  
 All clad in air, th' ill minds of bribed men  
 Comes after mourning, mourns the city's ill,  
 Which, where she is expelled, she brings in still.  
 But those that with impartial dooms extend 350  
 As well to strangers as their household friend  
 The law's pure truth, and will in no point stray  
 From forth the straight tract of the equal way,  
 With such the city all things noble nourish,

him before ; and though shame and injustice are fled in others, yet he wisheth him to love and embrace them. The elegant description immediately before being truly philosophical, and is handled at large by Plato in Protagoras.

<sup>341</sup> ἡ παθὼν νήπιος, *passus vero stultus supit*, which was since usurped proverbially ; signifying that wisdom to be folly that we learn but of our own first suffered afflictions, which yet I think far exceeds any wisdom that was never taught nor confirmed by first feeling infortunes and calamities.

<sup>342</sup> Ἐσκολῆσαι δίκην *properly signifies curvis vel tortuosis judiciis*, which, he says, ravish together with them perjury. Alluding to crooked things, or things wrapt together like brambles, that catch and keep with them whatsoever touches them. Our proverb, to overtake with a crooked measure, not ridiculously applied to this grave metaphor ; *σκολιαι δίκαι*, not signifying in this place what our critics teach, *vid. lites iniquas*, but *judicia iniqua seu tortuosa*.

With such the people in their profits flourish ; 355  
 Sweet Peace along the land goes, nor to them  
 All-seeing Jove will destinate th' extreme  
 Of baneful war. No hunger ever comes,  
 No ill, where judges use impartial dooms.  
 But goods well got maintain still neighbour feasts ; 360  
 The fields flow there with lawful interests ;  
 On hills the high oak acorns bears ; in dales  
 Th' industrious bee her honey sweet exhales,  
 And full-fell'd sheep are shorn with festivals ;  
 There women bring forth children like their sire, 365  
 And all, in all kinds, find their own entire ;  
 Nor ever plow they up the barren seas,  
 Their own fat fields yield store enough to please.  
 But whom rude Injury delights, and acts  
 That misery and tyranny contracts, 370  
 Sharp-sighted Jove for such predestines pain ;  
 And oftentimes\* the whole land doth sustain,  
 For one man's wickedness, that thriving in  
 Inequal dooms, still makes him sentence him.  
 For where such men bear privileg'd office still, 375

<sup>372</sup> \*Πολλάκι. Oftentimes for one ill man a whole city suffers ; which sentence, in near the same words, is used in Ecclesiastes, *Sepe universa civitas mali viri pœnam luit*. And as before he recounts the blessings that accompany good kings or judges, so here he remembers the plagues that pursue the bad, enforcing in both, as I may say, the ebbing or flowing of every commonwealth by them. For law being soul to every such politic body, and judges, as if essence to that soul, in giving it form and being, according to their sentence and expositions of it, the body politic of force must fare well or ill, as it is governed well or ill ; no otherwise than as the body of a man suffers good or ill by his soul's good or bad information and discipline. These threats used here, saith Melancthon, as in divers other places of this divine poet, he questionless gathered out of the doctrine of Moses and the Prophets, with whom the like combinations are everywhere frequent.

There Jove pours down whole deluges of ill ;  
 Famine and Pestilence together go ;  
 The people perish ; women barren grow ;  
 Whole houses vanish there sometimes in peace ;  
 And sometimes armies, rais'd to shield th' increase 380  
 The Gods late gave them, even those Gods destroy,  
 Their rampires ruin, and let Rapine joy  
 The goods Injustice gather'd ; or, elsewhere,  
 Jove sinks their ships, and leaves their ventures there.  
 Weigh, then, <sup>b</sup>yourselves this justice, O ye kings ; 385  
 For howsoever oft unequal things  
 Obtain their pass, they pass not so the eyes  
 Of all the all-discerning Deities ;  
 For close and conversant their virtues be  
 With men ; and, how they grate each other, see, 390  
 With wrested judgments ; yielding no cares due  
 To those sure wrecks with which the Gods pursue  
 Unequal judges. Though on earth there are  
 Innumerable Gods that minister  
 Beneath great Jove, that keep men, clad in air, 395  
 Corrupt dooms noting, and each false affair,  
 And, gliding through the earth, are everywhere.  
 Justice is seed to Jove, in all fame dear,  
 And reverend to the Gods inhabiting Heaven,  
 And still a Virgin ; whom when men ill given 400  
 Hurt, and abhorring from the right shall wrong,  
 She, for redress, to Jove her sire complains

<sup>385</sup> <sup>b</sup>*Kai' avroi*. He would have judges enter into consideration themselves of the dangers in injustice, which presently after he reduces into three arguments. The first, *oi avroí, sili ipsi*, which sentence to admiration agrees to that of the Scripture, *Incidit in foveam quam fecit* ; the second for fear of further punishment from God ; the third he makes out of the natural indignity and absurdity of the thing.

Of the unjust mind every man sustains,  
 And prays the people may repay the pains  
 Their kings have forfeited in their offences, 405  
 Depraving justice, and the genuine senses  
 Of laws corrupted in their sentences.

Observing this, ye gift-devouring kings,  
 Correct your sentences; and to their springs  
 Remember ever to reduce those streams 410  
 Whose crooked courses every man condemns.

Whoever forgeth for another ill,  
 With it himself is overtaken still.

In ill men run on that they most abhor;  
 Ill counsel worst is to the councillor. 415

For Jove's eye all things seeing, and knowing all,  
 Even these things, if he will, of force must fall  
 Within his sight and knowledge; nor to him  
 Can these brib'd dooms in cities shine so dim  
 But he discerns them, and will pay them pain; 420  
 Else would not I live justly amongst men,

Nor to my justice frame my children,  
 If to be just is ever to be ill,  
 And that the unjust finds most justice still,  
 And Jove gave each man in the end his will. 425

But he that loves the lightning (I conceive)  
 To these things thus will no conclusion give.

However, Perses,<sup>c</sup> put these in thy heart,

<sup>426</sup> c<sup>o</sup> Ω Πέρση. He persuades his brother to the love of justice by argument taken from the true nature of man, that, by virtue of his divine soul, naturally loves it; because God infused into that divine beam of his being immortal a love to that that preserved immortality without that immortal destruction affected in injustice. Fishes, beasts, and fowls, endued naturally with no such love to justice, but allowed by God to do like themselves and devour one another; which that men should do as well as they, is most inhuman and full of confu-

And to the equity of things convert  
 Thy mind's whole forces, all thought striking dead 430  
 To that foul Rapine that hath now such head.  
 For in our manhoods Jove hath justice clos'd,  
 And as a law upon our souls impos'd.  
 Fish, fowl, and savage beasts, (whose law is pow'r)  
 Jove lets each other mutually devour, 435  
 Because they lack the equity he gives  
 To govern men, as far best for their lives;  
 And therefore men should follow it with strives.  
 For he that knows the justice of a cause,  
 And will in public ministry of laws 440  
 Give sentence to his knowledge, be he sure  
 God will enrich him. But who dares abjure  
 His conscious knowledge, and belie the law,  
 Past cure will that wound in his conscience draw,  
 And for his radiance now his race shall be 445  
 The deeper plung'd in all obscurity.  
 The just man's state shall in his seed exceed,  
 And, after him, breed honours as they breed.

But why men's ills prevail so much with them,  
 I, that the good know, will uncloud the beam 450  
 In whose light lies the reason. With much ease  
 To Vice, and her love, men may make access,  
 Such crews in rout herd to her, and her court  
 So passing near lies, their way sweet and short;  
 But before Virtue<sup>d</sup> do the Gods rain sweat, 455

sion, as well in their deformed mixture as in the ruin that inseparably follows it. But his confidence here, that whosoever will do justice freely, and without respect of riches, God will enrich him, and that the worse-inclined will feel it in the hell of his conscience, the other's seed prospering beyond himself, is truly religious and right Christian.

<sup>455</sup> <sup>d</sup> Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς, *ante virtutem*. His argument to persuade

Through which, with toil and half-dissolved feet,  
 You must wade to her ; her path long and steep,  
 And at your entry 'tis so sharp and deep,  
 But scaling once her height, the joy is more  
 Than all the pain she put you to before. 460  
 The pain at first, then, both to love and know  
 Justice and Virtue, and those few that go  
 Their rugged way, is cause 'tis follow'd lest.  
 \*Of all men, therefore, he is always best  
 That, not depending on the mightiest, 465  
 Nor on the most, hath of himself descried  
 All things becoming ; and goes fortified  
 In his own knowledge so far as t' intend

to Virtue here is taken both from her own natural fate and the divine disposition of God ; for as she hath a body, being supposed the virtue of man, and through the worthily exercised and instructed organs of that body her soul receives her excitation to all her expressible knowledge (for *dati sunt sensus ad excitandum intellectum*), so to the love and habit of knowledge and Virtue there is first necessarily required a laborious and painful conflict, fought through the knowledge and hate of the miseries and beastliness of Vice ; and this painful passage to Virtue Virgil imitated in his translation of the Pythagorean letter  $\Upsilon$ .  $\iota\delta\rho\omega\varsigma$ , or *sudor*, is to be understood of sweat, *ex labore et fatigatione orto*.

<sup>464</sup>  $\epsilon$   $\omicron\upsilon\tau\omicron\varsigma$   $\mu\epsilon\nu$   $\pi\alpha\nu\delta\iota\omicron\tau\omicron\varsigma$ . He tells here who is at all parts the best and happiest man, which Virgil even to a word almost recites, and therefore more than imitates, in this, *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, &c. wherein our divine and all-teaching poet since describes three sorts of men ; one that loves virtue out of knowledge acquired and elaborate, which the philosopher calls *scientiam acquisitam* ; the second, that loves her out of admonitions, which he calls *infusam scientiam* ; the third is he that hath neither of those two knowledges, nor is capable of either, having both these ignorances in him, viz. *ignorantiam pravae dispositionis* and *purae negationis*. Livy, as well as Virgil, recites this place almost *ad verbum* in *Fabio et Minutio*, in these words, *Saepe ego audiivi, milites, eum primum esse virum qui ipse consulat quid in rem sit ; secundum eum qui bene monenti obediatur ; qui nec ipse consulere nec alteri parere scit eum, extremi ingenii esse*.

What now is best, and will be best at th' end.  
 Yet he is good, too, and enough doth know, 470  
 That only follows, being admonish'd how.  
 But he that neither of himself can tell  
 What fits a man, nor being admonish'd well  
 Will give his mind to learn, but flat refuse,  
 That man cast out from every human use. 475  
 Do thou, then, ever in thy memory place  
 My precepts, Perses, sprung of sacred race,  
 And work out what thou know'st not, that with hate  
 Famine may prosecute thy full estate,  
 And rich-wreath'd Ceres (reverenc'd of all) 480  
 Love thee as much, and make her festival  
 Amids thy granaries. Famine evermore  
 Is natural consort of the idle boor.  
 Whoever idly lives, both Gods and men  
 Pursue with hateful and still-punishing spleen. 485  
 The slothful man is like the stingless drone,  
 That all his power and disposition  
 Employs to rob the labours of the bee,  
 And with his sloth devours her industry.  
 Do thou repose thy special pleasure, then, 490  
 In still being conversant with temperate pain,  
 That to thee still the Seasons may send home  
 Their utmost store. With labour men become  
 Herdful and rich ; with labour thou shalt prove  
 Great both in human and the Deities' love. 495  
 One with another, all combin'd in one,  
 Hate with infernal horror th' idle drone.  
 Labour, and thrive, and th' idle 'twill inflame.  
 No shame to Labour ; Sloth is yok'd with shame.  
 Glory and Virtue into consort fall 500

With wealth ; wealth, Godlike, wins the grace of all ;  
 Since which yet springs out of the root of pain,  
 'Pain hath precedence, so thou dost maintain  
 The temper fitting, and the foolish vein  
 Of striving for the wealth of other men 505  
 Thou giv'st no vent, but on thine own affairs  
 Convert'st thy mind, and thereon lay'st thy cares.  
 And then put on with all the spirit you can ;  
 Shame is not good in any needy man.  
 Shame much obscures, and makes as much to fame ;  
 Wealth loves audacity ; Want favours shame. 511  
 Riches, not ravish'd, but divinely sent  
 For virtuous labour, are most permanent.  
 If any stand on force, and get wealth so,  
 Or with the tongue spoil, as a number do, 515  
 When gain, or craft, doth overgo the soul,  
 And impudence doth honest shame controul,  
 God easily can the so-made-great disgrace,  
 And his house, rais'd so, can as easily race.  
 Riches bear date but of a little space. 520  
<sup>s</sup> Who wrongs an humble suppliant, doth offend  
 As much as he that wrongs a guest, or friend.

<sup>503</sup> *Ἐργάζεσθαι, laborare autem melius.* Notwithstanding he hath no other way to persuade his unwise brother to follow his business, and leave his strife in law for other men's goods, but to propose wealth and honour for the fruits of it, yet he prefers labour alone, joined with love of virtue and justice, and the good expence of a man's time, before wealth and honour with covetousness and contention.

<sup>521</sup> *ἡ ἴσον δ' ὄγ, par est delictum.* He says it is as great a sin to wrong a poor suppliant as to wrong a man's best friend or guest, which was then held one of the greatest impieties ; and to deceive an orphan of his dead parent's gift he affirms to be nothing less an offence than to ascend to the bed of his brother ; not that he makes all sins alike, but shows how horrible those sins are with which we are most familiar.



Who for his brother's wife's love doth ascend  
 His brother's bed, and hath his vicious end,  
 Offends no more than he that doth deceive 535  
 An orphan of the goods his parents leave ;  
 Or he that in the wretched bounds of age  
 Reviles his father. All these Jove enrage,  
 And shall receive of him revenge at last,  
 Inflicting all pains that till then they past. 530

From all these, therefore, turn thy striving mind,  
 And to thy utmost see the Gods assign'd,  
 Chastely and purely, all their holy dues.  
 Burn fattest thighs to them ; and sometimes use  
 Off'rings of wine ; sometimes serve their delights 535  
 With burning incense ; both when bed-time cites  
 And when from bed the sacred morning calls ;  
 That thou may'st render the Celestials  
 All ways propitious ; and so none else gather  
 Thy fortunes strow'd, but thou reap others rather. 540

Suffer thy foe thy table ; call thy friend  
 In chief one near, for if occasion send  
 Thy household use of neighbours, they undrest  
 Will haste to thee, where thy allies will rest  
 Till they be ready. An ill neighbour is 545  
 A curse ; a good one is as great a bliss.  
 He hath a treasure, by his fortune sign'd,  
 That hath a neighbour of an honest mind.  
 No loss of ox, or horse, a man shall bear,  
 Unless a wicked neighbour dwell too near. 550  
 Just measure take of neighbours, just repay,  
 The same receiv'd, and more, if more thou may,  
 That after needing, thou may'st after find  
 Thy wants' supplier of as free a mind.

<sup>b</sup>Take no ill gain; ill gain brings loss as ill. 555  
 Aid quit with aid; good-will pay with good-will.  
 Give him that hath given; him that hath not give not;  
 Givers men give; gifts to no givers thrive not.  
 Giving is good, rapine is deadly ill.  
 Who freely gives, though much, rejoiceth still; 560  
 Who ravines is so wretched, that, though small  
 His first gift be, he grieves as if 'twere all.  
 Little to little added, if oft done,  
 In small time makes a great possession.  
 Who adds to what is got, needs never fear 565  
 That <sup>1</sup>swarth-cheek'd hunger will devour his cheer;  
<sup>k</sup>Nor will it hurt a man though something more  
 Than serves mere need he lays at home in store;  
 And best at home, it may go less abroad.  
 If cause call forth, at home provide thy rode, 570  
 Enough for all needs, for free spirits die  
 To want, being absent from their own supply.  
 Which note, I charge thee. At thy purse's height,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>555</sup> <sup>b</sup> *Kakà kepð., mala lucra equalia in damnis.* According to this of the Scripture, *Male partam male disperit; et de male quaesitis non gaudet tertius haeres.*

<sup>566</sup> <sup>1</sup> *Αἰθονα λιμὸν, atram famem.* Black or swarth he calls famine or hunger; *ab effectu quod nigrum aut lucidum colorem inducat.*

<sup>567</sup> <sup>k</sup> *Οὐδὲ.* He says it will not hurt a man to have a little more than needs merely laid up at home; as we say, it will eat a man no meat, and prefers keeping a man's store at home to putting it forth, for it may go less so, as often it doth.

<sup>573</sup> <sup>1</sup> *Ἀρχομένου, incipiente dolio.* At the beginning or height of a man's store he adviseth liberality, and at the bottom; in the midst frugality; admonishing therein not to be prodigal nor sordid or wretched; but, as at the top of the cask wine is the weakest and thinnest, because it is most near the air, and therefore may there be best spent, at the bottom full of lees, and so may there be best spared, in the midst neatest and briskest, and should be then most made of or husbanded, so in the midst of a man's purse he adviseth parsimony.

And when it fights low, give thy use his freight;  
 When in the midst thou art, then check the blood; 575  
 Frugality at bottom is not good.  
 Even with thy brother think a <sup>m</sup>witness by,  
 When thou would'st laugh, or converse liberally;  
 Despair hurts none beyond credulity.

Let never <sup>n</sup>neat-girt dame, that all her wealth 580  
 Lays on her waist, make profit of her stealth  
 On thy true judgment; nor be heard to feign  
 With her fork'd tongue, so far forth as to gain  
 Thy candle rent (she calls it). He that gives  
 A woman trust doth trust a den of thieves. 585  
 °One only son preserves a family,  
 As feeding it with only fit supply.  
 And that house to all height his riches rears  
 Whose sire dies old, and leaves a son of years.  
 To many children, too, God easily spares 590

577 <sup>m</sup> Ἐπὶ μάρτυρα θέσθαι, *testem adhibeto*. The critics expound it as if a man, talking privately and liberally with his brother, should confer so securely that he must ever bring a witness with him of what words passed him; and the critics intend it personally, where the word θέσθαι signifies here only *supputa*, *cogita*, hypothetically, or by way of supposition; θέσθαι coming of τίθημι, i. e. θέσιν et ὑπόθεσιν, *facio, esto ut ita sit*: suppose there were a witness by, and be as circumspect in speeches with your brother, even in your most private and free discourse, as if you supposed a third man heard you. The other exposition is to be exploded.

580 <sup>n</sup> Πυρόστολος, *qui vel quæ clunes exornat*.

586 ° Μονογενής, *unigenitus*. He says one only son preserves his father's house, and adds most ingeniously, φέρβειν, i. e. *pascendo seu nutriendo*; intending that he adds only necessary vital fuel, as it were, to his father's decaying fire; where many sons oftentimes rather famish or extinguish a family than nourish or fuel it; and yet he adds, most gravely and piously, that God can easily give store of goods fit for the greatest store of children; but yet the more children the more care; and speaking to the happiest state of a family, he prefers one supplier to many.

Wealth store ; but still, more children the more cares,  
And to the house the more access is made.  
If, then, the hearty love of wealth invade  
Thy thrifty mind, perform what follows here,  
P And, one work done, with others serve the year. 595

<sup>595</sup> P" *Ἐρδεν, sic facito.* A general conclusion, and transition  
to his doctrine of the next book.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.





THE SECOND BOOK OF THE GEORGICS  
OF HESIOD.



HEN, Atlas' birth, the Pleiades arise,  
Harvest begin, plow when they leave  
the skies.

Twice twenty days and nights these  
hide their heads ;

The year then turning, leave again their beds,  
And show when first to whet the harvest steel. 5  
This likewise is the law the fields must feel,  
Both with sea-dwellers, near and high, and those  
Whose winding valleys Neptune overflows,  
That \*fenny grounds and marshes dwell upon,  
Along the fat and fruitful region. 10  
But, wheresoever thou inhabit'st, ply  
The fields before fierce winter's cruelty

<sup>1</sup> He begins his Works, to which immediately before he prepares his brother; this whole book containing precepts of husbandry, both for field and family. By the ascent and set of the Pleiades is shown the harvest and seed season, as well for ground near the seas as the far distant. The Pleiades, called the daughters of Atlas, are the seven stars in the back of the Bull, which the Latins called *Vergilius*; when which are seen near the sun rising, which is in June, he appoints entry on harvest affairs; when in the morning they leave this hemisphere, which is in November, he designs seed-time.

<sup>2</sup> \**ἄγρεα, palustrem terram significat.*

Oppress thy pains, when thou may'st naked plow,  
 Naked cast in thy seed, and naked mow,  
 If timely thou wilt bear into thy barn 15  
 The works of Ceres ; and to that end learn  
 As timely to prepare thy whole increase,  
 Lest, in the meantime, thy necessities  
 Importune thee at others' doors to stand,  
 And beg supplies to thy unthrifty hand ; 20  
 As now thou com'st to me, but I no more  
 Will give, or lend thee, what thou may'st restore  
 By equal measure, nor will trust thee so.  
 Labour, vain Perses, and those labours do,  
 That, by the certain sign of beggary 25  
<sup>b</sup> Demonstrated in idle drones, thine eye  
 May learn the work that equal Deity  
 Imposeth of necessity on men ;  
 Lest with thy wife, and wanting childeren,  
 (Thy mind much griev'd) thou seek'st of neighbours food,  
 Thine own means failing. Men grow cold in good. 31  
 Some twice, or thrice, perhaps, thy neighbour will  
 Supply thy wants ; whom if thou troubl'st still,  
 Thou com'st off empty, and to air dost strain  
 A world of words ; words store make wanting men. 35  
 I charge thee, therefore, see thy thoughts employ'd  
 To pay thy debts, and how thou may'st avoid  
 Deserved famine. To which end, first see  
 Thy wife well order'd, and thy family ;  
 Thy plow-drawn ox ; thy <sup>c</sup>maid, without her spouse, 40

<sup>26</sup> <sup>b</sup> Διατεκμαιρομαι, per signum demonstro ita ut conjectare sit facile.

<sup>40</sup> <sup>c</sup> Κρητην, famulam consideratè acquisitam. He would have her likewise unmarried, οὐ γαμετην, non nuptam ; his reason he shows after.

And wisely hir'd, that business in thy house  
 May first work off, and then to tillage come.  
 To both which offices make fit at home  
 Everything needful, lest abroad thou send  
 To ask another, and he will not lend; 45  
 Meantime thou want'st them, time flies fast away,  
 Thy work undone, which not from day to day  
 Thou should'st defer; the <sup>d</sup>work-deferrer never  
 Sees full his barn; nor he that leaves work ever,  
 And still is gadding out. <sup>e</sup>Care-flying ease 50  
 Gives labour ever competent increase.  
<sup>f</sup>He that with doubt his needful business crosses  
 Is ever wrastling with his certain losses.  
 When, therefore, of the <sup>g</sup>swift-sharp-sighted sun  
 The chief force faints, and <sup>h</sup>sweating heat is done, 55  
 Autumn grown old, and <sup>i</sup>opening his last vein,  
 And great Jove steeping all things in his rain,  
 Man's body chang'd, and made more lightsome far,  
 (For then but small time shines the Sirian star  
 Above the heads of <sup>k</sup>hard-fate-foster'd man, 60  
 Rising near day, and his beams Austrian  
 Enjoy'd in night most,)—when, I say, all this  
 Follows the season, and the forest is

<sup>48</sup> <sup>d</sup> Ἐρωσιεργός, non assiduus in opere.

<sup>50</sup> <sup>e</sup> Μέλιν, cura cum industriâ et exercitatione.

<sup>52</sup> <sup>f</sup> Ἀμβολιεργός, qui opus de die in diem rejicit et procrastinat.

<sup>54</sup> <sup>g</sup> Ὀξύς ἡέλιος, metaphoricè accipitur pro acumine et visus celeritate.

<sup>56</sup> <sup>h</sup> Ἰδαίμος, sudorificus humidus calor does not express the word, being so turned in the verbal translation.

<sup>58</sup> <sup>i</sup> Μεροπωρινός, qui extremi et senescentis Autumni est.

<sup>60</sup> <sup>k</sup> Κηριτρεφής, qui unâ cum lethifero fato alitur, vel qui educatur inter multas avaræ sortis miseras, the most fit epithet of man.

<sup>63</sup> Pro sylôd.

Sound, being fell'd, his leaves upon the ground  
Before let fall, and leaving what they crown'd, 65  
Then constantly take time to fell thy wood ;  
Of husbandry the time kept is the blood.

Cut then your three-foot <sup>1</sup>quern ; whose pestle cut  
Three cubits long ; your axletree seven foot.  
If it be eight foot, cut your mallet thence ; 70  
The fells, that make your cart's circumference,  
Cut three spans long. Many crook'd pieces more,  
Ten palms in length, fell for your wagons' store.  
All which poor rules a rich convenience yield.

If thou shalt find a culter in the field, 75  
Or on the mountain, either elm or oak,  
Convey it home, since, for thy beasts of yoke  
To plow withal, 'twill most his strength maintain ;  
And, chiefly, if <sup>m</sup>Athenian Ceres' swain  
It fixing to the draught-tree, lest it fails, 80  
Shall fit it to the handles' stay with nails.

Two plows compose, to find thee work at home,  
One with a share that of itself doth come  
From forth the plow's whole piece, and one set on ;  
Since so 'tis better much, for, either gone, 85  
With th' other thou may'st instantly impose  
Work on thy oxen. On the laurel grows,  
And on the elm, your best plow-handles ever ;  
Of oak your draught-tree ; from the maple never  
Go for your culter ; for your oxen chuse 90  
Two males of nine years' old, for then their use

<sup>65</sup> <sup>1</sup>Ὀλμον. A kind of mortar to bray corn in, which the ancients used for a little mill or quern.

<sup>79</sup> <sup>m</sup>Ἀθηναίης δμῶος, *Attica Cereris servus* ; a periphrasis of a plowman ; she being called Attic Ceres, *quod ipsa Athenienses, adeoque omnes homines, de frugibus docuerit.*



Is most available, since their strengths are then  
 Not of the weakest, and the youthful mean  
 Sticks in their nerves still; nor will these contend  
 With skittish tricks, when they the stitch should end, <sup>95</sup>  
 To break their plow, and leave their work undone.  
 These let a youth of <sup>n</sup>forty wait upon,  
 Whose bread at meals in four good shivers cut,  
 Eight bits in every shive; for <sup>o</sup>that man, put  
 To his fit task, will see it done past talk 100  
 With any fellow; nor will ever balk  
 In any stitch he makes, but give his mind  
 With care t' his labour. And this man no hind  
 (Though much his younger) shall his better be  
 At sowing seed, and, shunning skilfully, 105  
 Need to go over his whole work again.  
 Your younger man feeds still a flying vein  
 From his set task, to hold his equals chat,  
 And trifles works he should be serious at. 109  
 Take notice, then, when thou the crane shalt hear  
 Aloft out of the clouds her clangs rear,  
 That then he gives thee signal when to sow,  
 And Winter's wrathful season doth foreshow;

<sup>97</sup> *ἡ τετρατρυφον, ὀκτάβλωμον, quadrifidum, octo morsuum.* He commends a man of forty for a most fit servant; and therefore prescribes allowance of bread to his meals something extraordinary, saying he would have allowed four shives of bread at a meal to his meat, every shive containing eight bits or morsels; not that the whole four shives should contain but eight morsels, as the critics expound it; for how absurd is it to imagine a shive of bread but two bits? and how pinching a diet it were for an able plow-man?

<sup>99</sup> *ὅς κ' ἔργον.* *Qui quidem opus curans, et etatis quam in servo requirit (says Melancthon) rationes addit admodum graves, sentitque multum situm esse in maturitate etatis.* Forty years then being but a youth's age.

And then the man, that can no oxen get,  
 Or wants the season's work, his heart doth eat. 115  
 Then feed thy oxen in the house with hay ;  
 Which he that wants with ease enough will say,  
 " Let me, alike, thy wain and oxen use."  
 Which 'tis as easy for thee to refuse,  
 And say thy oxwork then importunes much. 120  
 He that is rich in brain will answer such :  
 " Work up thyself a wagon of thine own ;  
 For to the foolish borrower is not known  
 That each wain asks a hundred joints of wood ;  
 These things ask forecast, and thou shouldst make good  
 At home before thy need so instant stood." 125  
 When, therefore, first fit plow-time doth disclose,  
 Put on thy spirit ; all, as one, dispose  
 Thy servants and thyself ; plow wet and dry ;  
 And when Aurora first affords her eye, 130  
 In Spring-time, turn the earth up ; which see done  
 Again, past all fail, by the Summer's sun.  
 Hasten thy labours, that thy crowned fields  
 May load themselves to thee, and rack their yields.  
 The tilth-field sow on earth's most light foundations ; 135  
 The P'tilth-field, banisher of execrations,  
 Pleaser of sons and daughters ; which, t' improve  
 With all wish'd profits, pray to earthly Jove,  
 And virtuous Ceres, that on all such suits  
 Her sacred gift bestows in blessing fruits. 140

<sup>138</sup> ΠΝεῖδος ἀλεξιάρην, *novalis imprecationum expultrix*. The tilth-field he calls banisher of execrations, and pleaser of sons and daughters ; first, because rude husbandmen use to curse when their crops answer not their expectations ; and next, it pleases sons and daughters since it helps add to their portions.

When first thou enter'st foot to plow thy land,  
 And on thy plow-staff's top hast laid thy hand,  
 Thy oxen's backs, that next thee by a chain  
 Thy oaken draught-tree draw, put to the pain  
 Thy goad imposes ; and thy boy behind,      145  
 That with his iron rake thou hast design'd  
 To hide thy seed, let from his labour drive  
 The birds that offer on thy sweat to live.  
 The best thing that in human needs doth fall  
 Is Industry, and Sloth the worst of all.      150  
 With one, thy corn-ears shall with fruit abound,  
 And bow their thankful foreheads to the ground ;  
 With th' other, scarce thy seed again redound.

When Jove, then, gives this good end to thy pain,  
 Amids the vessels that preserve thy grain      155  
 No spiders then shall need t' usurp their room,  
 But thou, I think, rejoice, and rest at home,  
 Provision inn'd enough of everything  
 To give thee glad heart till the neighbour Spring,  
 Not go to others to supply thy store,      160  
 But others need to come to thee for more.

If at the sun's conversion thou shalt sow  
 The sacred earth, thou then may'st <sup>9</sup> sit and mow  
 Or reap in harvest ; such a little pain  
 Will serve thy use to sell thy thin-grown grain,      165  
 And reaps so scanty will take up thy hand ;  
 Thou hid in dust, not comforted a sand,  
 But gather 'gainst the grain. Thou should'st be then

<sup>163</sup> <sup>9</sup> *ἡμενος, sedens.* He disproves sowing at the winter solstice, and says he that doth sow then may sit and reap for any labour his crop will require ; a reap they call as much as at once the reaper grasps in his hand.

Coop'd in a basket up ; for worldly men  
Admire no unthrifts, Honour goes by gain. 170  
As times still change, so changeth Jove his mind,  
Whose seasons mortal men can hardly find.

But if thou shouldst sow late, this well may be,  
In all thy slackness, an excuse for thee :  
When in the oak's green arms the cuckoo sings, 175  
And first delights men in the lovely springs,  
If much rain fall, 'tis fit then to defer  
Thy sowing work ; but how much rain to bear,  
And let no labour to that much give ear  
Past intermission, let Jove steep the grass 180  
Three days together, so he do not pass  
An ox's hoof in depth, and never stay  
To strow thy seed in ; but if deeper way  
Jove with his rain makes, then forbear the field,  
For late-sown then will past the foremost yield. 185

Mind well all this ; nor let it fly thy pow'rs  
To know what fits the white Spring's early flow'rs ;  
Nor when rains timely fall ; nor, when sharp cold  
In Winter's wrath doth men from work withhold,  
Sit by smiths' forges,<sup>r</sup> nor warm taverns<sup>a</sup> haunt, 190  
Nor let the bitterest of the season daunt  
Thy thrift-arm'd pains, like idle Poverty ;  
For then the time is when th' industrious thigh  
Upholds, with all increase, his family.

<sup>180</sup> ῥ Χαλκειον θῶκον, *æneam sedem*. By which he understands smiths' forges, where the poorer sort of Greece used to sit, as they do still in the winter amongst us, and as amongst the Romans, in *tonstrinis*, or barbers' shops.

<sup>190</sup> ῥ Εραλία λίσχην, *calidam tabernam*. These λίσχαι were of old said to hold the meetings of philosophers ; and after, because amongst them mixed idle talkers over cups, they were called λίσχαι, *nuga*, λίσχηννία, *loquacitas* or *garrulitas*.

With whose rich hardness spirited, do thou 195  
 Poor Delicacy fly, lest, frost and snow  
 Fled from her love, Hunger sit both them out,  
 And make thee, with the beggar's lazy gout,  
 Sit stooping to the pain, still pointing to't,  
 And with a 'lean hand stroke a foggy foot. 200

The slothful man expecting many things,  
 With his vain hope that cannot stretch her wings  
 Past need of necessities for his kind,  
 Turns,<sup>u</sup> like a whirlpit, over in his mind  
 All means that rapine prompts to th' idle hind; 205  
 Sits in the tavern, and finds means to spend  
 Ill got, and ever doth to worse contend.

When Summer, therefore, in her tropic sits,  
 Make thou thy servants wear their winter wits,  
 And tell them this, ere that warm season wast 210  
 Make nests, for Summer will not ever last.  
 The month of \*January's all-ill days,  
 For oxen's good, shun now by July's rays.

<sup>200</sup> ἡσυχίᾳ δὲ, *macilentâ vero crassum pedem manu premas*. Aristotle in his problems, as out of this place, affirms that daily and continual hunger makes men's feet and ankles swell; and by the same reason *superiores partes extenuantur et macrescunt*, for which Hesiod uses this ingenious allusion to his bother, advising him to take heed *ne pedem tumefactum tenui manu demulcere oporteat*; *πύλω*, signifying here *demulceo*, not *stringendo crucio*, or *premo*, as it is usually rendered. But (for the pain) stroke or touch it softly, for some ease to it, though it doth little good to it, but only makes good the proverb, *Ubi dolor ibi digitus*.

<sup>204</sup> \*Κακὰ προσελέξατο, *mala intra animum versat*. And therefore says Melancthon, out of Columella, *homines nihil agendo male agere discunt*; but *προσελέξατο* signifies not only *versat*, but *instar undarum fluvii vel voraginis vernat*.

<sup>212</sup> \*Μῆνα δὲ Ἀγναϊῶνα, *mensis in quo festum in honorem Lenæ celebratur*. Bacchus being called Ἀγναῖος, *quoniam torcularibus et vini expressioni preest*; and because his feast used to be solemnized in January, Ἀγναϊῶν is called *Januarium*.

When air's chill 'North his noisome frosts shall blow  
 All over earth, and all the wide sea throw 215  
 At heaven in hills, from cold horse-breeding Thrace;  
 The beaten earth, and all her sylvan race,  
 Roaring and bellowing with his bitter strokes;  
 Plumps of thick fir-trees and high-crested oaks  
 Torn up in vallies, all air's flood let fly 220  
 In him at Earth, sad nurse of all that die;  
 Wild beasts abhor him, and run clapping close  
 Their sterns betwixt their thighs; and even all those  
 Whose hides their fleeces line with highest proof,  
 Even ox-hides also want expulsive stuff, 225  
 And bristled goats, against his bitter gale,  
 He blows so cold he beats quite through them all.  
 Only with silly sheep it fares not so;  
 For they each summer fleec'd, their fells to grow,  
 They shield all winter, crush'd into his wind. 230  
 He makes the old man trudge for life to find  
 Shelter against him; but he cannot blast  
 The tender and the delicately-grac't  
 Flesh of the virgin, she is kept within  
 Close by her mother, careful of her skin, 235  
 Since yet she never knew how to enfold  
 The force of Venus swimming all in gold;  
 Whose snowy bosom, choicely wash'd and balm'd  
 With wealthy oils, she keeps the house becalm'd  
 All winter's spite. When in his fireless shed 240  
 And miserable roof still hiding head,

214 ἡ Πνεύσαντος βορέας, flante Borea hiemis tempus, et mensem  
 Boreali frigore gravissimum copiose et eleganter descripsit, says  
 Melancthon.

The <sup>a</sup>boneless fish doth eat his feet for cold,  
 To whom the sun doth never food unfold,  
 But turns above the black men's populous towers,  
 On whom he more bestows his radiant hours 245  
 Than on th' <sup>a</sup>Hellenians, then all beasts of horn,  
 And smooth-brow'd, that in beds of wood are born,  
 About the oaken dales that north-wind fly,  
 Gnashing their teeth with restless misery;  
 And everywhere that care solicits all 250  
 That, out of shelter, to their coverts fall,  
 And caverns eaten into rocks; and then  
 Those wild beasts shrink, like tame <sup>b</sup>three-footed men  
 Whose backs are broke with age, and foreheads driven  
 To stoop to earth, though born to look on heaven; 255  
 Even like to these those tough-bred rude ones go,  
 Flying the white drifts of the northern snow.  
 Then put thy body's best munition on,  
 Soft waistcoats, weeds that th' ankles trail upon;  
 And with a little linen weave much wool 260  
 In forewov'n webs, and make thy garments full.  
 And these put on thee, lest thy harsh-grown hair  
 Tremble upon thee, and into the air  
 Start, as affrighted; all that breast of thine  
 Pointed with <sup>c</sup>bristles like a porcupine. 265  
 About thy feet see fitted shoes be tied,

<sup>245</sup> <sup>a</sup> Ἀνόσσεος, *exossis*. He intends the polypus, that hath no bones, but a gristle for his back-bone.

<sup>246</sup> <sup>a</sup> Πανελλήνεσσι. Hellen was son to Deucalion, of whom, as being author of that nation, Ἕλλην, *dicatur Græcus, ut testatur Plinius, lib. 4, cap. 7.* The sun being in Sagittarius is longer with the Æthiops, which are meridional, than with the Græcians.

<sup>245</sup> <sup>b</sup> Τρίποδι βροτοὶ ἴσοι, *tripodi homini similes*. He calls old men helped with staves in their gait three-footed.

<sup>265</sup> <sup>c</sup> Ἀείπειν, *pennarum in more in altum erigere*.

Made of a strongly-dying ox's hide,  
 Lin'd with <sup>d</sup> wool socks ; besides, when those winds blow  
 Thy first-fall'n kid-skins sure together sow  
 With ox's sinews, and about thee throw, 270  
 To be thy refuge 'gainst the soaking rain.  
 Upon thy head a quilted hat sustain,  
 That from thy ears may all air's spite expell.  
 When north-winds blow the air is sharp and fell ;  
 But morning air, that <sup>e</sup> brings a warmth withal 275  
 Down from the stars, and on the earth doth fall,  
 Expires a breath that, all things cheering then,  
 Is fit to crown the works of blessed men.  
 Which drawing out of floods that ever flow,  
 Wind-storms are rais'd on earth, that roughly blow ; 280  
 And then sometimes a shower falls towards even,  
 And sometimes air in empty blasts is driven,  
 Which from the north-wind rising out of Thrace,  
 And gloomy clouds, rais'd, haste thee home apace,  
 Thy work for that day done, th' event forseen, 285  
 Lest out of Heaven a dark cloud hide thee clean,  
 Thy weeds wet through, and steep thee to the skin ;  
 But shun it, for when this cold month comes in  
 Extreme it is for sheep, extreme for men.  
 Take from thy oxen half their commons <sup>f</sup> then, 290  
 But mend thy servants', for ingenious Night,

<sup>288</sup> <sup>d</sup> Πίλοις, not *pilis* as it is usually translated, but *soculis laneis*.

<sup>275</sup> <sup>e</sup> Ἄηρ πυροφόρος, *aer ignifer*, not *frugifer*, though fruits are the chief effects of it, but air that brings a comfortable fire with it, and he says, ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος, *à calo stellifero*.

<sup>290</sup> <sup>f</sup> Τῆμος, *tum, &c.* Then sharpen thy oxen's stomachs with taking away half their allowance, but give more to thy servants ; his reason is, because the days being shorter by half then than in summer, and so take away half the work of the ox, therefore half their fother should be in equal husbandry



Then great in length, affects the appetite  
 With all contention, and alacrity  
 To all invention, and the scrutiny  
 Of all our objects, and must therefore feast 295  
 To make the spirits run high in their inquest.  
 These well observing all the year's remain,  
 The days and nights grow equal ; till again  
 Earth, that of all things is the Mother Queen,  
 All fruits promiscuously brings forth for men. 300  
 When, after sixty turnings of the sun,  
 By Jove's decrees, all Winter's hours are run,  
 Then does the evening-star, <sup>a</sup>Arcturus, rise,  
 And leave the unmeasur'd ocean ; all men's eyes,  
 First noting then his beams ; and after him, 305  
 Before the clear morn's light hath chac'd the dim,  
 Pandion's Swallow breaks out with her moan,<sup>b</sup>  
 Made to the light, the Spring but new put on.  
 Preventing which, cut vines, for then 'tis best ;  
 But when the horn'd house-bearer leaves his rest, 310

abated ; but since servants must work in night as well, and that the nights are much longer, he would have their commons increased, allowing even those bodily labourers, in a kind of proportion, the same that is fit for mental painstakers, students, &c., for the word *εὐφροναι*, taken here for nights, is usurped for the effects of night, *εὐφρονέω* signifying *prudens valens*, and *εὐφρόνη* is called night, *quod putaretur multum conferre ad inventionem eorum quæ queruntur*, intending in studies and labours of the soul, especially the epithet *ἐπιρροοί*, signifying *auxilium seu inspirationem ferentes magnâ cum alacritate et contentione*. All that since therefore the words containing, a man may observe how verbal expositors slubber up these divine expressions with their contractions and going the next way.

<sup>303</sup> *ε' Ἀκροῦρος*, *Arcturus* is a star *sub zōnâ Bootæ* ; *oritur vespere, initio Veris*.

<sup>307</sup> *ἡ Ὀρρογόν*, *ante lucano tempore quiritans*. The construction should be, not *prorumpit ad lucem*, but *lucens ad lucem*, since it came not soon enough to prevent the night's tyranny in *Tereus* ; the fiction of which is too common to be repeated.

And climbs the plants, the Seven Stars then in flight,  
Nowhere dig vines, but scythes whet, and excite  
Servants to work ; fly shady tavern bow'rs,  
And beds, as soon as light salutes the flow'rs.

In harvest, when the sun the body dries, 315  
Then haste and fetch the fields home ; early rise,  
That plenty may thy household wants suffice ;  
The morn the third part of thy work doth gain ;  
The morn makes short thy way, makes short thy pain ;  
The morn being once up fills the ways with all, 320  
And yokes the ox, herself up, in his stall.

When once the thistle doth his flower prefer,  
And on the tree the garrulous grasshopper,  
Beneath her wings, all day and all night long  
Sits pouring out her derisory song, 325  
When Labour drinks, his boiling sweat to thrive,  
Then goats grow fat, then best wine choose, then strive  
Women for work most, and men least can do ;  
For then the Dog-star burns his drought into  
Their brains and knees, and all the body dries. 330  
But then betake thee to the shade that lies  
In shield of rocks ; drink <sup>i</sup> Biblian wine, and eat  
The creamy wafer, goats' milk that the teat  
Gives newly free and nurses kids no more,  
Flesh of bough-browsing beeves that never bore, 335  
And tender kids ; and, to these, taste black wine,  
The <sup>k</sup>third part water of the crystalline

323 <sup>i</sup> Βίβλιος, *Biblinum vinum dicitur a Biblid regione Thraciæ, ubi nobilissima vina sunt.*

327 <sup>k</sup> Τρις ὕδατος, *tertiam aquæ partem infunde.* The Greeks never drunk *merum*, but *dilutum vinum*, wine allay'd with water. Athenæus says that to two cups of wine sometimes they put five cups of water, and sometimes to four of wine but two of water,

Still-flowing fount that feeds a stream beneath ;  
 And sit in shades where temp'rate gales may breath  
 On thy oppos'd cheeks, when Orion's rays 340  
 His influence in first ascent assays.

Then to thy labouring servants give command  
 To dight the sacred gift of Ceres' hand,  
 In some place windy, on a well-plan'd floor,  
 Which all by measure into vessels pour. 345  
 Make then thy man-swain one that hath no house,  
 Thy handmaid one that hath nor child nor spouse,  
 Handmaids that children have are ravenous.  
 A mastiff likewise nourish still at home,  
 Whose <sup>1</sup>teeth are sharp and close as any comb, 350  
 And meat him well, to keep with stronger guard  
 The <sup>m</sup>day-sleep-wake-night man from forth thy yard,  
 That else thy goods into his caves will bear.  
 Inn hay and chaff enough for all the year  
 To serve thy oxen and thy mules, and then 355  
 Loose them, and ease the dear knees of thy men.

When Sirius and Orion aspire  
 To heaven's steep height, and bright Arcturus' fire  
 The rosy-finger'd Morning sees arise,  
 O Perses, then thy vineyard faculties 360  
 See gather'd and got home ; which twice five days  
 And nights, no less, expose to Phœbus' rays ;  
 Then five days inn them, and in vessels close  
 The gift the gladness-causing God bestows.

But after that the Seven-stars and the Five 365

which they order according to the strength or weakness of  
 their wine.

<sup>340</sup> <sup>1</sup>Καρχαρόδους, dentes inter se pectinatim coëuntes habens.  
<sup>352</sup> <sup>m</sup>Ἐμπόκοιρος ἀνὴρ, die dormiens vir. A periphrasis of a  
 thief.

That 'twixt the Bull's horns at their set arrive,  
 Together with the great Orion's force,  
 Then ply thy plow as fits the season's course.  
 If of a "chance-complaining man at seas  
 The humour take thee, when the Pleiades 370  
 Hide head and fly the fierce Orion's chace,  
 And the dark-deep Oceanus embrace,  
 Then diverse gusts of violent winds arise;  
 And then attempt no naval enterprise,  
 But ply thy land-affairs, and draw ashore 375  
 Thy ship, and fence her round with stonage store,  
 To shield her ribs against the humourous gales;  
 Her pump exhausted, lest Jove's rainy falls  
 Breed putrefaction; all tools fit for her,  
 And all her tacklings, to thy house confer; 380  
 Contracting orderly all needful things  
 That imp a water-treading vessel's wings;  
 Her well-wrought stern hang in the smoke at home,  
 Attending time till fit sea-seasons come;  
 And then thy swift sail launch, conveying in 385  
 Burthen that richly may that trade begin,  
 As did our father who a voyage went  
 For want of an estate so competent  
 As free life ask'd; and long since landed here  
 When he had measur'd the unmeasur'd sphere 390  
 Of all the sea, Æolian Cumas leaving,  
 Not °flying wealth, (revenues great receiving,

380 " Δυσπίμφοτος, qui de sorte sua queritur.

392 ° Οὐκ ἄφρονος φεύγων, non redditus seu divitias fugiens. He blames those that having richly enough of their own, which they freely and safely possess ashore, will yet, with insatiate desire of more, venture the loss of all; which his father, he says, was not to be blamed for, in going to sea, who only took

And bliss itself possess'd in all fit store,  
 If wisely us'd ; yet selling that 't explore  
 Strange countries, madly covetous of more,)      395  
 But only shunning loathsome poverty,  
 Which yet Jove sends, and men should never fly.  
 The seat that he was left to dwell upon  
 Was set in Ascra, near to Helicon,  
 Amids a miserable village there,      400  
 In winter vile, in summer noisomer,  
 And profitable never. Note thou, then,  
 To do all works the proper season when,  
 In sea-works chiefly ; for whose use allow  
 A little ship, but in her bulk bestow      405  
 A great big burthen—the more ships sustain  
 The surer sail they, and heap gain on gain,  
 If seas run smooth and rugged gusts abstain.  
 When thy vain mind, then, would sea-ventures try,  
 In love the land-rocks of loath'd Debt to fly,      410  
 And <sup>P</sup>Hunger's ever harsh-to-hear-of cry,  
 I'll set before thee all the trim and dress  
 Of those still-roaring-noise-resounding seas,  
 Though <sup>Q</sup>neither skill'd in either ship or sail,  
 Nor ever was at sea ; or, lest I fail,      415  
 But for Eubœa once from Aulis, where  
 The Greeks, with tempest driv'n, for shore did sterc  
 Their mighty navy, gather'd to employ

that course to avoid poverty, his means by land not enough to live withal freely.

<sup>411</sup> *P* <sup>Q</sup> *Ἀρεπρία λιμὸν, famem auditu insuavem.*

<sup>414</sup> *Q* <sup>O</sup> *ὄντι τι, etsi neque navigandi peritus.* Melancthon, in this free confession of his unskilfulness in what he intended to teach, gives this note : *Removet se reprehensionem ob imperitiam ; hic videmus, σοφίζειν, primo usurpatum fuisse, cum laude, pro docere et tradere aliquid eruditius præ aliis.*

For sacred Greece 'gainst fair-dame-breeding Troy ;  
 To Chalcis there I made by sea my pass, 420  
 And to the Games of great 'Amphidamas,  
 Where many a fore-studied exercise  
 Was instituted, with exciteful prize,  
 For great-and-good and able-minded men ;  
 And where I won, at the Pierian pen, 425  
 A three-ear'd tripod, which I offer'd on  
 The altars of the Maids of Helicon ;  
 Where first their loves initiated me  
 In skill of their unworldly harmony.  
 But no more practice have my travails sweet 430  
 In many-a-nail-composed ships ; and yet  
 I'll sing what Jove's mind will suggest in mine,  
 Whose Daughters taught my verse the rage divine.  
 Fifty days after heaven's converted heat,  
 When Summer's land-works are dissolv'd with sweat,  
 Then grows the navigable season fit, 436  
 For then no storms rise that thy sail may split,  
 Nor spoil thy sailors ; if the God that sways  
 Th' earth-shaking trident do not overpaise,  
 With any counsel beforehand decreed, 440  
 The season's natural grace to thy good speed,  
 Nor Jove consent with his revengeful will,  
 In whom are fixt the bounds of good and ill.  
 But in the usual temper of the year,

<sup>421</sup> Ἰ' Ἀμφιδάμας, king of Euboea, was slain in battle against the Erythræans ; at whose funerals his sons instituted Games. And from hence Melancthon gathers, by that time in which the king died, Hesiod then living, that Homer lived a hundred years before him, and so could not be the man from whom our author is affirmed by some historians to win the prize he now speaks of.

Easy to judge of, and distinguish clear,      445  
 Are both the winds and seas, none rude, none cross,  
 Nor misaffected with the love of loss ;  
 And therefore put to sea ; trust even the wind  
 Then with thy swift ship ; but when thou shalt find  
 Fit freight for her, as fitly stow it straight,      450  
 And all haste home make. For no new wine wait,  
 Nor aged Autumn's showers, nor Winter's falls  
 Then fast approaching, nor the noisome gales  
 The humorous South breathes, that incense the seas,  
 And 'raise together in one series      455  
 Jove's Autumn dashes, that come smoking down,  
 And with his roughest brows make th' ocean frown.

But there's another season for the seas,  
 That in the first Spring others' choices please ;  
 When, look how much the crow takes at a stride,      460  
 So much put forth the young leaf is descried  
 On fig-tree tops ; but then the gusts so fall,  
 That oft the sea becomes impervial.  
 And yet this vernal season many use  
 For sea affairs ; which yet I would not chuse,      465  
 Nor give it my mind any grateful taste,  
 Since then steals out so many a ravenous blast ;  
 Nor but with much scath thou canst 'scape thy bane,  
 Which yet men's greedy follies dare maintain.  
 Money is soul to miserable men,      470  
 And to it many men their souls bequeath.  
 To die in dark-seas is a dreadful death.

All this I charge thee, need to note no more ;  
 Nor in one vessel venture all thy store,

<sup>465</sup> \* *Ὀμαρῆρας, cælestem imbrem secutus*; intending a following  
 of those things *quæ serie quiddam continuè se sequuntur*.

But most part leave out, and impose the less, 475  
 For 'tis a wretched thing t' endure distress  
 Incurr'd at sea ; and 'tis as ill, ashore  
 To use adventures, covetous of more  
 Than safety warrants, as upon thy wain  
 To lay on more load than it can sustain ; 480  
 For then thy axle breaks, thy goods diminish,  
 And thrift's mean means in violent av'rice vanish.  
 The mean observ'd makes an exceeding state ;  
 Occasion took at all times equals Fate.

Thyself if well in years, thy wife take home 485  
 Not much past thirty, nor have much to come ;  
 But being young thyself, nuptials that seise  
 The times' best season in their acts are these :  
 At 'fourteen years a woman grows mature,  
 At fifteen wed her, and best means inure 490  
 To marry her a maid, to teach her then  
 Respect to thee and chasteness t' other men.  
 In chief, choose one whose life is "near thee bred,  
 That her condition circularly weigh'd,  
 (And that with care, too,) in thy neighbours' eyes, 495  
 Thou' wedd'st not for a maid their mockeries.  
 No purchase passes a good wife, no loss  
 Is than a bad wife a more cursed cross,  
 That must a gossip be at every feast,  
 And private cates provide, too, for her guest, 500  
 And bear her husband ne'er so bold a breast,

<sup>480</sup> 'Térop'. Pollux expounds this word, which is usually taken for four, fourteen. Plato and Aristotle appoint the best time of women's marriages at eighteen.

<sup>493</sup> "Εγγύθι ναιεῖ, quæ prope te habitat. His counsel is, to marry a maid bred near a man, whose breeding and behaviour he hath still taken into note. Counsel of gold, but not respected in this iron age.



\* Without a fire burns in him even to rage,  
And in his youth pours grief on him in age.

The Gods' forewarnings, and pursuits of men  
Of impious lives with unavowed pain, 505  
Their sight, their rule of all, their love, their fear,  
\* Watching and sitting up give all thy care.

Give \*never to thy friend an even respect  
With thy born brother, for in his neglect  
Thyself thou touchest first with that defect. 510

If thou shalt take thy friend with an offence  
By word, or deed, twice only, try what sense  
He hath of thy abuse by making plain  
The wrong he did thee; and if then again  
He will turn friend, confess and pay all pain 515  
Due for his forfeit, take him into grace;  
The shameless man shifts friends still with his place.  
But keep thou friends, forgive, and so convert  
That not thy look may reprehend thy heart.

<sup>502</sup> \* Εἶσι ἀπὸρ δαλοῦ, *torret sine face et crudæ senectæ tradit*;  
ὥμῳ γήραι, *senecta ante tempus adveniens*, which place Boetius  
imitates in his book *De Consolatione* in this distich:

*Intempestivi funduntur vertice cani,  
Et dolor ætatem jussit inesse suam.*

[Chapman has misquoted these lines. They are not a distich. The whole passage is as follows:

*Venit enim properata malis inopina senectus,  
Et dolor ætatem jussit inesse suam.  
Intempestivi funduntur vertice cani,  
Et tremuit effato corpore laxa cutis.*—ED.]

<sup>504</sup> γ' Ὀπις, in God, signifies insight and government in all things, and his just indignation against the impious; in man, respect to the fear of God, and his reverence. *Melancthon.*

<sup>507</sup> \* Περυλαγμῖνος, *vigiliis et excubiis positus.*

<sup>508</sup> \* Μηδὲ. This precept of preferring a man's own brother to his friend is full of humanity, and savours of the true taste of a trueborn man; the neglect of which in these days shows children either utterly misbegotten, or got by unnatural fathers, of whom children must taste, in disposition, as a poison of degeneracy poured into them both, and a just plague for both.

Be not a common host for guests, nor one 520  
 That can abide the kind receipt of none.  
 Consort none ill though rais'd to any state,  
 Nor leave one good though ne'er so ruinate.  
 Abhor all taking pleasure to upbraid  
 A forlorn poverty, which God hath laid 525  
 On any man in so severe a kind  
 As quite disheartens and dissolves his mind.  
 Amongst men on the earth there never sprung  
 An ampler treasure than a sparing tongue ;  
 Which yet most grace gains when it sings the mean. 530  
 Ill-speakers ever hear as ill again.  
 Make not thyself at any public feast  
 A troublesome or over-curious guest ;  
 'Tis common cheer, nor touches thee at all ;  
 Besides, thy grace is much, thy cost is small. 535  
 Do not thy tongue's grace the disgrace to lie,  
 Nor mend a true-spoke mind with policy,  
 But all things use with first simplicity.  
 To Jove nor no God pour out morning' wine  
 With unwash'd hands ; for, know, the Powers Divine 540  
 Avert their ears, and prayers impure reject.  
 Put not thy urine out, with face erect,  
 Against <sup>b</sup>the Sun, but, sitting, let it fall,  
 Or turn thee to some undiscovering wall ;

<sup>543</sup> <sup>b</sup> Μηδ' ἀντ' ἡελίου, *neque contra solem versus erectus meito.*  
 He would have no contempt against the Sun; either directly, or  
 allegorically, intending by the Sun great and reverend men,  
 against whom *nihil protervos et irreverenter agendum.* If in the  
 plain sense, which he makes serious, he would not have a man  
 make water turning purposely against the Sun, nor standing,  
 but sitting, as at this day even amongst the rude Turks it is  
 abhorred, *quibus religiosum est ut sedentes mingant, et ingens fla-*  
*gitium designari credunt siquis in publico cacaret aut mingret.*

And, after the great Sun is in descent, 545  
 Remember, till he greet the Orient,  
 That, in way or without, thou still forbear,  
 Nor ope thy nakedness while thou art there.  
 The nights the Gods' are, and the godly man  
 And wife will shun by all means to profane 550  
 The Gods' appropriates. 'Make no access,  
 Thy wife new left, to sacred mysteries,  
 Or coming from an ominous funeral feast;  
 But, from a banquet that the Gods have blest  
 In men whose spirits are frolicly inclin'd, 555  
 Perform those rites that propagate thy kind.

Never the fair waves of eternal floods  
 Pass with thy feet, but first invoke the Gods,  
 Thine eyes cast on their streams; which those that wade,  
 Their hands unwash'd, those Deities invade 560  
 With future plagues and even then angry are.  
 Of thy <sup>d</sup>five branches see thou never pare  
 The dry from off the green at solemn feasts;  
 Nor on the quaffing mazers of thy guests  
 Bestow the bowl vow'd to the Powers Divine, 565  
 For harmful fate is swallow'd with the wine.

When thou hast once begun to build a house,  
 Leav't not unfinish'd, lest the ominous

<sup>561</sup> *c* Μηδ' αἰδοῖα. Melancthon expounds this place, *a congressu uxoris ne sacra accedas*, whom I have followed; δύσφημος signifies here *infaustus*, and τάφος, *funebre epulum*.

<sup>562</sup> *d* Μηδ' ἀπὸ πινύλοιο. He says a man must not pare his nails at the table; in which our reverend author is so respectful and moral in his setting down, that he nameth not nails, but calls what is to be pared away, *σῶν*, *siccum* or *aridum*, and the nail itself, *χλωρόν*, *viridum*, because it is still growing; he calls likewise the hands *πινύλοιο*, *quæ in quinos ramos dispergitur*, because it puts out five fingers like branches.

<sup>564</sup> [Mazers—cups. See RICHARDSON.]

Ill-spoken crow encounter thee abroad,  
And from her bough thy means outgone explode. 570

From three-foot pots of meat set on the fire  
To serve thy house ; serve not thy taste's desire  
With ravine of the meat till on the board  
Thou seest it set, and sacrifice afford,  
Not if thou wash first, and the Gods wouldst please 575  
With that respect to them ; for even for these  
Pains are impos'd, being all impieties.

On tombstones, or fix'd seats, no boy permit,  
That's grown to twelve years old, to idly sit ;  
For 'tis not good, but makes a slothful man. 580

In baths, whose waters women first began  
To wash their bodies in, should bathe no man ;  
For in their time even these parts have their pain  
Grievous enough. If any homely place,  
Sylvan or other, thou seest vow'd to grace 585  
Of any God, by fire made for the weal  
Of any poor soul mov'd with simplest zeal,  
Mock not the mysteries, for God disdains  
Those impious parts, and pays them certain pains.

Never in channels of those streams that pay 590  
The ocean tribute give thy urine way ;  
Nor into 'fountains ; but, past all neglect,  
See thou avoid it ; for the grave respect  
Given to these secrets meets with blest effect.  
( Do this, and fly the people's <sup>f</sup> bitter fame, 595

<sup>582</sup> *e* Hi rectè in fontes immingere dicuntur, qui sacram doctrinam commaculant.

<sup>585</sup> *f* Δεινὴν, *gravem* or *terribilem famam* he adviseth a man to avoid ; intending with deserving a good and honest fame amongst men, which known to himself impartially and betwixt God and him, every worthy man should despise the contrary

200    *THE GEORGICS OF HESIOD.*

For fame is ill, 'tis light and rais'd like flame ;  
The burthen heavy yet, and hard to cast.  
No fame doth wholly perish, when her blest  
Echo resounds in all the people's cries,  
For she herself is of the Deities.

600

conceit of the world ; according to that of Quintilian, writing to Seneca, affirming he cared no more what the misjudging world vented against him, *quàm de ventre redditus crepitus*.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK OF WORKS.





## HESIOD'S BOOK OF DAYS.



THE Days that for thy works are good or ill,  
According to the influence they instill,  
Of Jove with all care learn, and give  
them then,

For their discharge, in precept to thy men.

The Thirtieth day of every month is best, 5

With diligent inspection to digest

The next month's works, and part thy household foods ;

That being the day when all litigious goods

Are justly sentenc'd by the people's voices.

And till that day next month give these days' choices, 10

For they are mark'd out by most-knowing Jove.

<sup>5</sup> Ἐπόπτομαι, *diligenti inspectione digero, seu secerno et eligo.*  
He begins with the last day of the month, which he names not a day of any good or bad influence, but being, as it were, their term day, in which their business in law was attended ; and that not lasting all the day, he adviseth to spend the rest of it in disposing the next month's labours. Of the rest he makes difference, showing which are unfortunate, and which auspicious, and are so far to be observed as natural cause is to be given for them ; for it were madness not to ascribe reason to Nature, or to make that reason so far above us, that we cannot know by it what is daily in use with us, all being for our cause created of God ; and therefore the differences of days arise in some part from the aspects, *quibus luna intuetur solem, nam quadrati aspectus cient pugnam natura cum morbo.*

202 HESIOD'S BOOK OF DAYS.

First, the First day in which the moon doth move  
 With radiance renew'd ; and then the Fourth ;  
 The Seventh day next, being first in sacred worth,  
 For that day did Latona bring to light 15  
 The gold-sword-wearing Sun ; next then the Eighth  
 And Ninth are good, being both days that retain.  
 The moon's prime strength t' instruct the works of men.  
 The 'Leventh and Twelfth are likewise both good days ;  
 The Twelfth yet far exceeds the 'Leventh's repair, 20  
 For that day hangs the spinner in the air,  
 And weaves up her web ; so the spinster all  
 Her rock then ends, exposing it to sale.  
 So Earth's third housewife, the ingenious ant,  
 On that day ends her mole-hills' cure of want. 25  
 The day herself in their example then  
 Tasking her fire, and bounds her length to men.  
 The Thirteenth day take care thou sow no seed,  
 To plant yet 'tis a day of special speed.  
 The Sixteenth day plants set prove fruitless still, 30  
 To get a son 'tis good, a daughter ill,  
 Nor good to get, nor give in nuptials.

<sup>13</sup> *Πρῶτον ἔην, primum novilunium, which is called sacred, nam omnia initia sacra ; the fourth likewise he calls sacred, quia eo die prodit a coitu Luna, primumque tum conspicitur.*

<sup>16</sup> *Ὅγδοάτῃ. The second and fifth day let pass, and sixth, ut mediis, he comes to the eighth and ninth, which in their increasing he terms truly profitable, nam humores ulit crescentia lunæ*

<sup>19</sup> *Ἐνδεκάτῃ. The tenth let pass, the eleventh and twelfth he praises diversely, because the moon beholds the sun then in a triangular aspect, which is ever called benevolent.*

<sup>23</sup> *Ὅτρ' ἂν γάμου, neque nuptiis tradendis. The sixteenth day, he says, is neither good to get a daughter, nor to wed her, quia à plenilunio cæpit jam humor deficere ; he says it is good to get a son in, nam ex humido semine femellæ, ex sicciore puelli nascuntur.*

Nor in the Sixth day any influence falls  
 To fashion her begetting confluence,  
 But to geld kids and lambs, and sheep-cotes fence, 35  
 It is a day of much benevolence;  
 To get a son it good effects affords,  
 And loves to cut one's heart with bitter words;  
 And yet it likes fair speeches, too, and lies,  
 And whispering out detraactive obloquies. 40

The Eighth the bellowing bullock lib and goat;  
 The Twelfth the labouring mule. But if of note  
 For wisdom, and to make a judge of laws,  
 To estimate and arbitrate a cause;  
 Thou wouldst a son get, the great Twentieth day 45  
 Consort thy wife, when full the morn's broad ray  
 Shines through thy windows; for that day is fit  
 To form a great and honourable wit.  
 The Tenth is likewise good to get a son;  
 Fourteenth a daughter; then lay hand upon 50  
 The colt, the mule, and horn-retorted steer,  
 And sore-bit mastiff, and their forces rear  
 To useful services. Be careful, then,  
 The Four-and-twentieth day (the bane of men,

<sup>38</sup> Κίτρομος, cor alicui scindens.

<sup>41</sup> [Lib—castrate.]

<sup>43</sup> Ἰστορα φῶρα, prudentem virum judicem, seu arbitrum, quod eos cognatos esse oporteat rei de qua agitur. He calls it the great twentieth, because it is the last μηνὸς μεσοῦντος, which is of the middle decad of the month; diebus τοῦ φθίνοντος, or days of the dying moon immediately following.

<sup>50</sup> Τετράς. The fourteenth is good to get a daughter, because the moon then abounds in humours, and her light is more gelid and cold, her heat more temperate; and therefore he says it is good likewise to tame beasts in, since then, by the abundance of humours, they are made more gentle, and consequently easier tamed.

<sup>54</sup> Τετράδ. He calls this day so baneful, because of the op-



Hurling amongst them) to make safe thy state, 55  
 For 'tis a day of death insatiate.  
 The Fourth day celebrate thy nuptial-feast,  
 All birds observ'd that fit a bridal best.  
 All Fifth days to effect affairs in fly,  
 Being all of harsh and horrid quality ; 60  
 For then all vengeful spirits walk their round,  
 And haunt men like their handmaids, to confound  
 Their faithless peace, whose plague Contention got.  
 The Seventeenth day what Ceres did allot  
 Thy barns in harvest (since then view'd with care) 65  
 Upon a smooth floor let the vinnoware  
 Dight and expose to the opposed gale ;  
 Then let thy forest-feller cut thee all  
 Thy chamber fuel, and the numerous parts  
 Of naval timber apt for shipwrights' arts. 70  
 The Four-and-twentieth day begin to close  
 Thy ships of leak. The Ninth day never blows  
 Least ill at all on men. The Nineteenth day  
 Yields (after noon yet) a more gentle ray,  
 Auspicious both to plant, and generate 75

position of sun and the moon, and the time then being, that is, between the old and new moon, are hurtful for bodies; such as labour with cholerick diseases, most languish then; those with phlegmatic, contrary.

<sup>55</sup> Πέμπτης. He warns men to fly all fifth days, that is the fifth, the fifteenth, and the five-and-twentieth, because all vengeful spirits he affirms then to be most busy with men.

<sup>65</sup> The seventeenth day he thinketh best to winnow, or dight corn, à plenilunio, because about that time winds are stirred up and the air is drier.

<sup>66</sup> [Vinnoware—winnowers.]

<sup>75</sup> Ἡπυρίστην εἰνὰς, prima nova. That is from the beginning of the month, he calls harmless, propter geminum aspectum, cum sol abest a signis.

Both sons and daughters ; ill to no estate.  
 But the Thrice-Nine day's goodness few men know,  
 Being best day of the whole month to make flow  
 Both wine and corn-tuns, and to curb the force  
 Of mules and oxen and the swift-hoov'd horse ; 80  
 And then the well-built ship launch. But few men  
 Know truth in anything, or where or when  
 To do, or order, what they must do, needs,  
 Days differencing with no more care than deeds.  
 The Twice-Seventh day for sacred worth exceeds. 85  
 But few men when the Twentieth day is past,  
 Which is the best day (while the morn doth last  
 In her increasing power, though after noon  
 Her grace grows faint) approve or end that moon  
 With any care ; man's life most priz'd is least, 90  
 Though lengthless spent as endless, fowl and beast  
 Far passing it for date. For all the store  
 Of years man boasts, the prating crow hath more  
 By thrice three lives ; the long-liv'd stag four parts  
 Exceeds the crow's time ; the raven's age the hart's 95  
 Triples in durance ; all the raven's long date  
 The phoenix ninefold doth reduplicate ;  
 Yet Nymphs (the blest Seed of the Thunderer)  
 Ten lives outlast the phoenix. But prefer

<sup>76</sup> Proverb, *nullus dies omnino malus.*

<sup>81</sup> Παῦροι. He says few observe these differences of days, and as few know or make any difference betwixt one day and another.

<sup>89</sup> He says few approve those days, because these cause most change of tempests and men's bodies in the beginning of the last quarter.

<sup>90</sup> All this, and the lives of fowls, is cited out of this author by Plutarch, not being extant in the common copy.

Good life to long life ; and observe these days 100  
 That must direct it, being to all men's ways  
 Of excellent conduct ; all the rest but sounds  
 That follow falls, mere vain and have no grounds ;  
 But one doth one day praise, another other,  
 Few knowing the truth. This day becomes a mother,  
 The next a stepdame. But, be man still one, 105  
 That man a happy angel waits upon,  
 Makes rich and blessed, that through all these days  
 Is knowingly employ'd ; in all his ways  
 (Betwixt him and the Gods) goes still unblam'd ; 110  
 All their forewarnings and suggestions fram'd  
 To their obedience, being directly view'd ;  
 All good endeavour'd and all ill eschew'd.

<sup>102</sup> Αἱ δὲ μὲν ἡμέραι, et hæc quidem dies hominibus sunt magno  
*commodo.* The epilogue of the teacher ; in all days is to be  
 considered what religion commands, and then what riseth out  
 of natural causes.



MUSÆUS.





THE  
DIVINE  
POEM OF  
MUSÆUS.

*First of all* BOOKES.

TRANSLATED  
According to the Ori-  
ginall

By GEO: CHAPMAN.

LONDON  
¶ Printed by *Isaac*  
*Iaggard.* 1616.





TO THE MOST GENERALLY INGENIOUS, AND  
OUR ONLY LEARNED ARCHITECT, MY  
EXCEEDING GOOD FRIEND,  
INIGO JONES ESQUIRE,  
SURVEYOR OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS.



ANCIENT Poesy, and ancient Architecture, requiring to their excellence a like creating and proportionable rapture, and being alike overtopt by the monstrous Babels of our modern barbarism, their unjust obscurity letting no glance of their truth and dignity appear but to passing few, to passing few is their least apparance to be presented. Yourself then being a chief of that few by whom both are apprehended, and their beams worthily measured and valued, this little light of the one I could not but object, and publish to your choice apprehension ; especially for your most ingenuous love to all works in which the ancient Greek Souls have appeared to you. No less esteeming this worth the presenting to any Greatest, for the smallness of the work, than the Author himself hath been held therefore of the less estimation ; having obtained as much preservation and honor as the greatest of others ;



the smallness being supplied with so greatly-excellent invention and elocution. Nor lacks even the most youngly-enamoured affection it contains a temper grave enough to become both the sight and acceptance of the Gravest. And therefore, howsoever the mistaking world takes it (whose left hand ever received what I gave with my right) if you freely and nobly entertain it, I obtain my end ; your judicious love's continuance being my only object. To which I at all parts commend

Your ancient poor friend,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.





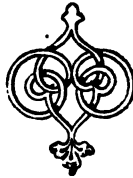
### TO THE COMMUNE READER.



WHEN you see *Leander* and *Hero*, the subjects of this Pamphlet, I persuade myself your prejudice will increase to the contempt of it; either headlong presupposing it all one, or at no part matchable, with that partly excellent Poem of Maister Marloe's. For your all one, the Works are in nothing alike; a different character being held through both the style, matter, and invention. For the match of it, let but your eyes be matches, and it will in many parts overmatch it. In the Original, it being by all most learned the incomparable Love-Poem of the world. And I would be something sorry you could justly tax me with doing it any wrong in our English; though perhaps it will not so amble under your seizures and censures, as the before published.

Let the great comprehenders and unable utterers of the Greek elocution in other language drop under their unloadings, how humbly soever they please, and the rather disclaim their own strength, that my weakness may seem the more presumptuous; it can impose no scruple the more burthen on my shoulders, that I will feel; unless *Reason* chance to join arbiter with

*Will*, and appear to me ; to whom I am ever prostrately subject. And if envious Misconstruction could once leave tyrannizing over my infortunate Innocence, both the Charity it argued would render them that use it the more Christian, and me industrious, to hale out of them the discharge of their own duties.





## OF MUSÆUS.

OUT OF THE WORTHY D. GAGER'S COLLECTIONS.




MUSÆUS was a renowned Greek Poet, born at Athens, the son of Eumolpus. He lived in the time of Orpheus, and is said to be one of them that went the Famous Voyage to Colchos for the Golden Fleece. He wrote of the Gods' Genealogy before any other; and invented the Sphere. Whose opinion was, that all things were made of one Matter, and resolved into one again. Of whose works only this one Poem of *Hero* and *Leander* is extant. Of himself, in his Sixth Book of *Æne*. Virgil makes memorable mention, where in Elysium he makes Sibylla speak this of him—


Musæum ante omnes; medium nam plurima turba  
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.

He was born in Falerum, a town in the middle of Tuscia, or the famous country of Tuscany in Italy, called also Hetruria.

## OF ABYDUS AND SESTUS.

BYDUS and Sestus were two ancient Towns; one in Europe, another in Asia; East and West, opposite; on both the shores of the Hellespont. Their names are extant in Maps to this day. But in their places are two Castles built, which the Turks call Bogazossas, that is, Castles situate by the sea-side. Seamen now call the place where Sestus stood *Malido*. It was likewise called *Possidonium*. But Abydus is called *Auco*. They are both renowned in all writers for nothing so much as the Love of Leander and Hero.

## OF THE HELLESPONT.

ELLESPONT, the straits of the two seas, Propontis and Egeum, running betwixt Abydus and Sestus. Over which Xerxes built a bridge, and joined these two towns together, conveying over his army of seven hundred thousand men. It is now called by some *The Straits of Gallipolis*; but by Frenchmen, Flemings, and others, *The Arm of Saint George*. It had his name Hellespont, because *Helle* the daughter of *Athamas K. of Thebes* was drowned in it. And therefore of one it is called *The Virgin-killing Sea*; of another *The Virgin-Sea*. It is but seven *Italian furlongs* broad, which is one of our miles lacking a furlong.



MUSÆUS,  
OF HERO AND LEANDER.



GOODESS, relate the witness-bearing light  
Of Loves, that would not bear a human  
sight ;  
The Sea-man that transported marriages,  
Shipt in the night, his bosom plowing th' seas ;  
The love-joys that in gloomy clouds did fly 5  
The clear beams of th' immortal Morning's eye ;  
Abydos and fair Sestus, where I hear  
The night-hid Nuptials of young Hero were ;  
Leander's swimming to her ; and a Light,  
A Light that was administratrix of sight 10  
To cloudy Venus, and did serve <sup>a</sup>t' address  
Night-wedding Hero's nuptial offices ;  
A Light that took the very form of Love ;  
Which had been justice in ethereal Jove,  
When the nocturnal duty had been done, 15  
T<sup>r</sup> advance amongst the consort of the Sun,  
And call the <sup>b</sup>Star that Nuptial Loves did guide,  
And to the Bridegroom gave and grac'd the Bride,  
Because it was <sup>c</sup>companion to the death  
Of Loves, <sup>d</sup>whose kind cares cost their dearest breath ; 20  
And that <sup>e</sup>fame-freighted ship from shipwreck kept

That such sweet nuptials brought they never slept,  
 Till air<sup>f</sup> was with a bitter flood inflate,  
 That bore their firm loves as infixt a hate.  
 But, Goddess, forth, and both one issue sing, 25  
 The Light extinct, Leander perishing.

Two towns there were, that with one sea were wall'd,  
 Built near, and opposite; this Sestus call'd,  
 Abydus that; the Love his bow bent high,  
 And at both Cities let one arrow fly, 30  
 That two (a Virgin and a Youth) inflam'd:  
 The youth was sweetly-grac'd Leander nam'd,  
 The virgin Hero; Sestus she renowns,  
 Abydus he, in birth; of both which towns  
 Both were the beauty-circled stars; and both 35  
 Grac'd with like looks, as with one love and troth.

If that way lie thy course, seek for my sake  
 A Tower, that Sestian Hero once did make  
 Her watch-tower, and a torch stood holding there,  
 By which Leander his sea-course did steer. 40  
 Seek, likewise, of Abydus ancient tow'rs,  
 The roaring sea lamenting to these hours  
 Leander's Love and Death. But say, how came  
 He (at Abydus born) to feel the flame  
 Of Hero's love at Sestus, and to bind 45  
 In chains of equal fire bright Hero's mind?

The graceful Hero, born of gentle blood,  
 Was Venus' Priest; and since she understood  
 No nuptial language, from her parents she  
 Dwelt in a tow'r that over-look'd the sea. 50  
 For shamefastness and chastity, she reign'd  
 Another Goddess; nor was ever train'd

<sup>29</sup> *The Love*—Cupid. Perhaps we should read *then Love*.

In women's companies ; nor learn'd to tread  
 A graceful dance, to which such years are bred.  
 The envious spites of women she did fly, 55  
 (Women for beauty their own sex envy)  
 All her devotion was to Venus done,  
 And to his heavenly Mother her great Son  
 Would reconcile with sacrifices ever,  
 And ever trembled at his flaming quiver. 60  
 Yet scap'd not so his fiery shafts her breast ;  
 For now the popular Venerean Feast,  
 Which to Adonis, and great Cypria's State,  
 The Sestians yearly us'd to celebrate,  
 Was come ; and to that holy day came all 65  
 That in the bordering isles the sea did wall.  
 To it in flocks they flew ; from Cyprus these,  
 Environ'd with the rough Carpathian seas ;  
 These from Hæmonia ; nor remain'd a man  
 Of all the towns in th' isles Cytherean ; 70  
 Not one was left, that us'd to dance upon  
 The tops of odoriferous Libanon ;  
 Not one of Phrygia, not one of all  
 The neighbours seated near the Festival ;  
 Nor one of opposite Abydos' shore ; 75  
 None of all these, that virgins' favours wore,  
 Were absent ; all such fill the flowing way,  
 When Fame proclaims a solemn holy day,  
 Not bent so much to offer holy flames,  
 As to the beauties of assembled dames. 80

The virgin Hero enter'd th' holy place,  
 And graceful beams cast round about her face,  
 Like to the bright orb of the rising Moon.  
 The top-spheres of her snowy cheeks puts on



A glowing redness, like the two-hued rose 85  
Her odorous bud beginning to disclose.  
You would have said, in all her lineaments  
A meadow full of roses she presents.  
All over her she<sup>s</sup> blush'd ; which (putting on  
Her white robe, reaching to her ankles) shone 90  
(While she in passing did her feet dispose)  
As she had wholly been a moving rose.  
Graces in numbers from her parts did flow.  
The Ancients therefore (since they did not know  
Hero's unbounded beauties) falsely feign'd 95  
Only three Graces ; for, when Hero strain'd  
Into a smile her priestly modesty,  
A hundred Graces grew from either eye.  
A fit one, sure, the Cyprian Goddess found  
To be her mistress ; and so highly crown'd 100  
With worth her grace was, past all other dames,  
That, of a priest made to the Queen of Flames,  
A new Queen of them she in all eyes shin'd ;  
And did so undermine each tender mind  
Of all the young men ; and there was not one 105  
But wish'd fair Hero was his wife, or none.  
Nor could she stir about the well-built Fane,  
This way or that, but every way she wan  
A following mind in all men ; which their eyes,  
Lighted with all their inmost faculties, 110  
Clearly confirm'd ; and one (admiring) said,  
" All Sparta I have travell'd, and survey'd  
The City Lacedæmon, where we hear  
All Beauties' labors and contentions were,  
A woman, yet, so wise and delicate 115  
I never saw. It may be Venus gat

One of the younger Graces to supply  
 The place of priest-hood to her Deity.  
 Ev'n tir'd I am with sight, yet doth not find  
 A satisfaction by my sight my mind. 120  
 O could I once ascend sweet Hero's bed,  
 Let me be straight found in her bosom dead !  
 I would not wish to be in heaven a God,  
 Were Hero here my wife. But, if forbod  
 To lay profane hands on thy holy priest, 125  
 O Venus, with another such assist  
 My nuptial longings." Thus pray'd all that spake ;  
 The rest their wounds hid, and in frenzies brake ;  
 Her beauty's fire, being so suppress'd, so rag'd.  
 But thou, Leander, more than all engag'd, 130  
 Wouldst not, when thou hadst view'd th' amazing Maid,  
 Waste with close stings, and seek no open aid,  
 But, with the flaming arrows of her eyes  
 Wounded unwares, thou wouldst in sacrifice  
 Vent th' inflammation thy burnt blood did prove, 135  
 Or live with sacred med'cine of her love.

But now the love-brand in his eye-beams burn'd,  
 And with unconquer'd fire his heart was turn'd  
 Into a coal ; together wrought the flame.  
 The virtuous beauty of a spotless dame 140  
 Sharper to men is than the swiftest shaft ;  
 His eye the way by which his heart is caught,  
 And, from the stroke his eye sustains, the wound  
 Opens within, and doth his entrails sound.  
 Amaze then took him, Impudence and Shame 145  
 Made earthquakes in him with their frost and flame.  
 His heart betwixt them toss'd, till Reverence  
 Took all these prisoners in him ; and from thence

Her matchless beauty, with astonishment,  
 Increas'd his bands ; till aguish Love, that lent 150  
 Shame and Observance, licens'd their remove ;  
 And, wisely liking impudence in love,  
 Silent he went, and stood against the Maid,  
 And in side glances faintly he convey'd  
 His crafty eyes about her ; with dumb shows 155  
 Tempting her mind to error. And now grows  
 She to conceive his subtle flame, and joy'd  
 Since he was graceful. Then herself employ'd  
 Her womanish cunning, turning from him quite  
 Her lovely count'nance ; giving yet some light, 160  
 Even by her dark signs, of her kindling fire,  
 With up and down-looks whetting his desire.  
 He joy'd at heart to see Love's sense in her,  
 And no contempt of what he did prefer.  
 And while he wish'd unseen to urge the rest, 165  
 The day shrunk down her beams to lowest West,  
 And East ; <sup>h</sup> the Even-Star took vantage of her shade.  
 Then boldly he his kind approaches made,  
 And as he saw the russet clouds increase,  
 He strain'd her rosy hand, and held his peace, 170  
 But sigh'd as silence had his bosom broke.  
 When she, as silent, put on anger's cloke,  
 And drew her hand back. He, discerning well  
 Her <sup>i</sup> would and would not, to her boldlier fell ;  
 And her elaborate robe, with much cost wrought, 175  
 About her waist embracing, on he brought  
 His love to th' in-parts of the reverend Fane ;  
 She (as her love-sparks more and more did wane)  
 Went slowly on, and, with a woman's words  
 Threat'ning Leander, thus his boldness bords : 180

“ Why Stranger, are you <sup>k</sup>mad ? Ill-fated man,  
Why hale you thus a virgin Sestian ?  
Keep on your way. Let go, fear to offend  
The noblesse of my birth-right's either friend.  
It ill becomes you to solicit thus 185  
The priest of Venus. Hopeless, dangerous,  
The <sup>l</sup>barr'd up way is to a virgin's bed.”  
Thus, for the maiden form, she menaced.  
But he well-knew, that when these female <sup>m</sup>mines  
Break out in fury, they are certain signs 190  
Of their persuasions. Women's threats once shown,  
Shows in it only all you wish your own.  
And therefore of the rubi-colour'd maffl  
The odorous neck he with a kiss assay'd,  
And, stricken with the sting of love, he pray'd : 195  
“ Dear Venus, next to Venus you must go ;  
And next Minerva, trace Minerva too ;  
Your like with earthy dames no light can show ;  
To Jove's Great Daughters I must liken you.  
Blest was thy great begetter ; blest was she 200  
Whose womb did bear thee ; but most blessedly  
The womb itself fare that thy throes did prove.  
O ! hear my prayer ! Pity the need of Love.  
As priest of Venus, practise Venus' rites.  
Come, and instruct me in her bed's-delights. 205  
It fits not you, a virgin, to vow aids  
To Venus' service ; Venus loves no maids.  
If Venus' institutions you prefer,  
And faithful ceremonies vow to her,  
Nuptials and beds they be. If her love binds, 210  
Love Love's sweet laws, that soften human minds.

<sup>184</sup> *My birth-right's either friend*—i. e. both my parents.

Make me your servant ; husband, if you pleas'd ;  
 Whom Cupid with his burning shafts has seiz'd,  
 And hunted to you, as swift Hermes drave  
 With his gold-rod Jove's bold son to be slave 215  
 To Lydia's sov'reign Virgin ; but for me,  
 Venus insulting forc'd my feet to thee,  
 I was not guided by wise Mercury.  
 Virgin, you know, when Atalanta fled,  
 Out of Arcadia, kind Melanion's bed, 220  
 Affecting virgin-life, your angry Queen,  
 Whom first she us'd with a malignant spleen,  
 At last possess him of her complete heart.  
 And you, dear Love, because I would avert  
 Your Goddess' anger, I would fain persuade." 225  
 With these "love-luring words conform'd he made  
 The maid recusant to his blood's desire,  
 And set her soft mind on an erring fire.  
 Dumb she was strook ; and down to earth she threw  
 Her rosy eyes, hid in vermilion hue, 230  
 Made red with shame. Oft with her foot she rac'd  
 Earth's upper part ; and oft (as quite ungrac'd)  
 About her shoulders gather'd up her weed.  
 All these fore-tokens are that men should speed.  
 Of a persuaded virgin, to her bed 235  
 Promise is most given when the least is said.  
 And now she took in Love's sweet-bitter sting,  
 Burn'd in a fire that cool'd her surfeiting.  
 Her beauties likewise strook her friend amaz'd ;  
 For, while her eyes fixt on the pavement gaz'd, 240  
 Love on Leander's looks shew'd fury seiz'd.  
 Never enough his greedy eyes were pleas'd  
 To view° the fair gloss of her tender neck.

At last this voice past, and out did break  
A ruddy moisture from her bashful eyes : 245  
“ Stranger, perhaps thy words might exercise  
Motion in flints, as well as my soft breast.  
Who taught thee words,<sup>p</sup> that err from East to West  
In their wild liberty ? O woe is me !  
To this my native soil who guided thee ? 250  
All thou hast said is vain ; for how canst thou  
(Not to be trusted ; one I do not know)  
Hope to excite in me a mixed love ?  
Tis clear, that Law by no means will approve  
Nuptials with us ; for thou canst never gain 255  
My parents’ graces. If thou wouldst remain  
Close on my shore, as outcast from thine own,  
Venus will be in darkest corners known.  
Man’s tongue is loose to scandal ; loose acts done  
In surest secret, in the open sun 260  
And every market place will burn thine ears.  
But say, What name sustainst thou ? What soil bears  
Name of thy country ? Mine I cannot hide.  
My far-spread name is Hero ; I abide  
Hous’d in an all-seen tow’r, whose tops<sup>q</sup> touch heaven,  
Built on a steep shore, that to sea is driven 266  
Before the City Sestus ; one sole maid  
Attending. And this irksome life is laid  
By my austere friends’ wills on one so young ;  
No like-year’d virgins near, no youthful throng, 270  
To meet in some delights, dances, or so ;  
But day and night the windy sea doth throw  
Wild murmuring cuffs about our deaf’ned ears.”  
This said, her white robe hid her cheeks like spheres.  
And then (with shame affected, since she us’d 275

Words that desir'd youths, and her friends accus'd)  
She blam'd herself for them, and them for her.  
Mean space Leander felt Love's arrow err  
Thro' all his thoughts; devising how he might  
Encounter Love, that dar'd him so to fight. 280  
Mind-changing Love wounds men and cures again.  
Those mortals over whom he lists to reign,  
Th' All-tamer stoops to, in advising how  
They may with some ease bear the yoke, his bow.  
So our Leander, whom he hurt, he heal'd. 285  
Who having long his hidden fire conceal'd,  
And vex'd with thoughts he thirsted to impart,  
His stay he quitted with this quickest art:  
" Virgin, for thy love I will swim a wave  
That ships denies; and though with fire it rave, 290  
In way to thy bed, all the seas in one  
I would despise; the Hellespont were none.  
All nights to swim to one 'sweet bed with thee  
Were nothing, if when Love had landed me,  
All hid in weeds and in Venerean foam, 295  
I brought withal bright Hero's husband home.  
Not far from hence, and just against thy town,  
Abydos stands, that my birth calls mine own.  
Hold but a torch then in thy 'heaven-high tow'r,  
(Which I beholding, to that starry pow'r 300  
May plow the dark seas, as the Ship of Love)  
I will not care to see Bootes move  
Down to the sea, nor sharp Orion trail  
His never-wet car, but arrive my sail,  
Against my country, at thy pleasing shore. 305  
But (dear) take heed that no ungentle blow  
The torch extinguish, bearing all the light

By which my life sails, lest I lose thee quite.  
 Wouldst thou my name know (as thou dost my house)  
 It is Leander, lovely Hero's spouse." 310  
 Thus this kind couple their close marriage made,  
 And friendship ever to be held in shade  
 (Only by witness of one nuptial light)  
 Both vow'd ; agreed that Hero every night  
 Should hold her torch out ; every night her love 315  
 The tedious passage of the seas should prove.  
 The whole even of the watchful nuptials spent,  
 Against their wills the stern power of constraint  
 Enforc'd their parting. Hero to her tow'r ;  
 Leander (minding his returning hour) 320  
 Took of the turret marks, for fear he fail'd,  
 And to well-founded broad Abydos sail'd.  
 All night both thirsted for the secret strife  
 Of each young-married lovely man and wife ;  
 And all day after no desire shot home, 325  
 But that the chamber-decking night were come.  
 And now Night's sooty clouds clapp'd all sail on,  
 Fraught all with sleep ; yet took Leander none,  
 But on th' oppos'd shore of the noisefull seas  
 The messenger of glitt'ring marriages 330  
 Look'd wishly for ; or rather long'd to see  
 The witness of their Light to misery,  
 Far off discover'd in their covert bed.  
 When Hero saw the blackest curtain spread  
 That veil'd the dark night, her bright torch she shew'd.  
 Whose light no sooner th' eager Lover view'd, 335  
 But Love his blood set on as bright a fire ;  
 Together burn'd the torch and his desire.  
 But hearing of the sea the horrid roar,



With which the tender air the mad waves tore, 340  
 At first he trembled ; but at last he rear'd  
 High as the storm his spirit, and thus cheer'd  
 (Using these words to it) his resolute mind :  
 “ Love dreadful is ; the Sea with nought inclin'd ;  
 But Sea is water, outward all his ire ; 345  
 When Love lights his fear with an inward fire.  
 Take fire, my heart, fear nought that flits and raves,  
 Be Love himself to me, despise these waves.  
 Art thou to know that Venus' birth was here ?  
 Commands the sea, and all that grieves us there ?” 350  
 This said, his fair limbs of his weed he stript ;  
 Which, at his head with both hands bound, he shipt,  
 Leapt from the shore, and cast into the sea  
 His lovely body ; thrusting all his way  
 Up to the torch, that still he thought did call ; 355  
 He oars, he steerer, he the ship and all.  
 Hero advanc'd upon a tow'r so high,  
 As soon would lose on it the fixedst eye ;  
 And, like her Goddess Star, with her light shining,  
 The winds, that always (as at her repining) 360  
 Would blast her pleasures, with her veil she checkt,  
 And from their envies did her torch protect.  
 And this she never left, till she had brought  
 .Leander to the havenful shore he sought.  
 When down she ran, and up she lighted then, 365  
 To her tow'r's top, the weariest of men.  
 First at the gates (without a syllable us'd)  
 She hugg'd her panting husband, all diffus'd  
 With foamy drops still stilling from his hair.  
 Then brought she him into the inmost fair 370  
 Of all, her virgin-chamber, that (at best)

Was with her beauties ten times better drest.  
His body then she cleans'd ; his body oil'd  
With rosy odours, and his bosom (soil'd  
With the unsavoury sea) she render'd sweet. 375  
Then, in the high-made bed (ev'n panting yet)  
Herself she pour'd about her husband's breast,  
And these words utter'd : " With too much unrest,  
O husband, you have bought this little peace !  
Husband ! No other man hath paid th' increase 380  
Of that huge sum of pains you took for me.  
And yet I know, it is enough for thee  
To suffer for my love the fishy savours  
The working sea breaths. Come lay all thy labors  
On my all-thankful bosom." All this said, 385  
He straight ungirdled her ; and both parts paid  
To Venus what her gentle statutes bound.  
Here weddings were, but not a musical sound ;  
Here bed-rites offer'd, but no hymns of praise,  
Nor poet sacred wedlock's worth did raise. 390  
No torches gilt the honor'd nuptial bed,  
Nor any youths much-moving dances led.  
No father, nor no reverend mother, sung  
*Hymen, O Hymen*, blessing loves so young.  
But when the consummating hours had crown'd 395  
The down-right nuptials, a calm bed was found ;  
Silence the room fixt ; Darkness deckt the bride ;  
But hymns and such rites far were laid aside.  
Night was sole gracer of this nuptial house ;  
Cheerful Aurora never saw the spouse 400  
In any beds that were too broadly known,  
Away he fled still to his region,  
And breath'd insatiate of the absent Sun.

Hero kept all this from her parents still,  
 Her priestly weed was large, and would not fill, 405  
 A maid by day she was, a wife by night;  
 Which both so lov'd they wish'd it never light.  
 And thus both, hiding the strong need of love,  
 In Venus' secret sphere rejoic'd to move.  
 But soon their joy died; and that still-toss'd state 410  
 Of their stol'n nuptials drew but little date.  
 For when the frosty Winter kept his justs,  
 Rousing together all the horrid gusts  
 That from the ever-whirling pits arise,  
 And those weak deeps that drive up to the skies, 415  
 Against the drench'd foundations making knock  
 Their curled foreheads; then with many a shock  
 The winds and seas met, made the storms aloud  
 Beat all the rough sea with a pitchy cloud.  
 And then the black bark, buffeted with gales, 420  
 Earth checks so rudely that in two it falls;  
 The seaman flying winter's faithless sea.  
 Yet, brave Leander, all this bent at thee  
 Could not compell in thee one fit of fear;  
 But when the cruel faithless messenger 425  
 (The tow'r) appear'd and shew'd th' accustom'd light,  
 It stung thee on, secure of all the spite  
 The raging sea spit. But since Winter came,  
 Unhappy Hero should have cool'd her flame,  
 And lie without Leander, no more lighting 430  
 Her short-liv'd bed-star; but strange Fate exciting  
 As well as Love, and both their pow'rs combin'd  
 Enticing her, in her hand never shin'd  
 The fatal Love-torch, but this one hour, more.  
 Night came. And now the Sea against the shore 435

Muster'd her winds up; from whose wint'ry jaws  
 They belch'd their rude breaths out in bitt'rest flaws.  
 In midst of which Leander, with the pride  
 Of his dear hope to bord his matchless bride,  
 Up on the rough back of the high sea leaps; 440  
 And then waves thrust up waves; the watry heaps  
 Tumbled together; sea and sky were mixt;  
 The fighting Winds the frame of Earth unfixt;  
 Zephyr and Eurus flew in either's face,  
 Notus and Boreas wrastler-like embrace, 445  
 And toss each other with their bristled backs.  
 Inevitable were the horrid cracks  
 The shaken Sea gave; ruthless were the wracks  
 Leander suffer'd in the savage gale  
 Th' inexorable whirlpits did exhale. 450  
 Often he pray'd to Venus born of seas,  
 Neptune their King; and Boreas, that t' would please  
 His Godhead, for the Nymph Atthea's sake,  
 Not to forget the like stealth he did make  
 For her dear love, touch't then with his sad state. 455  
 But none would help him; Love compels not Fate.  
 Every way toss'd with waves and Air's rude breath  
 Justling together, he was crush'd to death.  
 No more his youthful force his feet commands,  
 Unmov'd lay now his late all-moving hands. 460  
 His throat was turn'd free channel to the flood,  
 And drink went down that did him far from good.  
 No more the false light for the curst wind burn'd,  
 That of Leander ever-to-be-mourn'd  
 Blew out the love and soul. When Hero still 465  
 Had watchful eyes, and a most constant will  
 To guide the voyage; and the morning shin'd,

232 *MUSÆUS, OF HERO AND LEANDER.*

Yet not by her light she her love could find.  
She stood distract with miserable woes,  
And round about the sea's broad shoulders throws 470  
Her eye, to second the extinguish'd light ;  
And tried if any way her husband's sight  
Erring in any part she could descry.  
When at her turret's foot she saw him lie  
Mangl'd with rocks, and all-embued, she tore 475  
About her breast the curious weed she wore ;  
And with a shriek from off her turret's height  
Cast her fair body headlong, that fell right  
On her dead husband, spent with him her breath ;  
And each won other in the worst of death. 480





## ANNOTATIONS UPON THIS POEM OF MUSÆUS.

Ver. 11. \* Γαμοστόλος signifies one *qui nuptias apparat vel instruit*.

17. <sup>b</sup> Νυμφοστόλον ἄστρον ἐρώτων. *Νυμφοστόλος est qui sponsam sponso adducit seu conciliat.*

19. <sup>c</sup> Συνέριθος, *socius in aliquo opere.*

20. <sup>d</sup> Ἑρωμανέων ὀδυνάων. Ἑρωμανής signifies *perditè amans*, and therefore I enlarge the verbal translation.

21. <sup>e</sup> Ἀγγελίην δ' ἐθύλαξεν ἀκοιμήτων, κ. τ. λ. Ἀγγελία, besides what is translated in the Latin *res est nuntiata, item mandatum a nuntio perlutum, item fama*, and therefore I translate it *fame-freighted ship*, because Leander calls himself ὀλεός ἔρωτος, which is translated *navis amoris*, though ὀλεός properly signifies *sulcus, or tractus navis, vel serpentis, vel æthereæ sagittæ, &c.*

23. <sup>f</sup> Ἐχθρόν ἀήτην. Ἐχθος, Ἐχθρα, and Ἐχθρός are of one signification, or have their deduction one; and seem to be deduced ἀπὸ τοῦ ἔχεισθαι, i. *herere. Ut sit odium quod animo infixum hæret.* For odium is by Cicero defined *iru inveterata*. I have therefore translated it according to this deduction, because it expresses better; and taking the wind for the fate of the wind; which conceived and appointed before, makes it as inveterate or infixed.

89. <sup>g</sup> Σκοιήν γὰρ μελέων ἐρυθραίνετο, *colore enim membrorum rubebat.* A most excellent hyperbole, being to be understood *she blushed all over her*. Or, then follows another elegance, as strange and hard to conceive. The mere verbal translation of the Latin being in the sense either imperfect, or utterly in-

elegant, which I must yet leave to your judgment, for your own satisfaction. The words are,—

Νισσομένης δὲ

Καὶ ῥόδα λευκοχίτωνος ὑπὸ σφύρα λάμπετο κούρης.

Euntis vero

*Etiam rose candidæ indutæ tunicâ sub talis splendebant puellæ.*

To understand which, that her white weed was all underlined with roses, and that they shined out of it as she went, is passing poor and absurd; and as gross to have her stuck all over with roses. And therefore to make the sense answerable in height and elegancy to the former, she seemed (blushing all over her white robe, even below her ankles as she went) a moving rose, as having the blush of many roses about her.

167. <sup>h</sup> Ἀνίφαινε βαθύσκιος ἵσπερος ἀστήρ. *Apparuit umbrosa Hesperus stella.* E regione is before; which I English “*And east*; the *Even-star* took vantage of her shade, viz. of the evening shade, which is the cause that stars appear.

174. <sup>i</sup> Χαλίφρονα νύματα κ. instabilis nutus puellæ. I English her *would and would not*. Χαλίφρων, ὁ χάλις τὰς φρένας, signifying *cui mens laxata est et enerva*; and of extremity therein *amens, demens*. Χαλίφρονίω, *sum χαλίφρων*.

181. <sup>k</sup> Demens sum—she calls him *δύσμορε*, which signifies *cui difficile fatum obtingit*; according to which I English it, *infelix* (being the word in the Latin) not expressing so particularly, because the *unhappy* in our language hath divers understandings, as *waggish* or *subtle*, &c. And the other well expressing an ill abodement in Hero of his ill or hard fate; imagining straight the strange and sudden alteration in her to be fatal.

187. <sup>l</sup> Ἀέκτρον ἀμήχανον. Παρθενικῆς going before, it is Latined, *virginis ad lectum difficile est ire*; but ἀμήχανος signifies *nullis machinis expugnabilis*: the way unto a virgin’s bed is utterly-barred.

189. <sup>m</sup> Κυπριδιὼν ὁδῶν ἀντάγγελοι εἰσιν ἀπειλαί. *Venerarum consuetudinum per se nuntiae sunt minæ*; exceeding elegant. Ἀντάγγελος signifying *qui sibi nuntius est, id est, qui sine aliorum opera sua ipse nuntiat*; according to which I have Englished it. Ὅσαρες, *lusus venerai*. Ἀπειλαί also, which signifies *minæ*, having a reciprocal signification in our tongue, being Englished *mines*. Mines, as it is privileged amongst us, being English, signifying mines made under the earth. I have passed it with that word, being fit for this place in that understanding.

226. ἡ Ἐρωτοτόκοισι μύθοις, ἔρωτοτόκος σὰρξ, *corpus amorem pariens et alliciens*, according to which I have turned it.

243. ὁ Ἀπαλόχροον αὐχίνα. Ἀπαλόχρος signifies *qui tenerâ et delicatâ est cutis*; *tenerum* therefore not enough expressing, I have enlarged the expression as in his place.

248. Ὁ Πολυπλανίων ἐπίων is turned *variorum verborum*, πολυπλανής signifying *multivagus, erroneus*, or *errorum plenus*, intending that sort of error that is in the planets; of whose wandering they are called *πλανῆτες ἀστερες, sidera errantia*. So that Hero taxed him for so bold a liberty in words, as erred *toto calo* from what was fit, or became the youth of one so graceful; which made her break into the admiring exclamation, that one so young and gracious should put on so experienced and licentious a boldness, as in that holy temple encouraged him to make love to her.

265. Ὁ Δόμος οὐρανομήκης. It is translated *domo altissimâ*; but because it is a compound, and hath a grace superior to the others in his more near and verbal conversion, οὐρανομήκης signifying *calum proceritate tangens*, I have so rendered it.

293. Ὁ Ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης, translated *madidus maritus*, when as ἀκοίτης is taken here for ὁμοκοίτης, signifying *unum et idem cubile habens*, which is more particular and true.

299. Ὁ Ἠλίβατον σίω πύργου, &c. Ἠλίβατος signifies *jum altus aut profundus ut ab ejus accessu aberres*, intending the tower upon which Hero stood.







JUVENAL.





A JUST REPROOF  
*OF A*  
**Romane Smell-Feast:**  
BEING THE FIFTH SATYRE OF  
JUVENAL.

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TRANSLATED BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

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MDC. XXIX.

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TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND WORTHILY  
HONOURED GENTLEMAN,  
RICHARD HUBERT, ESQUIRE.

SIR,



REAT works get little regard ; little and light are most affected with height ; *omne leve sursum, grave deorsum*, you know ; for which, and because custom or fashion is another nature, and that it is now the fashion to justify strange actions, I (utterly against mine own fashion) followed the vulgar, and assaid what might be said for the justification of a strange action of Nero in burying with a solemn funeral one of the cast hairs of his mistress Poppea. And not to make little labours altogether unworthy the sight of the great, I say with the great defender of little labours, *In tenui labor est, at tenuis non gloria*. Howsoever, as seamen seeing the approaches of whales, cast out empty vessells, to serve their harmful pleasures, and divert them from everting their main adventure (for in the vast and immane power of any thing, nothing is distinguished ; great and precious things, basest and vilest, serve alike their wild and unwildy swings) ; so myself, having yet once more some worthier work than this oration, and following translation,

to pass this sea of the land, expose to the land and vulgar Leviathan these slight adventures. The rather, because the translation containing in two or three instances a preparation to the justification of my ensuing intended\* translations, lest some should account them, as they have my former conversions in some places, licenses, bold ones, and utterly redundant. Though your judicial self (as I have heard) hath taken those liberal redundances rather as the necessary overflowings of Nilus, than rude or harmful torrents swoln with head-strong showers. To whose judgement and merit submits these, and all his other, services

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

\* It would seem from this that Chapman intended other translations. None, however, have been printed.





## TO THE READER.



BECAUSE, in most opinions of translation, a most asinine error hath gotten ear and head, that men must attempt it as a mastery in rendering any original into other language, to do it in as few words, and the like order, I thought it not amiss in this poor portion of translation to pick out, like the rotten out of apples if you please so to repute it, a poor instance or two that endeavour to demonstrate a right in the contrary; and the rather I take this course, ocularily to present you with example of what I esteem fit to save the liberty and dialect of mine own language, because there are many valetudinaries that never know the goodness of their stomach till they see meat afore them.

Where, therefore, the most worthy Satirist describes the differences of pages that attend the lord and the guests at the table, and expresses the disdain of the lord's page to attend his guest, bespeaks for his pride thus:—

—sed forma sed ætas  
Digna supercilio.

Which I take out with this bold one : *And to say truth, his form and prime beside may well allow him some few grains of pride.* To speak truth is too much, you say; I confess it in policy, but not in force and honest poesy.



In the other, the words are utterly altered. It should be so, to avoid verbal servitude; but the sense I might wish my betters could render no worse. It follows, where he sets down the difference betwixt the lord's bread and the guests'; where he hath played upon the coarseness and mustiness of the guests' pantry, he differences his lord's thus:—

Sed tener et niveus, mollique siligine factus,  
Servatur domino.

Which I thus:—

But for his bread, the pride of appetite,  
Tenderly soft, incomparably white,  
The first flow'r of fine meal subdu'd in paste,  
That's a peculiar for my lord's own taste.

O this, you will say, is a bold one; which I am too bashful to answer otherwise than thus, that here the purest bread affects a full description; which I amplifying no more than is needful for the full facture of it, if I be overflowing, my author is arid; but who would not greedily here have fallen upon *snowy*, it lying so fair for him? put *soft* faithfully in his proper place; and would ever have dreamed of *subdued in paste*, because it was not put in his mouth? And I hope it will seem no over-broad bold one, to enter where the purest bread out of industry should make his expected apparance. A number more out of this of no number I could instance, that would trouble men made of greatest number to imitate. But all mastery hath his end, to get great men to commend. It is the outward not the inward virtue that prevails. The candlestick more than the candle is the learning with which blind Fortune useth to prefer her favourites. And who, but the spawns of candlesticks (men of most lucubration for name) win

the day from such dormice as wake sleeping ; and rest only in those unprofitable and abhorred knowledges, that no man either praises or acknowledges.

Me dulcis saturet quies. Leni perfruar ocio.  
 Ignotus omnibus. Cognitus egomet mihi.

Quite opposite to your admired and known learned man :  
*Qui notus nimis omnibus, Ignotus moritur sibi.* And so shall know nothing either in life or death when every truly learned man's knowledge especially begins. Your servant.





D. JUNII JUVENALIS.

LIB. I. SAT. V.

TO TREBIUS. LABOURING TO BRING HIM IN DISLIKE  
OF HIS CONTINUED COURSE OF FREQUENTING  
THE TABLE OF VIRRO, A GREAT  
LORD OF ROME.



I F, of thy purpose yet, thou tak'st no shame,  
But keep'st thy mind, immutably, the  
same,  
That thou esteem'st it as a good in chief  
At others' trenchers to relieve thy life ;  
If those things thou can'st find a back to bear, 5  
That not Sarmentus nor vile Galba were  
So base to put in patience of a guest,  
No, not for Cæsar's far-exceeding feast ;  
Fear will affect me to believe thy troth  
In any witness, though produc'd by oath ; 10  
For nothing in my knowledge falls that is  
More frugal than the belly. But say this,  
That not enough food all thy means can find,  
To keep thy gut from emptiness and wind,  
Is no creek void ? No bridge ? No piece of shed 15  
Half, or not half ? Would thy not being fed  
At Virro's table be so foul a shame ?

Does hunger blow in thee so false a flame,  
As not to taste it nobler in as poor  
And vile a place as hath been nam'd before? 20  
To quake for cold, and gnaw the mustiest grounds  
Of barley-griest, bak'd purposely for hounds?  
First, take it for a rule, that if my lord  
Shall once be pleas'd to grace thee with his board,  
The whole revenues that thy hopes inherit, 25  
Rising from services of ancient merit,  
In this requital amply paid will prove.  
O 'tis the fruit of a transcendent love  
To give one victuals; that thy table-king  
Lays in thy dish though ne'er so thin a thing, 30  
Yet that reproach still in thine ears shall ring.  
If, therefore, after two months' due neglect,  
He deigns his poor dependant to respect,  
And lest the third bench fail to fill the rank,  
He shall take thee up to supply the blank. 35  
'Let's sit together Trebius,' says my lord;  
See all thy wishes summ'd up in a word.  
What canst thou ask at Jove's hand after this?  
This grace to Trebius enough ample is  
To make him start from sleep before the lark, 40  
Posting abroad untruss'd, and in the dark,  
Perplex'd with fear, lest all the servile-rout  
Of his saluters have the round run-out  
Before he come; while yet the fixed star  
Shows his ambiguous head, and heaven's cold car 45  
The slow Bootes wheel about the Bear.  
And yet, for all this, what may be the cheer?  
To such vile wine thy throat is made the sink,  
As greasy wool would not endure to drink,

And we must shortly look to see our guest 50  
Transform'd into a Berecynthian priest.  
Words make the prologue to prepare the fray,  
And in the next scene pots are taught to play  
The parts of weapons ; thy red napkin now  
Descends to tell thee of thy broken brow ; 55  
And such events do evermore ensue  
When you poor guests and Virro's serving crew  
Grow to the heat of such uncivil wars,  
The vile wine made the bellows to your jars.  
For Virro's self, the wine he drinks was born 60  
When consuls (Phœbus-like) appear'd unshorn ;  
A grape that long since in the wars was prest  
By our confederate Marsians, and the rest ;  
Of which no drop his longing friend can get  
Though blown in fume up with a cardiack fit. 65  
Next day he likes to taste another field,  
The Alban hills', or else the Setine yield,  
Whose race and rich succession if you ask,  
Age hath decay'd, and sickness of the cask ;  
Such Thræsea and Helvidius quaff'd, still crown'd, 70  
When Brutus' birth, and Cassius' they renown'd.  
Virro himself in solemn bowls is serv'd,  
Of amber and disparent beryl kerv'd ;  
But to thy trust no such cup they commit,  
Or, if they do, a spy is fix'd to it, 75  
To tell the stones ; whose firm eye never fails  
To watch the close walks of thy vulturous nails.  
' Give leave,' says Virro, and then takes the cup,  
The famous jasper in it lifting up  
In glorious praises ; for 'tis now the guise 80  
Of him and others to transfer such prize

Off from his fingers to his bowls that were  
 Wont to grace swords, and our young Trojan peer  
 That made Iarbus jealous (since in love  
 Preferr'd past him by Dido) us'd t' improve 85  
 By setting them in fore-front of his sheath.  
 But thy bowl stands an infinite beneath,  
 And bears the Beneventane cobbler's name,  
 Whose gallon drunk-off must thy blood enflame,  
 And is so craz'd, that they would let it pass 90  
 To them that matches give for broken glass.  
 Now, if by fumes of wine, or fiery meat,  
 His lordship's stomach over-boil with heat,  
 There's a cold liquor brought that's made t' outvie  
 The chill impressions of the north-east sky. 95  
 I formerly affirm'd, that you and he  
 Were serv'd with wines of a distinct degree,  
 But now remember, it belongs to you  
 To keep your distance in your water too.  
 And (in his page's place) thy cups are brought 100  
 By a swarth foot man, from Getulia bought,  
 Or some sterv'd negro, whose affrightful sight  
 Thou wouldst abhor to meet in dead of night  
 Passing the monuments of Latia.  
 In his eye waits the flower of Asia, 105  
 A jewel purchas'd at a higher rate  
 Than martial Ancus', or king Tullus', state,  
 (Not to stand long) than all the idle things  
 That grac'd the courts of all our Roman kings.  
 If then thy bowl his nectar's store shall need, 110  
 Address thee to his Indian Ganymed.  
 Think not his page, worth such a world, can skill,  
 Or does not scorn, for thread-bare coats to fill,

And, to say truth, his form and pride beside  
 May well allow him some few grains of pride. 115  
 But when does he to what thou want'st descend,  
 Or thy entreaties not contemn t' attend,  
 Supply of water craving, hot or cold?  
 No, he, I tell you, in high scorn doth hold  
 To stir at every stale dependant's call; 120  
 Or that thou call'st for anything at all,  
 Or sitt'st where he's forc'd stand, his pride depraves.  
 Houses of state abound with stately slaves.  
 And see, another's proud disdains resist  
 His hand to set thee bread; and yet what is't 125  
 But hoary cantles of unbouted grist,  
 That would a jaw-tooth rouse, and not admit,  
 Though ne'er so base, thy baser throat a bit?  
 But for his bread, the pride of appetite,  
 Tenderly soft, incomparably white, 130  
 The first flow'r of fine meal subdu'd in paste,  
 That's a peculiar for my lord's own taste.  
 See then thou keep'st thy fingers from offence,  
 And give the pantler his due reverence.  
 Or say thou shouldst be (malapertly) bold, 135  
 Seest thou not slaves enough, to force thy hold  
 From thy attempted prize, with taunts like these,  
 'Hands off, forward companion, will you please  
 With your familiar cribble to be fed,  
 And understand the colour of your bread?' 140  
 Then grumbles thy disgrace: 'And is it this  
 For which so oft I have forborne the bliss

<sup>131</sup> See *Batrachomyomachia*, 53.

<sup>134</sup> *Pantler*—the servant who kept the bread, the pantry.

<sup>132</sup> *Cribble*—a finer sort of bran; seconds' bread.

Of my fair wife, to post with earliest speed  
 Up to mount Esquiline, where agues breed ?  
 When my repair did vernal Jove provoke 145  
 To drive his weather through my winter cloke,  
 And in his bitter'st hails his murmurs broke ?'  
 But let us to our cates our course address :  
 Observe that lobster serv'd to Virro's mess,  
 How with the length of his extended limbs 150  
 He does surcharge the charger ; how the brims  
 With lust-full sperage are all over-stor'd ;  
 With what a tail he over-tops the board,  
 In service first borne-up betwixt the hands  
 Of that vast yeoman ! But, for thee, there stands 155  
 A puny cray-fish, pent in half a shell,  
 The dish not feast enough for one in hell.  
 The fish he tastes swims in an oil that grew  
 In Company, and drank Venafrian dew.  
 But, for the worts, poor snake, presented thee, 160  
 Whose pale aspect shows their infirmity,  
 They drink an oil much of the curriers' stamp,  
 Exquisite stuff, that savours of the lamp.  
 For know, that for your board is billeted  
 An oil that from the Lybian cane is shed, 165  
 The burthen of a sharp Numidian prow ;  
 An oil, for whose strength Romans disavow  
 To bathe with Boccharis ; an oil whose smell  
 'Gainst serpents doth an amulet excell.

Next, for my lord, a mullet see serv'd in, 170  
 Sent from the Corsic-shore, or of a fin  
 Bred in Sicilia's Taurominian rocks ;  
 All our seas being exhausted, all our flocks

<sup>160</sup> *Worts*—vegetables, cole-worts.



Spent and destroy'd, while our luxurious diet  
Makes havock, and our kitchens never quiet 175  
Still with unwearied nets, that no truce keep,  
Ransack the entrails of th' adjoining deep ;  
Nor respite our Etrurian fry to grow.

And now our markets their chief purveyance owe  
To some remote and ditionary coast ; 180  
Thence come the dainties that our kitchens boast ;  
Such as to buy the vulture Lenas deigns,  
Such as to sell Aurelia entertains.

In mess with that, behold for Virro lies  
A lamprey of an exemplary size, 185  
That for dimension bears the prize from all  
Which gulphs Sicilian sent his festivall ;  
For while the South contains himself, while he  
Lies close, and dries his feathers in his lee,  
Our greedy pursenets for their gain despise 190  
The danger that in mid Charybdis lies.

Now, for his lamprey, thou art glad to take  
An eel, near cousin to a hideous snake,  
Or else a freckled Tiberine, bit with frost,  
And he the poorest slave of all the coast, 195  
Fed with the torrent of the common sewer,  
And swims the town ditch where 'tis most impure.  
Here would I on himself a word have spent,  
So he inclin'd an ear benevolent.

Nor do we such benevolences crave, 200  
As Seneca his mean acquaintance gave ;  
Such as good Piso ; such as Cotta made  
To deal for largess ; a familiar trade ;  
For times have been, that in the world's account  
The title of munificence did mount. 205

Above triumphant or imperial bays.  
But our desire in this due limit stays,  
That you will make, when you entreat a guest,  
Civil respect the steward of your feast.  
Do this, and be, as many lords are more, 210  
Rich to yourself, and to your followers poor.  
Before him see a huge goose-liver set ;  
A capon cramm'd, even with that goose ; for great  
A whole wild boar, hid in his smoking heat,  
That gold-lock'd Meleager's dart deserv'd ; 215  
And after all this, Virro's self is serv'd  
With pure dress'd mushrooms, be the spring then freed,  
And wished thunders make his meals exceed.  
And then the gully-gut (Aledius) cries  
O Lybia, keep with thee thy wheats and ryes, 220  
And ease thy oxen, sending these supplies.  
And that no indignation want to thee,  
(As bound t' observe) the carver thou must see  
Dancing about his business ; and he  
That teaches him the laws to the true life 225  
Of carving comely, with his flying knife  
Touching at every joint he carves, before  
He dares th' attempt, till not a gesture more  
In all his dictates can deserve offence.  
Nor must your note fail, how huge difference 230  
There is 'twixt the unlacing of your hare,  
And hen's dissection. 'Gainst which if you dare  
But whisper, like a three-nam'd noble man,  
Like Cacus, struck by hands-Herculean,  
Thou shalt be by the heels dragg'd forth the place. 235  
But when doth Virro then vouchsafe the grace  
To drink to thee ? Or touch the cup that thou

Hast with thy lips profan'd? Or which of you  
So desperate is, so lost, to bid the king  
'Drink to me, sir?' No. There is many a thing 240  
That thread-bare coats dare not for fear bring forth.  
But if some god, or god-like man, or worth  
Better than fate, would wealth bestow on thee,  
Fit to maintain a knight of Rome's degree,  
How huge a piece of man shouldst thou ascend 245  
Rais'd out of nothing! How much Virro's friend!  
'Give Trebius.' 'Set to Trebius.' 'Brother (now)  
Please you these puddings' taste?' O moneys, you  
He gives this honour, you these brother are.  
Yet notwithstanding, if thou please to share 250  
His lordship with him, or become his king,  
You must to court no young Æneas bring,  
Nor daughter, though his daintier, to be  
Play-peers with Virro's daintiest progeny,  
But childless be. A pleasing and dear friend 255  
A barren wife makes. But suppose she lend  
Thy lap much issue (even at one birth three)  
So thou be rich, Virro will join with thee  
In joy of that thy prating progeny;  
And ever when the infant parasite 260  
Comes to the table, asking his delight,  
Virro commands it all his appetite.  
To all his cheap priz'd friends, they serve the board  
With dangerous toad-stools; mushrooms for my lord,  
But such as Claudius pleas'd to taste, before 265  
His wife's gift came that made him taste no more.  
Virro commands for him, and all the rest  
Of the Virronian rank, fruit of such feast  
As thou shalt only in their odour eat,

Such as Phœacia's endless autumns sweat, 270  
 Or thou wouldst think got from the golden trees  
 That grew in guard of the Atlantides ;  
 Where thou eat'st spaky fruit, of that sour sort  
 That fresh-train'd soldiers feed on in their fort,  
 Bestow'd on them in practise of their art 275  
 At a stuff'd goat-skin to bestow a dart,  
 Fearing for their default the scourge's smart.  
 Perhaps, for saving cost, thou may'st conceive  
 That Virro feeds thee so ? No, 'tis to grieve  
 Thy greedy liquorous appetite, because 280  
 There is no comedy of more applause,  
 Nor any excellentest Zany can  
 More than a weeping-gut delight a man.  
 All is then done (if we must teach thine ears)  
 To make thee purge thy choler by thy tears, 285  
 And live still gnashing of thy great-eye-teeth.  
 Thou think'st, he thinks thee free, and not beneath  
 Guests for his love and grace ; but he knows well  
 Thee only taken with his kitchen's smell.  
 Nor thinks amiss ; for who so naked lives, 290  
 That twice on his entreats attendance gives ?  
 Vain hope of supping well deceives you all.  
 ' But see' (say you) ' that half-eat hare will fall  
 In his gift to our shares ; or of that boar  
 Some little fragments, that his haunches wore ; 295  
 Or sure that cap'net.' When, for all prepar'd,  
 Your musty bread par'd clean, and no bit shar'd  
 Of all those meats of mark, and long'd-for dishes,  
 Your vain hopes vanish, and y' are mute as fishes.

<sup>273</sup> *Spaky*—specky, rotten.<sup>296</sup> *Cap'net*—caponet, little capon.

He's wise that serves thee so ; for if thou can      300  
Bear all, thou should'st, and he's no unjust man  
That lays all on thee, even to stoop thy head  
To the fool's razor, and be buffeted ;  
Which if thou do'st, nor let'st thy forage fear  
Besides to suffer Virro's whipping cheer,      305  
With all the sharp sauce that he can extend,  
Thou'rt worthy such a feast, and such a friend.

FINIS.













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